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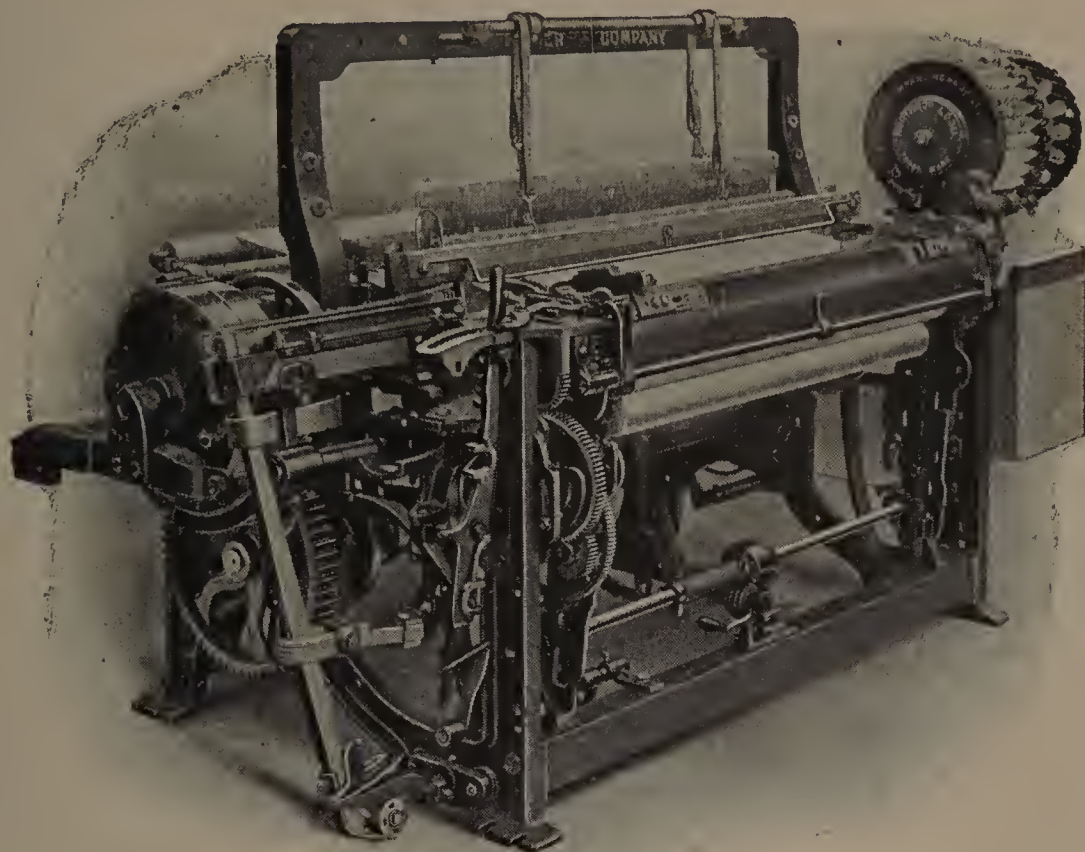
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OAK, LILY AND IVY

VOL. XXXII.

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The White Temple.

They were a merry little party, this group of explorers. There were four of them: the two American brothers, the little sharp Italian, and the big jovial German who was the delight of his companions. He was full of fun, and this coupled with his talent as a ventriloquist made him a valuable addition to the party. They were travelling through India; and thus far they had learned several things of importance, although they had not been fortunate enough to discover any hitherto unknown spots. They had learned that all through India caste ruled. A man must die as he was born; his sons must follow his profession and absolutely no hope of bettering themselves was held out to them. This oddly assorted little party also learned that many things happen in India and pass unquestioned, that in other lands would evoke much comment. For instance, frequently people disappeared and never was a clue found to their disappearance unless it were in the gossip, half colored by superstition, of the servants.

One evening as they half dozed around their camp fire the voice of Airah, the chief of servants, came distinctly to them through the silvery silence of the evening.

"And none but they and their priests have gone there and returned. And they go but twice during the year, and then they carry precious stones—ah, wonderful, indeed, are the stones they carry with them. I have heard my grandfather tell that in his day an emerald was taken there that was the most perfect of its kind in the world. Only six families have given, but they have given stones that would purchase the whole world. Ah, but I would that I might possess one of them." His voice trailed off into the silence of the night.

"There is something in what he says, maybe. *Dio mio!* Who would risk one's life for wealth? Not I," soliloquized Antonio, the blithe little Italian.

"Well, what's it about?" questioned the elder Bronson.

"Evidently some fake tale he's heard from the spirit of his grandfather, or some such remote old duffer. Ye gods! Imagine that ghost of a man ever possessing a grandfather! Do you know I believe he must have been on the earth when it was created, and will stay until its end," answered his brother.

And then Hans, the stolid, astonished them.

"If I thought there were a place where one could find such riches I would go through Hades to reach it," he said slowly as he leaned forward and looked into the fire.

A chorus of laughs was his companions' reception of this unlooked-for speech from their slow-minded partner.

"I guess it would be Hades, all right, that you'd encounter if you endeavored to wrest such a fortune from these devils. Why, man! They are without equal in cruelty. They are the most bloodthirsty wretches on the globe. And these jewels are evidently in a temple and say, do you realize what that means? Priests, who are half crazy fanatics, guarding the place day and night. You don't understand what you'd be up against," said the junior Bronson.

"Uh-huh," was Hans' unsatisfactory answer. "Let's turn in."

So they turned in and the next day, as no one mentioned the incident, each concluded it had been forgotten. But Hans had not forgotten. There was a girl back in the Fatherland who waited his coming; but he could not go to her until he had riches. It seemed a cruel bit of fate that somewhere in this God-forsaken country jewels lay idle that meant happiness and joy to him and the shy little maiden away off in the Fatherland. He brooded over this thought for a week or so. Then one evening while the sun was sinking in a glow of red he went to Airah.

"Tell me," he commanded, "more of the place where wondrous jewels are; where people go but twice a year, and from whence no white man has ever returned."

And Airah told him.

"They are of high caste, master, and none of another caste dare go near. Even their servants go not with them. There are six families and for two centuries, legend has it, they have worshipped at the 'White Temple.' Once a dragoman saw it. He saw the cavalcade enter, but he was mortally wounded and returned home only to die. He said wondrous gods were about and a score of priests to guard them. He said the eyes of the gods were of jewels the like of which he had never seen for they glittered and sparkled as does the eye of the snake. Ah—but it would be paradise to possess one of such stones!"

"Airah, would you go with me to the 'White Temple'?" asked Hans;

"My master!" was all the trembling Airah could say.

"Is it far? How many days' journey?"

"My master forgets. It would mean death."

"We might escape—we might. Will you go with me?"

Airah threw himself prone on the ground with his face towards the setting sun, and after a few minutes murmured, "I will go, my master."

That night two shadows glided from the camp leading behind them one of the white donkeys so common in the land.

"I have shoes with me that have hollow heels—you see? In them we might hide the jewels and no one would ever find them," explained one of the shadows to the other.

"My master is clever," was the answer.

Six days later at sundown they reached a small hill.

"Beyond there," said Airah, pointing to the hill, "lies a broad stretch of land and in its midst is the 'White Temple'."

He spoke in an awed voice and his tone, as his voice broke the wonderful silence of the departing day, filled Hans with a vague fear and made him more reluctant to continue the undertaking than he would have cared to confess. But he shook off his misgivings.

"How may one approach the place?" he asked.

"There is a small grove near it, according to the tales, where one may hide until an opportune time for entering. But oh, my master, that time will never come, I fear. Let us go back."

Hans cursed roundly.

"Go, if you choose. Do you think I have come so far for naught?"

Trembling, Airah spoke. "Then, if you will go on, let us await the darkness. Then we may creep to the grove—but the gods help us if we mount this hill, and a flat plain meets our gaze."

They picketed the donkey securely. Hans hid the precious shoes in his coat and thus they awaited the approach of night. Fate was against them. The moon rose clear and bright and a light almost as penetrating as that of the day illumined the whole place. They waited as long as they dared, and then cautiously began the ascent of the hill. The height gained, they were able to see what lay before them. It was as Airah had said: a great stretch of land with no trees except a small grove that was near a huge white spot. As their eyes grew accustomed to the sight they distinguished the sharp outlines of an immense temple. It was all that Airah had heard.

No sound disturbed the silence of the night and gaining confidence they worked their way towards the temple. They were about twenty yards from the main entrance when Airah with a half-suppressed moan turned to Hans.

"The gods have punished me for my greed. Death is upon me. Fly, while there is time," and pointed to a dart about two inches in length that quivered in his throat.

Hans recognized the fateful thing, a poison-tipped arrow, almost minute, yet meaning certain death. There was still no sound—no noise to tell whence the dart had come.

Unmolested, Hans supported Airah in his arms and undisturbed they awaited the approach of death. Hans vaguely wondered why he were not killed, but about him there was nothing but silence.

In an hour Airah was dead. With the utmost coolness Hans left his murdered servant and boldly entered the immense temple. His entrance was heralded by the sound of his footsteps on the marble floor.

But if the waiting assailants heard his approach he, too, could hear theirs. There was a scurry of footsteps, shrill yells, and they were nearly upon him. A refuge? Ah! the idol—he could stand between its arms. They would not dare kill him as he stood there for fear of the god's anger. He acted more quickly than he thought. With a bound he had gained the dais on which the god rested. He had gained his refuge. But his besiegers did not seem annoyed by this move, for they immediately squatted at his feet like so many hounds surrounding their quarry. A cold sweat broke out on Hans. Starvation faced him, even if he could stave off these human beasts of prey.

After a while when he could take his gaze from the swarthy, staring faces before him, he turned to examine his refuge. It was a hideous, grinning devil with three eyes and each eye was a lustrous milk-white pearl, the beauty of which made Hans forget his very fears. A fortune lay within his grasp—and he lay within the reach of Death.

Some of the priests had left, perhaps for their morning meal, and Hans began to realize he was hungry. Then, as when one is in peril the most obscure things haunt the memory, he thought of the donkey. Poor beast! But perhaps it could break loose. Ah well, the animal was growing old, anyway.

Suddenly an inspiration struck Hans. His talent! Might it not aid him? Standing up abruptly he gazed at the nearest priest. Simultaneously a voice sounded across the high vault, now further away, now nearer. The priests looked at him with fear. Perhaps he was a god incarnated. Always that voice was sounding in a strange guttural tongue, now singing, now wailing—yet the lips of their white prisoner did not move.

Trembling with fear they brought him food, but Hans saw that although his life was safe, he could not hope to escape for many days.

For two years Hans dwelt among the fanatic priests, his very life depending upon his ventriloquistic powers. Always when the worshippers came he was sent to the grove with two priests to guard him and so he concluded that the priests had not spoken of his presence.

Hans had not been idle these two years. In the heels of the shabby old shoes kept always by his side reposed six pearls, a clear sparkling diamond, eight rubies, and three emeralds. He wanted the big emerald but he dared not take that; the priests would surely suspect him. So he had to content himself with the smaller stones.

Once again he was making his semi-annual visit to the grove. But to-day he felt elated, for he felt intuitively Fortune would favor him. The cavalcade arrived late in the morning; they would begin their worship that evening, and for four days their rites would occupy them.

He stretched himself out under a tree and soon was fast asleep. When he awoke, it was long after noon and he wondered why his guards had not come to summon him to their midday meal. He arose and looked about him. He

saw their bodies side by side in a thicket; he could only surmise that they had partaken of some poisonous plant and died immediately.

Here was deliverance! Darkness was approaching and he had four days to escape, for he felt sure he could reach the hill and gain the world beyond without detection.

At dark he started. The night was cloudy but he managed to keep his way and in an hour or so he had once more attained the height where poor Air-ah had met his fate so long before. But he had paid dearly for it. Two years wasted! Two years utterly lost, and he had aged twenty years in that time.

He stumbled on through the darkness always with that thought goading him. And Gretchen—would she have been faithful? Surely God would not have let her be otherwise. He was raving thus when the group of white men found him. He had travelled miles in those three days and without food; but the party, when they heard his story, hastened to put a greater distance between themselves and the "White Temple."

Hans had not told them of the jewels and they humored him in what they termed a sick man's fancy in allowing him to keep the shoes, rotting to pieces, always with him.

And he still had the shoes eight weeks later when he sailed for home and happiness. For Gretchen had been true to his memory.

N---'16.

20—17.

"They talk of joy in fighting
Mid whistling shot and shell
They rime of bliss in love's sweet kiss
A bliss which none can tell.
For ages they've been liting
The praise of ruby wine,—
All joys most rare but none compare
with tacklin' 'hind the line."

"Lazy" FitzHugh sauntered toward the rear of the cottage, tossing a rather dilapidated head-guard on the porch as he passed. His ponderous voice chanted the well-known football war song in rhythmic beat to the tap of his leather cleats on the board walk. His voice bore the hearty ringing cadence of well-fed, well-exercised and carefree youth, -unfatigued by the harrowing preliminary practice of the gridiron.

"Give me the football battle,
The captain's signal call.
The rush that fills the heart with thrills
The line that's like a wall.
Give me—
"the hard-fought scrimmage—"

"Lazy" stopped in sheer amazement: a sweet girlish voice on the opposite side of the garden wall had taken up the refrain. Recovering his voice and turning aside toward the wall, he resumed (in perfect accompaniment with the sweet-voiced unknown)--

"The joy almost divine,
When like a rock we stand the shock
And tackle 'hind the line."

Both singers stopped and Lazy mounted the barrier with an agile leap, to meet the mischievous and friendly gaze of his new neighbor,--an extremely pretty maiden of eighteen years or so. The boy's hand involuntarily stole to his head to remove the cap which was not there, and to call forth a hearty peal of laughter from his beautiful observer. The formality of an introduction was precluded by the young lady herself.

"Mr. FitzHugh?"

Lazy acknowledged with a bow, vaguely wondering how this "dream" had recognized him so readily.

"I'm Miss O'Leary, Marie O'Leary," volunteered the girl.

"Awfully glad to make,--" began Lazy but was halted in his formal acknowledgement by an avalanche of questions and information.

"Are you the Mr. Fitzhugh who played on the Weldon High team last year? Wasn't it too bad you didn't win the Mid-County League pennant? I'm a sophomore; I'm going to enter Weldon High tomorrow. I came from Springton. I like football best of all the sports. Do they allow anyone to watch the practice?"

Lazy, at last recovering his composure, nodded in the affirmative. There ensued a conversation carried on almost entirely by the girl with an occasional comment by the youth.

Lazy departed on very good terms with the world in general and thoroughly enchanted by his new neighbor. Practice on Tuesday was ragged and Coach Harley severely criticised the team especially the giant half-back who, abstracted by a vision in crimson and white who gesticulated wildly from the sidelines, failed miserably in his half-hearted attempts to break through the "scrub" line.

Wednesday the practice was less encouraging. Thursday, the coach was in despair, for on Saturday the first game with Westerly was scheduled and rumors came thick and fast that the neighboring school had a strong line and a clever back-field. Coach Harley withdrew Lazy FitzHugh from the game and escorting him to a far corner of the field, told him exactly what he thought of him. Considering the fact that Harley had confidently massed the most plays so that Lazy, his best and most reliable backfield man, should bear the brunt of the enemies' attack it was not strange that such terms as "quitter," "yellow" and "lying down" should figure largely in the conversation. But the speech was supposed to be strictly confidential and neither man noticed the diminutive freshman who, sneaking around to hear what was being said, took in the entire call-down, and who, after practice went down town and proceeded to inform everyone he knew and some people he did not know, that FitzHugh was a "quitter"--and even the coach had called him "yellow" in practice.

Lazy FitzHugh whistled a couple of times from his lofty seat on the wall, and immediately a little form rushed from the neighboring cottage. But Marie was petulant. Lazy wondered why. However, not until he was about to return home for supper did the bitter truth come out. Mr. FitzHugh requested that Miss O'Leary accompany him to the theatre Saturday evening and that peeved young lady refused to promise. This worried Lazy, so with characteristic bluntness, he blurted out the query, "What's the matter tonight anyway?" And out came the shocking allegation! "Hadn't the paper publicly proclaimed him 'yellow,' breaking up his team's efficiency just before an important game? And what consideration was he entitled to expect from her if this were the case?" Thunderstricken, Lazy denied the News' assertion, promised to "show them" Saturday, and before he left he arrived at the understanding that only a victory Saturday could obtain that evening's engagement.

Friday, Coach Harley surveyed his charges meditatively and dismissed them with a curt "That's enough." The man FitzHugh had certainly "come back" strong—too strong in fact: the brilliant and daring personal attack which he made upon the scrubs was commendable, but there was absolute lack of team work. Coach Harley had his doubts.

* * * * *

Westerley won the toss and elected to receive; the wind was with Weldon. Kelley booted the oval far back into Westerly's territory, but it was received and carried forty yards before FitzHugh brought the runner to the ground. "54-16-3," and a Westerley back shot around the end for ten yards. "11-47-5," a cross-buck and the quarterback tore off thirty-five more. "Petey" Morris, Weldon's quarter, pleaded with his line to stop them. Lazy ground his teeth; unquestionably Westerly had a good team. "47-22-8," Lazy smashed the line and violently downed the opposing full back in whose arms the ball had been thrust. "Five yards loss," he muttered, and, happily looking up, he found the fullback laughing in his face; the left-half was sitting on the ball behind the goal-posts. "Clever too," commented Lazy.

They lined up again, the whistle blew, Westerley kicked off, and plump into FitzHugh's eager arms the oval dropped—and bounced out to be fallen on by a Westerly end. Lazy groaned in anguish. He didn't believe now that he would go to that show tonight. "61-28-11," the Westerly full-back pretended a punt, slipped the ball into the quarter's arms instead, and he carried it over for the second touchdown. 14-0.

The first half ended with the score 17-0, Browning having dropped a goal for his team. Slowly Weldon dragged off the field. Coach Harley said not a word—which cut deeper than abuse. But Lazy had something to say. True, he had played "rotten" himself; but he'd retrieve yet. He instructed his quarter to make him work. The whistle blew.

Weldon's midget quarter made a splendid catch of the kick-off and ran it back twenty-five yards by wonderful and elusive wiggling and turning. "14-9-62," Lazy received the ball and smashed through for six yards with three West-

erly players clinging to him. "14-8-47," and Hannigan plowed through to gain first down. At last Lazy scored on a ramrod plunge; "Petey" kicked the goal. Westerly received and Lazy "got" his man as he made the catch. Weldon held their opponents and secured the ball on downs on the 40 yard line. By superb running and clever "picking out the holes" Lazy won the plaudits of the crowd by a run of twenty-five yards. 15 to go. Weldon made it in three downs. "Petey" kicked the goal.

Only three minutes to play! Lazy received the kick—the crowd watched him take it breathlessly. Tightly hugging the ball, FitzHugh raced for the far-distant goal. Out and out he veered, eluding six of his opponents. Then, when it seemed that he would race outside, he turned sharply toward the center of the field; two more, three more, passed. Big Browning waited on the twenty-yard line, but Lazy had no time to waste, so he raced for the side lines once more, easily eluding the slower Westerly man. On the ten-yard line waited Westerly's last hope, "Marty" Smith, the speedy quarter. Lazy knew he could not out-run him, so he plunged straight at him, using the "straight arm." Momentarily non-plussed, Martin succeeded in locking his arms about Lazy's thighs. However, he was small and FitzHugh dragged him five yards before he got a good downing hold. Even then Lazy did not give up: one step, two steps; Browning was coming, and only a few seconds of playing remained. With a terrific effort, Lazy flung himself and his tackler forward. He fell, and reached the ball out as far as he could without releasing his hold. Was it over? Browning's heavy body fell upon him and momentarily he lost track of all happenings. When he recovered he heard the umpire announcing the score.

Weldon 20

Westerly 17

* * * * *

In Row C a happy couple viewed "Strongheart," a football romance, and at 11.30 a pretty maiden bade an affectionate au revoir to her stalwart protector, who then vaulted the wall and approached his own domicile, humming softly the closing words of a very popular song:

"There may be joys in heaven,
 More tender and more tame;
 But I don't care to go up there
 Unless they play the game.
 There're gridirons down in Hades
 But even there I'd pine
 To be once more on this fair shore
 To tackle 'hind the line."

—Jones, '15



To the members of the Freshman class and all other new comers, we of the upper classes extend a most cordial welcome. You are entering upon new fields of labor, and your success therein will depend greatly upon your attitude towards your work, and the persistency and thoroughness with which you master your tasks. We realize it is difficult for you to adapt yourselves to this new routine, but be encouraged, for we and your teachers stand ready, so far as possible, to aid you and help you in adjusting yourselves to our rules and our school life. It seems difficult to you, perhaps—this high school course—but to those who faithfully and honestly perform their labors, it is not hard to maintain the required standard. Do your work conscientiously, put forth your best energies, and you will master the most difficult problems that may confront you.

We have a social as well as a working side to our school and we want you newcomers to be interested in this phase of our school life. Just now, the football team is occupying the attention of the older students, and we trust that the later arrivals will become interested in our team and its doings. If you cannot "make the team," lend your support to the team's work—by being present at the games and by cheering its victories. In this way you may show your appreciation of the work your fellow students are doing.

SCHOOL NOTES.

When Milford High opened its doors on September 7, it was to welcome 108 new members to the Freshman class. We ardently hope they will continue their four years' course, and put it to as good use as we of the upper classes are trying to do.

This year we have added to our teaching force Miss Katherine Morrill, a graduate of St. Mary's in 1912, and of Bay Path in 1913; also Miss Florence Whittemore who was a graduate of Milford High in the class of 1909, and of Boston University in 1915.

Owing to the increase in the number of students enrolled it has been necessary to call the library into use for classes, and to use the former typewriting room as a home room for the freshmen.

The freshmen this year occupy rooms 1, 4, 5 and 8. The sophomores are

seated in rooms 13, 15 and 18; the juniors are in room 12; and the seniors are occupying room 10, the room dedicated to those of the graduating class.



'08.

Deepest sympathies are extended to Mrs. Eleonora Sonne Homeburg in the death of her brother, Mr. John Sonne.

'09.

We welcome to our faculty Miss Florence Whittemore.

'15.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Henrietta McConnachie and her family in the death of her sister, Miss Mildred, of the class of '18.

Those of the class of '15 who have gone to higher institutions of learning are:

- Bertha Austin—Framingham Normal School.
- Miriam Ball—Boston Normal Art School.
- Helen D. Bixby—Wellesley.
- Edith A. Bagley—Wellesley.
- Leo J. Burns—Holy Cross.
- Laura M. Crockett—Burdett Business College.
- Marie C. Davoren—Milford Hospital Training School.
- Maurice Feingold—Clark.
- John J. Fox—B. U. Law School.
- Abbie E. Garland—Framingham Normal School.
- William F. Goddard—Boston University.
- Madge Gordon—Framingham Business College.
- Maurice W. Grady—Harvard.
- John A. Hayes—Amherst.
- Maude Henderson—Burdett Business College.
- Helen R. Hogan—Framingham Normal.
- Frederick W. Holmes—Harvard.
- Harold F. Jones—Milford High School, Post Graduate.
- Francis X. Kelley—Tufts.
- Esther Kurlansky—Milford High School, Post Graduate.
- Ruth L. Lilley—Sargent School.

Harold H. Lockey--Worcester Tech.
Julia H. McConnachie--Bryant and Stratton.
Amanda E. MacGregor--Framingham Normal School.
Leroy L. McKenzie--Clark.
Francis L. Mead--Mass. Tech.
Loretta E. Murray--Boston University.
John F. O'Reiley--Tufts.
Arthur Schooner--Clark.
Mary E. Shea--Bay Path.
Frank D. Thomas--Amherst.
Dorothy N. Fairbanks--Framingham Normal School.
Mary McGuire--Burdett Business College.
John W. Dwyer--Mass. College of Pharmacy.
Frederick L. Nolan--Dartmouth.
Jeannie P. Shirras--Framingham Normal School.
Beth Wilson--Simmons College.

'16.

Miss Mae Connors, ex-'16, graduated from Framingham Business College with high honors, and is working for a firm in South Framingham.



The exchange column is one of the most interesting in a school paper. Through the medium of this column, we learn what other schools are doing in line of athletics, social affairs, and studies. We enjoy the exchange of confidences, and we want to make others feel the same towards our column. We desire that our column shall not be an Exchange Column for our school papers alone, but also an exchange of ideas and friendship. We want you to criticise our magazine, its editorials and stories, and we promise that we shall fairly and honestly judge all papers submitted to us. In its exchange of ideas, and friendly criticisms, we hope that our column may be of aid to others, and we trust that we shall gain new ideas from them.



The pennant so gloriously won by our heroes of the diamond, Milford High School Base-Ball Team, has arrived, and now ornaments the wall of our assembly hall. It is a crimson banner with gold trimmings and lettering, and bears the inscription: *Midland Interscholastic League Base-Ball Championship, 1915, won by Milford High School.*

The recent statement of Mr. FitzGerald, treasurer of the Athletic Association shows the financial condition of the organization to be very good, \$151.72. being in the treasury in September,

Milford High has this year very promising material for a championship football team. First call for practice was answered by a squad of thirty candidates. Seven veterans are left from last year's squad, and around these men a fast eleven is assured under the diligent coaching of Messrs. Berry and Cenedella. The veterans are Capt. Olivieri, Hilton, Sprague, Vesperi, Zurlo, Morelli, and Dalton. Among the recruits are Grayson, G. Bruce, J. Bruce, Larkin, Solari, Kelley, E. Nelson, J. Nelson, J. Gaffney, McClure, L. Shea, H. Shea, Spindle, Calabrese, Candini and F. Gaffney.

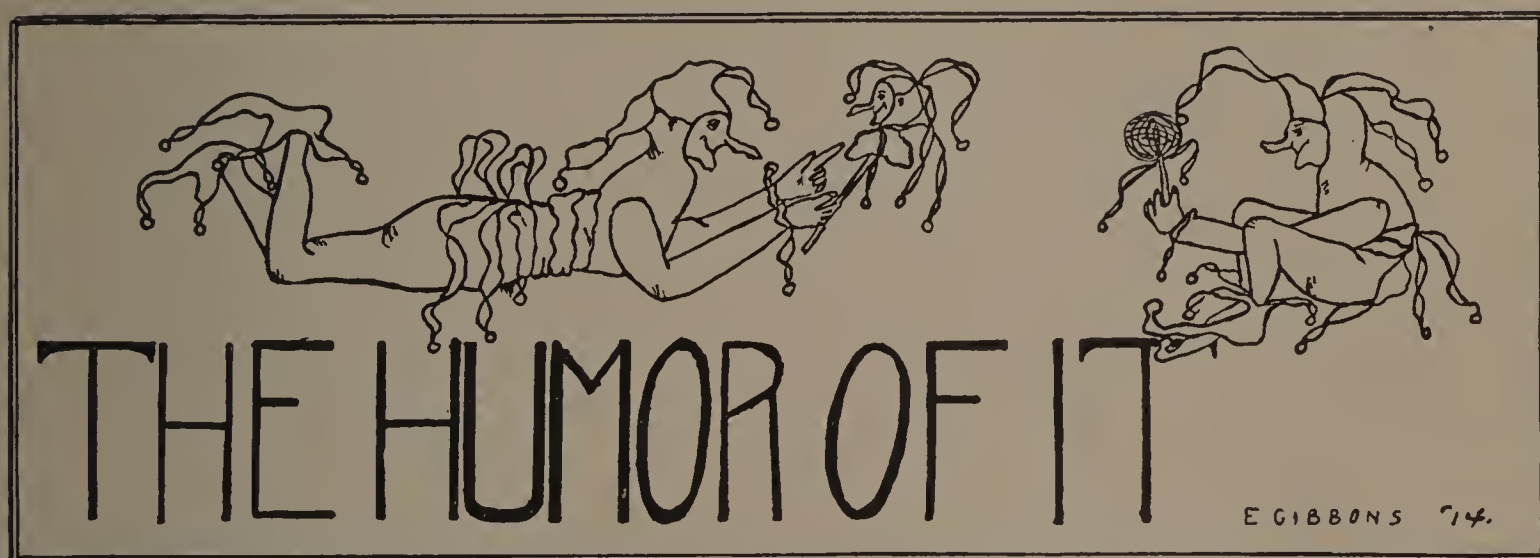
The schedule follows:

Sept. 28	Milford at Worcester Trade.
Oct. 2	Worcester Commercial at Milford.
9	Boston College High School at Milford.
12	Alumni at Milford. (A. M.)
16	Walpole High at Milford.
20	Framingham at Milford.
23	Marlboro at Milford.
30	Open
Nov. 6	Natick at Milford.
13	Westboro at Milford.
17	Milford at Framingham.
20	Norwood at Milford.
25	Open.

On September 28 the team journeyed to Worcester and there were defeated to the tune of 60 to 0 by the heavy Worcester Trade eleven. Considering class and weight of the Worcester team, Milford's showing was not so bad as the score would indicate.

Milford was without a football game Saturday, October 2, as the Worcester Classical team cancelled the game scheduled for that date, and as Manager Hickey was unable to secure another team.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association Wednesday September 22, the following officers were elected for the year: President, Mr. FitzGerald; Secretary, Anna Healy, '16; Committee, Michele DeFilipis, '16, Chairman, Doris Barnard, '16, Fred Niro, '17.



MISS FORD: "Oxygen aids combustion; hydrogen is a combustible, and water—"

O'BRIEN: "Water puts it out."

MR. BERRY IN ALGEBRA: "Now that you have the $4x$, tell me how to get the x ."

MISS CERVONE: "Well, my mother always said to get it by the handle, for fear I should get hurt."

KIMBALL (soliloquizing): "I want to be a doctor, but whether a medical or a dental, I don't know."

HICKEY: "Veterinary would be the best, I think."

MISS CALLANAN (in English): "Gaffny, read to the class your description of a nickel."

GAFFNY: A Nickel is a piece of money, made of a malleable and ductile metal after which it takes its name. It is worth five whole cents. It has a diameter which I do not know and a circumference $3\frac{1}{7}$ times the diameter."

FRESHMAN: "My feet were so cold this morning that I was unable to hold the pen in my hand."

MISS SWIFT (Translation): "Le matelot, sans repondre, se mit a siffler."

"The sailor, without answering, took out his whistle.",

VOICE FROM THE REAR: "What was it, a flute or a piccolo?"

FRESHMAN: "I thought you said you knew all the bright pupils in your class."

JUNIOR: "Of course I do, but I don't have to associate with them."

HEARD IN THE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY: "If an explosion should take place here now, and the life of one of your classmates were in danger, what would you do?"

GOUCHER (promptly): "Run for the door."

MISS BARRY: "Gee, what a hero!"

PUPIL TO HIS MOTHER: "Ma, my teacher told me this morning that I laugh so much over nothing."

MOTHER: "Don't come home and tell me the same thing again, for if you do I will make you cry so much more over something."

MISS FORD: "Hydrogen united with air explodes. In preparing hydrogen and testing its properties what caution would you take in order to avoid the explosion."

CLARRIDGE, "Abandon the idea of performing the experiment."

MISS PIANCA (in French): "Boy, your translation is terrible."

PUPIL: "I know it, but it is not my fault. My mother often tells me that terribleness is a quality which I inherited from my father."

JONES (to a group of Freshmen): "Who is the strongest boy in your class?"

MACCHI (expanding his chest): "Why, I be."

MISS LARKIN: "Tell us what you think of woman suffrage, O'Brien."

O'BRIEN: "I think women should not vote because their place is in the home."

MISS BARNARD: "Your argument is weak. I go to the pictures nearly every day and I notice that the women form the majority of the attending body."

MISS LARKIN (History A): "Now, Miss Healy, what did Captain James Smith do?"

MISS HEALY: "Er—he—oh he founded the James River."

MISS BIRMINGHAM (Com'l Law): "How have the statutes changed the law in regard to married women's contracts, Murphy?"

MURYHY: "Oh! er—before a married woman can make contracts, her husband must be dead, divorced, in jail, or intoxicated."

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The Revolution in Russia.

Russia is still the great unknown quantity in this war. She is the eternal question. What will Russia do? What *can* Russia do? Our questioning does not arise because Russia did not do what she could in the first year of the war, but because of her past history, and because she is made up of a complex and discordant mass of people speaking a hundred and fifty different languages and dialects. How then, in the view of recent happenings in that extraordinary country, to look upon her as an entirety, as a single and influential factor in the history at present in the making?

It must be remembered that the ten years between the disastrous ending of Russia's war with Japan and the stirring of her sense of nationalism, both religious and civil, were years of turmoil and confusion. There were times during this period when it seemed as though the torn fabrics of the Russian empire must fall apart of its own weakness of fiber. There were revolutions, enormous labor difficulties, much shedding of blood, disasters, and social unrest. Russia was in a state of chaos.

Then came the great war. It is possible that Russia welcomed the war, for it was the last opportunity to unite Russia. The result must have been gratifying to true Russian patriots. Broadly speaking, by the supreme fusing of war Russia was made one. The fighting men of the nation, the peasants, with the images of the Czar and the Church before them, marched to the front singing songs and confident of the holiness of the conflict. There was none of that in the war with Japan. There was neither enthusiasm nor vigor then; but for this war a sort of Russian national spirit was aroused, and Russia went out to fight whole-heartedly, enthusiastically and confidently.

Russia began her offensive with a will. Contrary to the accepted military theory, Russia mobilized weeks sooner than it was believed she could. And, in strict accordance with the German plan of campaign, Russia marched toward the west, pushing all before her. There was talk that the soldiers of the Czar would have their Christmas dinners in Berlin. The Russians swept Prussian Poland, through Galicia, and far into the territory of the enemy. They took cities and ravaged villages, and seemed as irresistible as a tidal wave, advancing and engulfing the enemy.

The two big features of the plan of the German campaign were the quick advance on France and the apparent abandonment of a certain portion of the eastern frontier to the Russian advance. The plan was to defeat France and then return at leisure and attend to Russia.

All the world knows what has happened when Von Hindenburg turned his attention to the eastern theatre of war. The Russians were beaten back mile after mile. The Germans crumpled that brave advance into a retreat. As the Germans pressed on, the Russians, without the proper supplies or ammunition or even the necessary weapons, could do nothing but retreat. They lost cities they had taken. They gave up positions they had bought

with immense loss of blood. Russian unity could exist no longer with disorder and turmoil reigning supreme both on the battle front and at home and in Petrograd, where men, regardless of the soldiers on the firing line, were squabbling over the contracts for supplies of war.

The wonderful news of the deposing of the Czar had gone through the ranks and one idol was removed from the childlike mind of the peasant soldier. At last the Czar and his haughty German wife were removed from the court buzzing with German intrigue and the malign influence of the unholy Rasputin. Then came Alexander Kerensky, of whose attractive personality we read as he appeared at the front line of battle, and our hopes were raised that this nervous, active Dictator might turn the Russian defeat into a new victory.

But indecision, which has ruined many a man, was, it appears, the fatal flaw in Kerensky's character. It has often been declared that the secret to success is to "act quickly, and be right part of the time." Kerensky, however, dallied with danger and was overthrown. By trying to please both the conservatives and radicals, he merely made both sides distrust him. The people believed that under the new regime Kerensky threatened them with blood and iron. All governments were alike distasteful to them and they wanted none of them. Democracy to the Russians meant simply the abolition of all authority. His chief blunder, according to Russian reports, was his failure to call together the constituent assembly. Instead he postponed it repeatedly until his procrastination gave the Bolsheviki a splendid political opening to demand an honorable and speedy gathering of the assembly.

Three real battles determined that Bolshevism should rule in Russia—the fighting in Petrograd, Kiev and Moscow. Kerensky's provisional government had talked until even the Russians were tired of his promises. The workingmen, who are the backbone of the Bolshevik party, promptly resorted to arms. Their own natural capacity for organization was directed by the more comprehensive Prussian minds. If this were not true, it would be impossible to explain the almost simultaneous battles in Petrograd, Kiev and Moscow, so successfully fought. In Kiev Austrian officers openly fraternized with the committee; and it is a certainty that some of the artillery in the battle of Moscow was directed by German officers.

The independence of Ukrania which cuts off Little Russia from the Petrograd government was merged with the Bolshevik movement. The active agents in it were the soviets, or workmen's and soldiers' committees, such as now control all of Russian life, political and industrial.

In the city of Kiev, the fighting was controlled almost entirely by the soviet. To this group of radicals, the workingmen of Kiev gave staunch allegiance. The fighting lasted for six days, the total casualties numbering about six hundred. The greatest excitement in that city was provided by the large Bolshevik funerals which were virtually parades of armed workingmen.

Meanwhile, the Bolsheviki were gaining enormous victories in Moscow and Petrograd, where after a few days of fighting the care-free crowds celebrated with joy the triumph of Bolshevism. In Petrograd, for example,

amusements were in full sway and gaiety reigned in all sections of the city.

Factory strikes prevailed everywhere. The workers, elated with their new power, informed their employers that they would assume entire charge of the factories, and they proceeded to drive out the experts at their pleasure, threatening the owners with death if they attempted to close their shops. They regulated their own salaries and in a highhanded and most unscientific way attempted to conduct affairs, in one case ruining in their ignorance a quarter of a million dollars worth of war material. In many cases, after weeks of confusion, realizing that something beyond the enthusiasm of the worker was necessary for success, they entreated the employers, whom they had driven out, to return.

A member of the Root Labor Commission sent to Russia attempted to tell the Russians something of American labor unions and their benefits to the worker, especially children, but Lenine's newspaper in its editorial column demanded, "What do we know about union labels and child labor? What we want for everybody is two hours work a day, and no more."

When the Bolsheviki had acquired the political importance which they desired, they shared their power with no man. They scornfully refused to allow a representative from any other party to hold a political office, and yet they term this government democracy.

The taint of German gold and insidious Prussian propaganda had done their work. Have you ever stopped to consider the significance of the word Hohenzollerns? The early Hohenzollerns were the "high toll takers," who from their primitive homes on the mountain sides, swooped down upon tired travellers who were forced to pay toll to their barbarous and unwelcome hosts. The modern Hohenzollern steals provinces instead of purses. And nowhere has the toll been higher than in Germany's triumph in the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. To the gloating Prussians, Nikolai Lenine, Bolshevik Premier of Russia, and Leon Trotzky, his Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, yielded Poland, Lithuania, Riga, the Moon Islands and an indemnity of \$4,000,000,000.

Well may we remark in the words of Addison, "Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding." In less than a year after Trotzky on his expulsion from France had declared that he and his political associates would always remain "the outspoken sworn enemies" of Germany, he visited Berlin on his return from America to Russia, and his enemies assert that he was lured by the Kaiser's gold to reverse his opinion of the Prussians. He holds patriotism in disdain and calls it "a mania of nationalism."

Declaring the rescue of the proletariats or workers from the miseries of a long and wearisome war to be his sole excuse for bringing about the demobilization of Russia's troops, he, with Lenine, with undaunted boldness placed his country in the hands of Kaiser Wilhelm and Emperor Karl, whom he had but a short time previous named as "two criminals who refused to respect the rules and regulations of international law."

Thus are the untrained and undeveloped minds of Russia governed by Prussian influence. Well may the government in Russia today be termed

the despotism of the dregs. It is a case of ignorant people being led by selfish and short sighted leaders. With four fifths of the lower classes unable to read or write, how can one expect them to understand the true meaning of democracy? They have witnessed the progress of America; they have seen from afar the workings of American freedom. Soon they found themselves able to give free rein to their ambition. They revolted. They dethroned the Czar and overthrew his monarchy, and then, alas for Russia! She was powerless. At this moment she stood in the open door of revolt, free to go out into the world of liberty and democracy. If Russia had had learned and intelligent men to lead her as France was led, she would now stand forth among the nations of the world, an important factor fighting for the cause of humanity. But the blind cannot lead the blind, and Russia, unable to grasp the brilliant opportunity offered her, has fallen back into the barbarity of the past.

The Russian soldier has deserted his ranks and has lost the little self-respect he had formerly possessed. His rifle and his military service, although disgracefully concluded, give him the license he styles "liberty," and he has returned from the trenches to be despised and feared by the other classes of Russian society. Even at the front, when the Bolshevik doctrine had thoroughly sunk into the minds of the war-weary peasants, the officers had been barely tolerated. So wholesale had been the murder of the officers that hundreds of Russian privates were severely punished by the Germans for their utter disrespect for higher authority.

After all, what is Tavarish but an embruted peasant, the victim of generations of autocratic tyranny and injustice? He is not responsible for his inability to think. His ignorance of the meaning of patriotism, honor, loyalty and democracy must be laid at the door of those powers that denied him the privileges of a rational human of this age.

What example more striking than the story of uneducated Russia is needed to prove to even the most thoughtless American the necessity of education? Imagine the mind of the Russian peasant as he stares at a German poster depicting the ill treatment of the Russian soldier by cruel figures typifying John Bull and Uncle Sam. On the memories of what literature or what experience can he draw for aid at this moment? He falls, an easy prey to the subtlety of Prussian diplomacy which has been able to overcome Russia, because it has understood that huge and helpless country tottering on the brink of ruin.

It is, perhaps, difficult for an American blessed with every opportunity for advancement to picture a country, as Russia, with so large a proportion of its people utterly ignorant, lacking ability even to read or write. But such are the educational conditions in Russia today.

Let us always retain before us the vision of dismembered and helpless Russia as a warning lest we allow the light of learning to grow dim in this independent and liberty-loving land of ours. Let us continue our studies as long as we possibly can and train our minds that we may prove ourselves more worthy to be citizens of our beloved, our free America.



CAST OF "A ROSE OF PLYMOUTH TOWN."

Class History.

In the life of the untaught Indian boy, Hiawatha, the slaying of his first deer was a momentous event. It marked the achievement of his earliest ambition. It meant to him what the completion of the grammar school course and the entrance into high school means to Uncle Sam's more civilized nephews and nieces. There is the flush of triumph and satisfaction in their feeling, coupled also with the instinctive expectancy and awe of the mist-shrouded future. It is no different, except perhaps in the matter of intensity, from the emotions of all people on entering upon a new and untried path of action.

With a whimsical feeling of amusement tinged with the sadness of parting, we recall tonight the welcome extended in the September issue of the Oak, Lily and Ivy by a sedate senior to the entering freshman class. The welcome ended with these words: "Little freshmen, enter and be happy." We on this platform tonight were those little freshmen. And it is that feeling of welcome and good-will exhibited by teachers and schoolmates alike which have made our entire four years so pleasant to look back upon and so hard to leave.

We numbered one hundred and thirty then, and are seventy-three tonight.

Our first acquaintance with Mr. C. A. FitzGerald was as sub-master of the school, but four weeks afterward he became our principal on the resignation of Dr. Derry, with whom we did not have the opportunity of becoming very well acquainted. It did not take long, however, for us to feel the influence of Mr. FitzGerald's kind and sympathetic interest in each one of us.

We might with heart-felt sincerity expatiate upon the generous instruction of each of our teachers, but we must pause only long enough to extend our thanks to them all for their patience and interest.

There are few important events which very directly concern a freshman class, for newcomers must wait awhile before they may attain to any distinction or recognition in school affairs other than by faithfulness in study. But an honor fell to one member of the class during the freshman year of which we are justly proud. A prize, to be competed for by our class, was offered for the best essay on "Why Milford is a good place to live in," and it was won by Helen Broughey.

As is always the case, a number of those who entered with us grew weary and dropped out before we had well started on our courses. During our first two years two of our members died and two married.

In our sophomore year we made our first appearance on the rhetorical platform, and found the experience not nearly so fearsome as we had anticipated. During this same year we were represented in the celebration, which was held in our Assembly hall on April 16, of the three-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death. Warren Chilson took the part of the school-boy in "The Seven Ages of Man" from "As You Like It."

So happily and busily the days and months flew by and we became mem-

bers of the Junior class. We organized and elected our officers on the fifteenth of November, 1916, with Elmer Nelson as president; Jessie Henderson, vice-president; Lester Shea, treasurer; and Margaret Cronan, secretary. It was our first experience of voting, and we recall that one of the girls asked if she should sign her name to the ballot. One member who entered with us, Rose Gagliardi, completed the necessary work in three years and was graduated last June with the class of '17. At that same graduation we were happy to learn that Francis Gaffny was to receive one of the Patrick Peace Essay prizes awarded at that time.

At the outset of this year we suffered the loss of our principal, Mr. Fitzgerald, who was called to the country's service. Mr. Quirk, chosen acting principal in his place, has won the gratitude and appreciation of the entire class for his unfailing courtesy and sincere interest in all school activities.

We also missed two of our classmates, our president, Elmer Nelson, and William Sprague, both of whom enlisted during September and are now fighting "over there". At a class meeting in October, George Luchini was elected class president to fill the vacancy left by Nelson's departure. In February two more of the boys went away. Chester Avery and Arnold Davis were admitted to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This spring the class was highly pleased over the appointment of Thomas Raftery as a student at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

This year a change was made in our rhetorical program. Instead of speaking in Assembly hall once during the year, we spoke once a month in our home rooms, having optional rhetoricals weekly in the hall in preparation for a prize speaking contest which was held December twenty first in the school assembly hall. The first prize for the girls was won by Anna Calabrese, and that for the boys, by James Catusi.

On April the twelfth our class held its Senior Hop in the Town Hall. The evening was greatly enjoyed by the many guests and we realized fifty-five dollars from the affair. Our Senior Play took place two weeks later on the twenty-sixth of the month, when a very pretty colonial drama, "A Rose O' Plymouth Town," was presented in the Opera House. The proceeds of the play were two hundred and sixteen dollars.

During the third Liberty Loan drive, themes written by Hazel Clarridge, Alice Carroll, John Grady, and James Zurlo were chosen for their special excellence to be read at exercises given in the Assembly hall. The writers were awarded diplomas signed by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and countersigned by Principal Quirk.

For our class colors we have red, white, and blue; for our flower, the sweet pea, and for our motto, "Impossible is Un-American."

As we look back tonight through the smiling vista of our four happy years spent under the tender care of our dear Alma Mater it is with a reluctant yet pleased satisfaction that we turn our back upon it all to face an alluring but unknown future.

ESTHER A. HASKARD.

Editorial.

In preparing this issue, the Commencement number of the Oak, Lily and Ivy, the various editors have made a brief review of the progress and advancement of the Milford High School during the past school year. This is the only issue of the Oak, Lily and Ivy published this year. In September the student body decided, due to the great expense incurred, to discontinue the school annual. But at this phase of school life, the time of graduation, it seems but befitting that pages of review should be prepared which would relate our past pleasures both social and scholastic. Consequently the old custom of a commencement number will still be adhered to.

The present school year has been highly successful. Yet the war has thrown its far-reaching tentacles into our very midst and it was with the keenest regret that we heard the news of Mr. Fitzgerald's departure for service. Mr. Fitzgerald's untiring efforts of the past three years have won for him the love and respect of every member of the student body and his absence is keenly felt. The vacancy caused by his leaving was filled by Mr. Thomas J. Quirk, one of our alumni. Success has greeted Mr. Quirk on every hand, and we extend to him our heartiest thanks and deep appreciation for his untiring efforts to make our school life happy and pleasant.

To the Freshman class, upon whom the honor of Milford High rests for the next few years, we give our kindest greetings. If they could but surmount the hill of time that confronts them and gaze upon the future what would they find? Would they see happiness and victory as their reward or despair and defeat? That question can alone be answered by Time. But to make the reply one of happiness and victory for the Freshmen there must be diligent study and conscientious application to school work. The attitude assumed now by the Freshman toward his studies is the answer to the question of his future success or failure. Each freshman should consider himself a necessary part of the school life. He should not work for himself but for his school. Make a solid foundation now of the fundamentals which will uphold all future study and do not give way to your burden. In fulfilling this task of upholding our school's standard the underclassmen have the best wishes of the Seniors.

JOHN FRANCIS GRADY.

Prophecy of the Class of 1918.

Peace once more reigned over the world. The wicked had been overcome: the righteous had prevailed. The down-trodden nations had been raised by the hands of humanity and the earth rejoiced in its calm.

On my return from Poland where I had been helping in the work of reconstruction, I was passing through southern Italy intending to embark soon for home. One day, while making my way through a little wood, my atten-

tion was attracted by a huge vine-covered mound on one side of which I found a sizable opening. Being of an adventurous nature I pushed aside the brush and hanging vines and stooping a little forced my way in. It was very dark at first but as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I found myself in a huge cave with smooth, flat rocks here and there. A slight breeze entering the cave caused a rustling sound and at the same time raised into the air numbers of dry, withered leaves. When they had fluttered to the ground, struck by their uniform size and color, I picked up a few and sought the light.

On examining them carefully, to my surprise I could discern definite lines of verse apparently written in Latin. It suddenly occurred to me that I must be at the ancient oracle of the Sibyl, a prophetess of old who dwelt in a cave and gave her answers to those who came to consult her concerning the future from the leaves she gathered from the floor of her abode. Returning into the dim light I gathered all the leaves I could and on translating the words on each, they seemed to describe so appropriately my classmates of 1918 that I saved them and I am going to read them to you now.

With curly lock and rosy cheek
Miss Wade trips gaily down the street,
Proving to soap dealers, short and tall,
Larkin's brand is the best of all.

The Post can boast of a reporter sane
Who edits the column of "Mildred Champagne"
From childhood Marcia had shown a desire
That the name of Cook with fame should retire.

In the attractive garb of a Red Cross nurse,
With the purpose of quenching the hunger and thirst
Of a lonely soldier or sailor lad,
Waits Louise Daniels, willing and glad.

In a May-basket factory, with paper and glue,
Clad in overalls fancy of green silk and blue,
Work faithfully, joyfully, day by day,
May Minon, Libby Carr, and our friend Helen Ray.

A suite of rooms on the broad highway:
The manicuring parlors of Lester Shea.
He thinks great attention to stage folk is due,
Such as Margaret Cronan, and John Grady, too.

Poising with ease on a white charger's back
On the tips of her toes with the greatest of knack,
In tights and a short and full-ruffled skirt,
Rides Katherine Lester, a famous expert.

Harvard has filled its vacant chair.
Louis Vesperi is president there.
And Wellesley boasts of a gentleman prof.,
In Latin Karl Roberts with glory has taught!

Mademoiselle Camouflage is the latest sensation,
But Mabel Steeves' art is no innovation
As her models for artists' pencil and pad,
Maude Frost and Joe Gorman are low all the fad.
Mary Condon, our flaxen-haired child,
At Tech is instructing in matters worth while
The countless students so eager to learn,
Who for her kind service all arlently yearn
Two youthful maidens the result foresaw
Of the shortage of men produced by the war.
As street-car conductors, with diligent care,
Hazel Austin and Rose Morey are collecting one's fare.
Versatile, talkative, little Ray Thomas
As an auctioneer gay has a business enormous.
The talented, sprightly, and wise little man
Of many a talent has thorough command.
Francis Woodhead with natural grace
At the Capitol rules in the Speaker's place ;
Where Catusi and Casey, our laws to defend,
The Bay State sends as Congressmen.
Daily toils our tiny Miss Ware
Showing how to grow a fine head of hair ;
And dainty Ruth Bruce in business expert,
Assists her daily in her work.
Jessie Henderson, so dainty and sweet,
A fortune has made with her light tripping feet.
Her fine reputation has partly been made
By her bright golden hair of the loveliest shade.
Our dear Mr. Quirk has gone far abroad.
Oliver now wields the principal's rod
In charge of the music of Milford High School,
Sweet Evelyn Kennedy has absolute rule.
Marion Dalrymple and Hazel Miett
Are each an ardent suffragette ;
While Madeline Maloney and Mary Ahern
Are managing farms with goodly return.
Cute Ruth Purdy and Hazel Scammon,
Are displaying footwear, green and salmon,
For the dancing classes for student and clerk,
Of Grace Carron and her helper, Francis Burke.
Wilfred Murray and Harold Shea
And Francis Fullum had marched away
With Lieutenant Raftery at their head ;
But they found the Kaiser already dead.

From coast to coast as the Imperial Troupe,
Go the merriest, happiest, funniest group.
Francis Gaffny, Francis Larkin, with little "Bone" Day
Make a wonderful trio, as people do say.
Our Elmer Nelson of military fame,
As a captain brings honor to the dear old name
Of Milford High by his deeds of might
In ending the war with its shadow of night.
Lillian Sweet so demure and coy,
Is teaching youths, both girl and boy,
In the art of running a Flivver with care
And in the choosing of roads both muddy and fair.
Warren Chilson and playful Paul Jones,
Are amusing audiences in their jolliest tones
From platform and stage, with joy explaining
How they bore rebukes in German, uncomplaining.
Hazel Clarridge, courageous, brave,
Is flying high o'er land and wave
In an aeroplane, carrying to and fro,
The United States mails that are ready to go.
A charming, attractive magazine cover:
Around a big test tube bacilli do hover,
Down in the corner in a conspicuous way
Appears the name of Chester A.
Alice Carroll and Margaret Hogan
Have "safety first" as their useful slogan.
They are daily pulling many a tooth,
And then sell candy at a nearby booth.
Earline Morey, the sweet little lass,
Is a short story writer of the very first class,
Profiting by the knowledge her High School gave
In one of the courses of English A,
Milford High has labored with care
That Symphony Orchestra may declare
That its conductor and soloists all
Are gaining success from fall to fall.
In William Jackman lies Symphony's fame.
His soloist, Miss Kimball, has made a great name.
James Zurlo gives many a musical treat,
While Madeline Farrington leads listeners to seats.
Frances White, apart and alone,
Has founded a dear little orphans' home.
Kathryn Hobart is the surgeon there
And keeps the children in good repair.

On a lofty platform, a throng around,
 With a lively tone and a powerful sound,
 A preacher of influence and of far-reaching might,
 Arnold Davis shows to sinners the pathway of right
 Helen Broughey with skillful grace
 And Reina Adams, fair of face,
 With wondrous success are on the stage,
 The best ballet dancers of the age.

John Kelley of the great Red Sox,
 And Lucille Kempton in the pitcher's box,
 Are making the country actually rave
 And more and more for baseball crave.

Katherine Hickey of a bakery is head,
 Increasing the weight of her food with lead.
 Blanche Glatky and Florence Colecchi
 Are making her bread-stuffs and spaghetti.

With the land at rest in continual peace,
 From his duties Mr. Tumulty has sought release,
 To prove woman's worth and power and skill
 Elizabeth Sanclemente his chair does fill.

In Milford's street-commissioner's team
 Rides William Conway, happy and serene.
 Esther Haskard from Bellingham town
 Is a selectman of weight and of great renown.

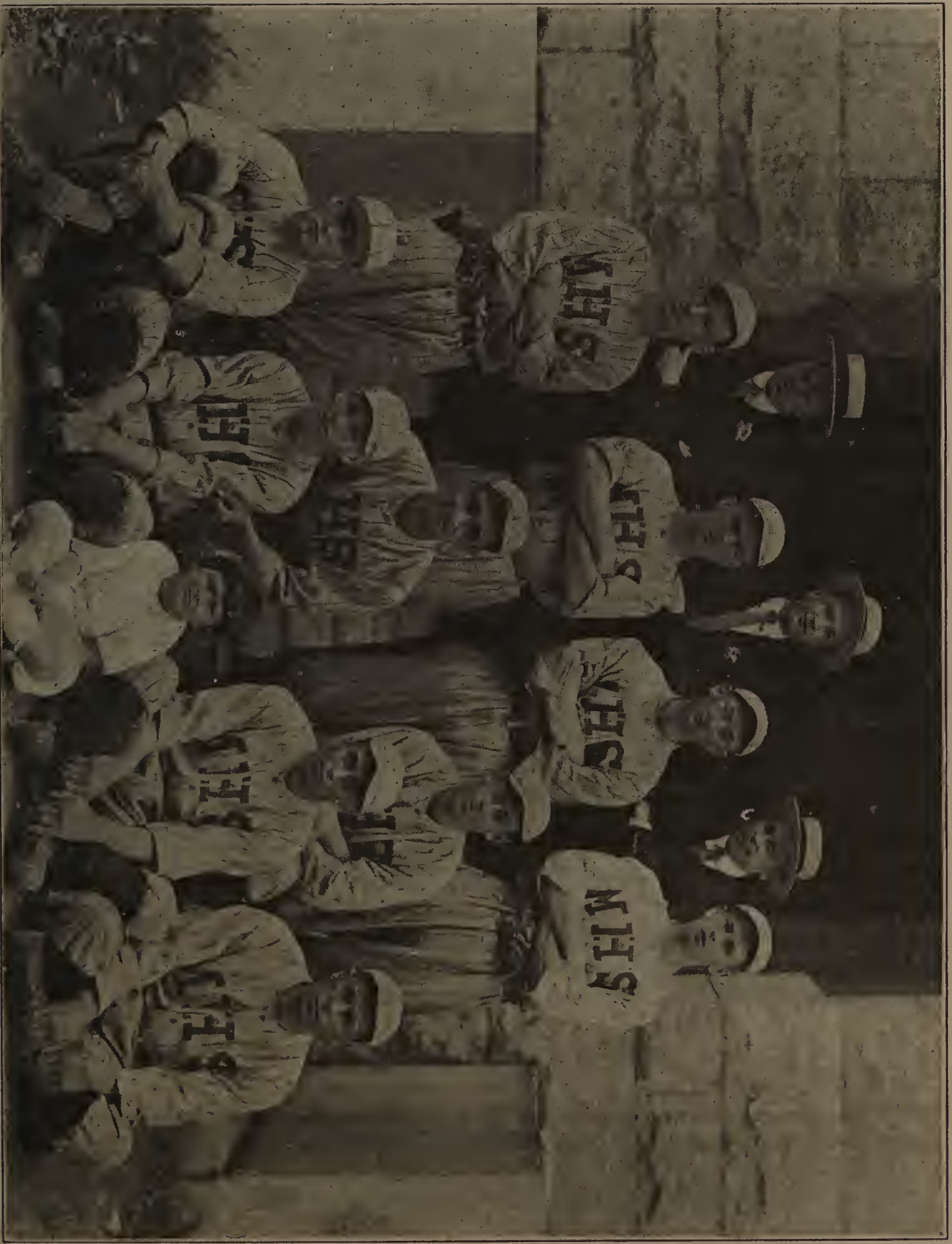
Miss Mary Ford's field has grown so wide
 She is forced to have a secretary in whom to confide
 All her private compassion and enjoyment of fun;
 George Luchini is the fortunate one.

Louis Calabrese and his cousin named Anna
 Are busily playing the "Star-Spangled Banner."
 With the enthusiasm and vigor of high-school days
 When jolly good music was all the craze.

Although the people of olden days believed firmly in their divinities, still they knew that in the answers of their seers several different meanings might be found. So the forebodings of the powerful Sibyl may be taken in more than one way. If your interpretation proves unsatisfactory, it is evident that you have failed to catch the intended meaning and must try another.

MARION HELEN SHERBORNE, '18.





M. H. S. BASEBALL TEAM, 1918.

True American Patriotism.

Who is the world's greatest patriot? Is it Napoleon, who tore from France the best manhood of ages, leaving thousands to die on the weary return from the disastrous march upon Moscow? The true patriot does not love war. He sees a red river of blood creeping over a land of frightened children, wailing women and ruined homes, and the cruel twisted smile of Mars as he watches the red stream swell and swell into a mighty sea, swirling beneath the gale of despotism and outrage into a huge maelstrom. The patriot's bayonet is not to him the steel of Death; it is the sword of God avenging wrong. The true patriot is not of necessity loyal to his government, but he is always loyal to his country. If we must look for the perfect patriot, we must look in the country that is best suited for him. We must look in America where true liberty is found and where the true patriot shall live forever.

America is the land of patriots, but who among our famous men has earned the name of our greatest patriot? Poets sing the fame of Washington; Lincoln's glory as the emancipator of the slave will never die. Wilson has joined them in the cause of freedom. Who is our greatest patriot? Who has done the most for his country, the one who created liberty, the one who preserved liberty, or the one who is now defending it? It is a question which can never be answered. Those three will remain at the head of our great roll of patriots which grows greater day by day.

Among those patriots we must number not only those who have fought great battles on bloody fields and on wild seas, giving up their lives that American liberty might be preserved. There have been other patriots whose names have gone down into posterity with glorified and stainless memories. Alexander Hamilton fought his battle over a sheet of paper covered with tiny, angular figures, and the result of the conflict was the creation of a financial foundation for the newly born American republic which has not been shaken by five wars. By the just and full payment of the first bonds of the United States he made possible the great Liberty Bonds of today. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Calhoun were not great warriors. The pen fitted their fingers better than the sword and for months, with their forceful oratory, they handled a topic that was beyond the reach of most men. Their clear, calm insight saw the disaster that hung over the country but the dark cloud of slavery was too heavy for mortal eyes to pierce and only after four years of struggle was it swept away. These three men kept the union together until it was too strong to be separated. And there have been many men before this war who deserve to be given praise as true patriots who have exercised their skill to the honor of America. Among our great patriots are the heroes that have constructed the great Panama canal. In a climate whose every breeze is the breath of death these men worked on and on. It is the *manana* land, the land of tomorrow, and on these heroes of Panama that tomorrow depends.

Patriotism is not alone loyalty to country. It is loyalty to the best in men, loyalty to God. Trotzky, the Bolshevik betrayer of Russia, calls patri-

otism "a mania of nationalism." True patriotism is not a mania. Patriotism does not mean unswerving devotion to a country, regardless of whether that country is ruled by the voice of the people, or by a drunken and profligate king. The true patriot echoes the words of Lincoln, "I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong."

The blind worship of a country is not patriotism but fanaticism. The self-styled "patriot" of this sort is a curse, not a blessing, to his country. He was the one who cried "Traitor!" at Patrick Henry as that true American bucked his defiance at tyrannical England. He is the man, shallow-minded and servile, who is loyal to his country because he has been taught to be, because his father was, and his friend is. He is unable to give the steady support of the citizen, who after calm rational consideration gives his aid to his country. He is a petty, paltry "hanger-on" of a government which he has been taught is "the best of all," for reasons he knows not. He is the man who buys a Liberty Bond, with its promise of a return of his money plus a generous interest, but refuses the Red Cross.

To be a true patriot one must first of all be a good citizen, and to be a good citizen one must be a *man*. Hamilton filled his office, not for any hope of everlasting fame, for he was opposed from Maine to Georgia, but because it was in his judgment the best and wisest thing to do. Hamilton was not only a statesman but a man, that same sense of honor that withheld his hand in the duel with Burr carrying him successfully on through his patriotic career.

The sacrifices of today have revealed the greatest and the least of patriots. The best of our manhood is wearing the khaki. They have thrown away the ties of home and the promises of ambition and have plunged into the European conflict, where they will be merged into victory or defeat. The soldier's sacrifice is the supreme sacrifice. Equally great is that of his grey-haired mother, who gives first her well-loved son, and then trudges to the bank to invest her small savings in a Liberty Bond. Even the tiniest of children know the significance of a red cross against a background of white. It is a testimony of the humanity of our country, an avowal of the patriot's success. Everywhere the American flag floats the people beneath it are ready to aid in the progress of mankind, for freedom blazes the trail for justice and mercy.

Our "Sammies" are not daunted by danger and fatigue. They carry with them in France the same courage that endured during the winter at Valley Forge. That same unselfishness that caused the starving soldier to share his crust with his companion has not perished. In a flooded shell-hole "somewhere in France," an American soldier held above water for two days the head of a wounded fellow-soldier. After two days of anxiety and torture in that desolate section of No Man's Land, where shells screamed above their heads, the wounded man died and his exhausted comrade released his grasp and crawled back to a relief station. This is but one example of the courage, bravery, and compassion of the American troops.

The patriot of to-day is not necessarily a soldier, for the man behind the lines may well prove his love of country. Robert Morris did not shoulder a musket. Thousands of men were waiting for food, clothing, and arms. Morris had no way of knowing whether his money would ever be returned or not. If the American cause was defeated, he would be hanged as a traitor. Yet he took the risk, and at the sacrifice of his entire private fortune tided the colonists over the blackest period of the war.

The blackest period of this war has not yet come, and we pray God it never will. Every true American heart hopes that the spirit of enthusiasm will never be dimmed by early defeats, and that victory will come in the first flush of triumph. Yet if that night does come and all seems lost, then the patriot will come forward, not one man but many, and keep alive the old love of country until the dawn comes, bringing with it blessed peace.

EARLENE L. MOREY '18.

The Impossibility of Peace at the Present Time.

When General Pemberton asked Grant at Vicksburg what terms he was willing to propose for the capitulation of the southern city and its garrison, the Union general answered briefly, "Unconditional surrender!" To-day, if the United States is to make peace with Germany, the bestial foe of America and mankind, she can demand nothing less than unconditional surrender, for she has come to realize that to the military leaders of Germany, peace treaties are mere scraps of paper, and we must wait until the German Imperialists have been forced by the armies of the Allies to respect the rights of humanity.

It is not at all strange that Germany herself has more than once held out in her bloody hands glittering offers of peace, for she realizes that each new day of conflict brings greater probability of the defeat of her megalomaniac scheme of a Mitteleuropa. In spite of the ridicule by the All-Highest of the "contemptible" American soldiers, Germany has been striving her utmost to crush the Allies before the American army in France is large enough to swing the tide of battle against her. Peace at the present time with Germany would mean her retention of the small nations she has ground beneath her heel and the opportunity for exploitation of the East through her control of ruined and helpless Russia.

To a group of business men one year before the war the Kaiser himself made the promise, "We shall not merely occupy India. We shall conquer it and the vast revenues that the British allow to be taken by the Indian Princes, will after our conquest flow in a golden stream into the Fatherland." If the treaties of peace forced upon Russia and Roumania are allowed to stand, Germany will in truth have possession of a road to India that will give her domination of Asia as well as Europe and pave the way for the future conquest of the rest of the world.

Proofs of German hypocrisy and the impossibility of peace by negotiation with an unconquered Kaiser are shown daily. Russia attempted to talk peace

with Germany. She deserted the Allies and laying aside all bitterness and national aspirations, met Germany as a friend and, as a result of the incomprehensible negotiations of her Bolshevik Premier and his Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, signed the disgraceful treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Trusting Russia began to demobilize her armies only to be confronted by German troops. Her simplicity and guilelessness have been repaid by robbery and oppression and Russia has been thrust back into the seventeenth century. The Prussian purpose is to dismember Russia, a future menace to her schemes of world domination. The border territory has been divided into states dependent upon her for existence that they may be a future barrier against Russian advance. The conservative element has been bound to Germany by the offer of apparent political supremacy.

To understand more clearly the situation of Russia let us suppose a similar division of the United States of today. Imagine, if you can, that America has been invaded by an unscrupulous enemy. At the close of the invasion all land east of the Appalachians has been seized by the victor. Florida and the states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico have been made into separate principalities and the western states have suffered a similar separation. All that is left is a comparatively small section between the Mississippi and the Appalachians, politically, commercially and industrially isolated from the rest of the world. Such is the condition of Russia today.

The Ukraine, bordering on the Black Sea, whose fertile soil yields one-third the agricultural products of Eastern Russia, has made a friendly peace with Germany. The sinister significance of German peace and friendship is manifested by recent developments in this new republic. German armies are now occupying the coveted port of Odessa and the military authorities have dispossessed the government of the Ukrainian Republic. Germany's will is law here, just as in the Baltic States.

With the phrase "no annexation and no indemnities" on his lips, the Kaiser has stretched forth his hand toward the Ukraine, Finland, Poland and Roumania, attempting to annihilate national spirit and ideals in paving the way for a "made in Germany" peace. Roumania is one of the victims of the Russian Revolution. When Russia failed to supply her with arms, further resistance was useless and surrender to Germany was inevitable. By racial history a natural admirer and ally of France, she has been forced to sign an odious treaty which makes her virtually an ally of the Hohenzollerns, compelled to support the transport of Teutonic soldiers through her territory.

For a long time the Kaiser had looked on Finland with covetous eyes. Today the Finnish capital is occupied by Teutonic officers. He has already taken possession of the Aland Islands which make an excellent base from which to conduct a possible Prussian campaign against the Scandinavian countries. Finland will make a helpful ally for Prussia in her desire to expand her territory and extend her commerce. It remains to be seen whether Germany will rule the Baltic Sea and Gulf of Finland or whether the other bordering nations are to be allowed their proper rights in waters so essential to their development.

Brave little Holland is another small country in the path of the German jingoes. The German papers have confessed their desire to possess the Netherlands which they consider their natural property. To them it is an "indispensable duty" to regain the mouths of the Rhine river in order to secure a position opposite the routes over which British commerce passes to its great harbors. The entire Rhine river is to become a German stream and it is probable that the triangular strip of Dutch territory between Belgium and Germany over which passes a direct railroad route to Antwerp will become a Prussian province. German Imperialists are pressing Holland to sign a treaty which will give them a foothold there and a refusal will be an excellent cause for war.

All these German treaties with European powers are not the terms of a nation which for three years has fought a war of defense. They are the treaties of Germany stripped of her hypocrisy and laying bare to the whole world her responsibility as chief instigator of the present gigantic struggle.

Proving without a doubt the crime of Germany, Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador to England in 1914, has fastened the bloody guiltiness for the war irrevocably upon his own country, declaring that she not only urged Austria to start the war, but forced her to continue her preparations for plunging Europe into war by sending an ultimatum to Russia on that country's mobilization, and ending by a declaration of war in spite of the readiness of the Austrian Foreign Minister to satisfy himself with the reply of the Serbian government. He confirms the fact that the famous Potsdam conference took place on July 5, 1914, and plans were made to inaugurate war upon any convenient pretext. At that time the Prince was given his instructions as to the influencing of the British public opinion through the medium of the newspapers. But he was supporting a policy which he "knew to be fallacious" and his mission failed.

And so has failed the mission of many other and less scrupulous propagandists. The plausible accounts published in Spanish newspapers of a mutiny in our navy and the reports in Turkish newspapers that Paris had been entered on May 4th by the Germans show the influence Germany is striving to exert in European countries. Her schemes to exert a sinister influence in the United States have failed in spite of her well laid plans for extending German control by means of German educators in the schools and universities in this country. How many Americans realize that as a result of German propaganda \$1,500,000 have passed through a New York bank to France to be expended in buying French newspapers to impress the people with the futility of withstanding the armies of Germany?

Germany's plans for world power, under consideration for forty years, are gradually taking on the aspect of failure. The supremacy of the Allies in the air is acknowledged, the U-boat menace is decreasing, and at last the unity of command of the Allied armies, so long advocated by Lloyd George, has been placed in the hands of General Foch, who will lead his forces to victory against Germany—the nation that deliberately sinks hospital ships, that decorates its soldiers for killing Red Cross workers, that bombs churches with

its long range guns on the anniversary of the death of the Savior of mankind, the nation that says, "Pity is a disease."

At this moment there comes to my mind the recollection of a graphic cartoon in one of the recent Literary Digests called "The Dance of Death." The gruesome figure of Death, wrapt in a black mantle, draws forth a melody from his violin with his long bony fingers. The Kaiser, in full military uniform, a sword hanging from his wrist and the Iron Cross on his breast, is sinking wearily to the ground from exhaustion. With outstretched arm and clenched hands he cries in agonized entreaty, "Stop! Stop! I'm tired." But the pitiless figure replies, "I started at your bidding; I stop when I choose."

And the words of Death are true. The Kaiser is obliged to continue the war he has begun. The civilized world will reject his shameful offers of peace and will press on through his battle lines until the Allies have crushed forever German autocracy, the negation of civilization.

Realizing the necessity for trained men and women, both during and after the war, President Wilson has urged the young people of the country to complete their educations before entering upon their chosen vocations. And so, fellow classmates, our regrets at parting are set aside by the thought that we are going forth, prepared to take our places in the life of a nation that needs us, remembering always that "Impossible is Un-American."

KATHERINE H. LESTER, '18.

CLASS ODE.

Air: "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Now life's great portals stand ajar
 Midst visions of rosy hue,
 But ere we venture forth to her
 Farewell, Alma Mater, so true.
 The noble precepts thou hast taught
 With memories linked shall be,
 To strengthen us in life's great trials
 To make us true to thee.

'Tis sad to part with teachers dear,
 With classmates fond and true.
 But in our hearts, in memories' chain,
 A link will be for you.
 We'll ne'er forget your interest kind
 And on the road of life,
 The thoughts of you will lead us on,
 And cheer us in the strife.

O'er troubled seas lies stricken France
 Laid low with grief and care,
 Voices entreat in war weary tones
 Voices entreat in war weary tones
 That we now do our share.
 With courage strong we answer them
 Prepared in heart and mind,
 To duty's call, to country's call,
 We will not lag behind!

—Alice Rosemary Carroll.

Class

Will

I. To the undergraduates we bequeath the school building, its furnishings including the desks and chairs, not, however for the adornment of aspiring young artists or ambitious sculptors; Assembly Hall, the scene of so many of our declamatory efforts, one-minute talks, advice and kindly admonition; the lawn, to be admired but not to be trespassed upon.

VI. To the Juniors we bequeath that sanctum ever sacred to the Senior Class - Room 10.

VII. To the late risers and one-minute afters we do give and devise the narrow passageway and well worn threshold to the sanctuary of our principal.

VIII. To the aforesaid Juniors we bequeath that little volume so beloved by us - Burke's Conciliation, hoping that in the perusal of their curriculum they may prove as proficient and creditable to their teacher as the fifth hour class.

IX. To the members of the commercial department we bequeath the typewriting room with the remaining machines left unimpaired by us, hoping that in the future a typewriter of a magnetic type may be invented which will attract the fingers to the right keys obviating the necessity of lifting the shield to see the keys.

In Witness Whereof. We the class of nineteen hundred eighteen, have hereunto set our hands and seal. Given this twenty-sixth day of June, 1918.

Geo. H. Lushini, Geo. W. Casey, H. M. Ray, W. V. Conway, M. E. Conan.
 Kuberus Heikeny, E. A. Haskaid, Warren A. Chilson, J. F. Fullum, S. H. Hade.
 Hazel Claridge, J. B. Meers, R. F. Adams, E. Carr, J. F. Burke.
 M. E. Kennedy, Ice Van Praunke, F. R. Daffney, L. M. Shea
 Marjorie Pyburne, Guido Calabrese, R. S. West, J. M. Day, Hazel Smith
 Anna Calabrese, Maud D. Frost, M. A. Delcamp, J. J. Daffney, L. Shean, E. Sweet
 Alice R. Carroll, Mary G. Condon, J. V. Furlo, Louis P. Foster
 Margaret Hogan, Thelma F. Kipton, J. V. Furlo, B. Gluckey, H. M. Austin
 M. Farrington, Ruth M. Sweet, Florence Colecki, R. P. Purdy, H. E. Scamman
 M. J. Kimball, M. C. Ahearn, M. H. Minnow, H. C. Keller, G. M. Carron.
 J. J. Kennedy, J. M. Henderson, H. C. Keller, G. M. Carron.
 J. J. Kelly, J. J. Catuzzi, E. Woodhead, F. E. Parker.
 J. F. Oliver, W. E. Graham, Alfred Carpenter, E. H. Morey.
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AMERICA'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR

Thankful indeed are we, the members of the class of 1919, that we enjoy the good fortune to be graduated at a time when all signs point to a future of friendship and benevolence between the nations of the world. For the past four years, marring the joys of graduation, the shadow of the sinister figure of the ruthless Hun, hated for his cruelty, has darkened the paths of students departing from American institutions. Now no longer does this terrible menace threaten the world; no more does the dreaded Boche practice his game of plundering and of murdering helpless women and children. Destroyed are the ambitious dreams of the selfish Kaiser, who now views his land not as the mistress of the world with himself as Emperor, but a crushed and disintegrated country: his people, suffering from want of food, fighting among themselves; himself, scorned and despised by all, forced to seek a foreign country for refuge unwillingly accorded. The deadly peril of imperialism has been utterly destroyed by the united nations of the world, linked together by the common bond, Democracy.

Yet certain of these nations received their rewards for the destruction of the Prussian military machine. England, though she entered the war upon the violation of Belgium's neutrality, is only too glad that her dangerous trade rival has been crushed. Her commercial standing is no longer threatened by the rivalry of German-made products. She has likewise received certain African colonies rescued from German misrule.

Poor, bleeding France, upon whose fields fought men of all races, was so suddenly stricken by the German hordes that she had scarcely time to send her men against the oncoming foe. But now at the end of all her suffering and loss of life she has been rewarded by the return of Alsace-Lorraine and the safeguarding by America and Great Britain of her security from a future German peril.

As for Italy, she, too, has received a recompense for her aid against the gray soldiers of the Kaiser, as shown by the recent disclosure of the secret "Pact of London", drawn up by England, France, Russia, and herself. Italy has always had in mind the repossession of the Trentino,

of Trieste, and of other lands long oppressed by Austria.

And so it was with many of the nations allied against the common foe, each anticipating a certain gain from participation in the world conflict. But among these was one country who looked for no reward; one nation who fought with no hope of recompense, no desire for the acquisition of further territory, no fear of a rival nation. This was the United States of America. Once again did she show her love of liberty. In 1776 she fought for freedom from the tyranny of England. In 1866 she strove for the freedom of the Negro. But those were struggles in one country. In 1917 she fought for the freedom of the whole world.

That the United States did not wish to enter the war was easily seen from her apparent ignoring of German atrocities. Though branded a coward and despised by Germany, still she would not declare war. But at last her great patience was exhausted. The mute appeal of ravished Belgium and weeping France touched her heart. The bold declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare aroused her anger. The last straw was reached when the *Lusitania* with numerous American citizens on board was sunk without warning. Immediately she prepared for war, and so earnest, so energetic, so patriotic was her preparation, that nothing but disaster could be the hope of the Huns.

Months before war was declared, she began the preparation of her navy, having realized the possibility of the entrance into the world conflict because of the ruthless submarine warfare of the Germans. Her merchant ships were armed for protection against the U-boats and trained naval crews were placed in charge of the guns. This preparation was called "an armed neutrality", but no sooner was war declared than the navy was put immediately on a war basis. Many more ships were built and so numerous were the enlistments that by the end of 1918, the number of men had increased three fold. It was this preparedness which enabled Admiral Sims to reply proudly, "We can start at once," when he was questioned by the British commander concerning the preparedness of the American Navy. Then it was that the number of U-boat victims began to decrease. Then were Germany's hopes of starving the Allies shattered, as an increasingly number of relief ships were enabled to reach Europe. But the greatest work was the transportation with the aid of allied vessels of over two million soldiers who made allied victory possible.

With only six months training these men were pitted against a foe whose training extended to six years. There was much skepticism among the Allies over the conduct of the Americans in battle, but when the valor of this army was shown at Cantigny, the first town captured by the United States army, their fears began to lessen. Yet it was not until the terrible fighting about Chateau-Thierry that all doubts were forever removed. For it was there that the high tide of German militarism after its final desperate effort to ruin France ended in disastrous and complete defeat. There the Prussian Guard, the pride of the German army, with six years of training, were pitted against the untried American Marines and doughboys. There the Huns, though hardened by training and experience, were forced to accept defeat from novices, young men who were called from offices, from the work-bench, and from lives of idle ease, with but six months military training. Not only did these heroes resist the furious onslaughts of the Boches, but even forced them to retreat before their rapid counter-thrusts in utter

confusion. Then it was that the glad news sped with incredible rapidity over the world that the Americans could rank with the best. This was the beginning of the end for German hopes, for they were then defeated at St. Mihiel and in the bloody battles of the Argonne Forest.

However, all this military success could not have been made possible had it not been for the encouragement given the soldiers by different relief corps from America. The achievements of the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, K. of C. can never be overpraised. It is impossible to mention all the forms of the aid given by these organizations. They relieved Belgian and French children, aided the wounded, offered amusement to the living, and buried the dead.

Nevertheless, in rejoicing over the admirable work done by our soldiers and war workers across the sea, let us not forget those left behind at home. Without a murmur, without a complaint, they obeyed the various orders of conservation and willingly economized that the people in the areas of war might not suffer. For truth to tell it was the lack of food which drove Bulgaria to surrender; hunger was the cause of Turkey's collapse, the fear of starvation brought Austria to terms, and the suffering from lack of food led in the causes rendering it imperative for Germany to sign the disgraceful armistice. And this was not all. Let us not forget the part played by American money which aided the Allies to buy or manufacture ammunition, clothes, and equipments for their soldiers.

And now let us ask ourselves: Wherein lay the secret that allowed the soldiers of the United States to cope successfully with the long-prepared Germans? It lay in the democratic education afforded in the American public school. It was there that were laid the strong foundation of character which enabled the American citizen to become a successful soldier in a few months. Lack of universal education was responsible for the downfall of Russia; too much military training was the death knell of Germany. The German was a military machine first, and a man last; the Americans are men first, and then soldiers.

Let us glory in the thought that we are **Americans**, being graduated from an **American** school under the protection of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, the **American** government.

Frank Joseph Moschilli

CLASS HISTORY

History, which like a mammoth chain links the past with the present and in turn the present with the future, has chronicled in the last few years some of the greatest events the world has ever known. We have seen a great, despotic military machine overthrown by the forces of justice and right. We have seen the autocratic leaders of a tyrannical nation bend their knee before the flaming sword of democracy. We have witnessed the rescue of a suffering world from the inferno of an imperialistic war into which was plunged almost the entire world.

The pen of the historian will write indelibly upon the pages of time these memorable events, but it is only the far-sighted chronicler who will note the passing of this class and its corresponding effect upon the future of the world.

For the last four years we have been making history. From that morning in the fall of 1915 until to-night, the eve of our graduation, every day of our presence within the Milford High School has had its vast significance. Clearly do we recall that morning when for the first

time we entered the portals of High school as eager and venturesome freshmen. We were at a loss to understand the attitude of the upper classmen towards us as we clustered around the bulletin board to learn our room assignments. Our class membership numbering one hundred and twelve was assigned to four rooms: room 5, supervised by Miss Larkin; room 4, by Miss Pianca; room 1, by Miss Callanan; and room 8, by Miss Whittemore. During our first day we made our acquaintance with the faculty, the members of which appeared gratified in the extreme at the thought of instructing so promising a class.

Although the first hours of initiation into High school life seemed perplexing and confusing, at the end of a very few days we displayed to the upper classmen our true merit, and before long we were recognized as beyond all doubt the most satisfactory class both in scholarship and conduct that had ever entered High school.

As is generally the case with the majority of classes, our membership was materially reduced at the opening of the sophomore year. With our entrance upon our second year, new fields were opened for us to show our oratorical abilities in the weekly rhetoricals held in the Assembly Hall.

At the beginning of the year we suffered the loss from the teaching force of Miss Larkin, who resigned to accept a more lucrative position in the Springfield schools. Miss Larkin was succeeded by Miss Donlan who proved to be a teacher of merit and untiring effort. Unfortunately, however, Miss Donlan remained with us only a short time as she likewise resigned before the end of the school year to accept a position in the Springfield schools. Miss Donlan was succeeded by Miss Dignan who has since labored conscientiously and faithfully in the interests of us all. With the increasing number of pupils, the school was urgently in need of an additional teacher and accordingly Miss O'Connell was added to the faculty as instructor of English and Declamation. It is but fair that Miss O'Connell should be complimented on the splendid achievements of the student thespians in plays presented, such results made possible only by her persistent and tireless efforts.

As time passed, we found ourselves ready to return to take up our third year of study with a class slightly decreased in number. With our entrance into the Junior class there were still further changes among our teachers. Miss Whittemore, who resigned to accept a position in the Quincy schools, was succeeded by Miss Power, a graduate of Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

At the beginning of the year we were greatly saddened at the loss of our principal, Mr. C. A. FitzGerald, who, when called to the country's service went willingly and cheerfully to do "his bit" in the nation's defense of democracy. Although deeply impressed at the loss of so faithful an instructor, we were greatly gratified to learn that Mr. Thomas J. Quirk, principal of the Stacy School, as to be Mr. FitzGerald's successor during his leave of absence. We had, indeed, just cause in our contentment under the guidance of Mr. Quirk, who, throughout his fifteen months of service, has worked sincerely and diligently for the benefit of Milford High in every respect. His service has won the gratitude and appreciation of the entire class.

During our Junior year we organized and elected our officers: President, Leo Murray; Vice-President, Jennie Connors; Treasurer, Roger Perham; and Secretary, Margery Baxter. At a later meeting we selected a class ring, a symbol to remind us always of our High school days.

At the conclusion of the school year once more the grimness of war was brought forcibly to our minds for our Sub-master Francis C. Berry

V. To the class of M.F.S. 1920, who are to follow in our footsteps we bequeath Room 12 with its two doors through which no one yet ever passed unctored after their tithed oblation.

VI. To all the under graduates we leave our teachers and their various quibbles, hoping that their troubles will be over now that we are gone.

VII. To those with music aspirations we bequeath our grand antique piano hoping that they may do better by those who are to follow.

VIII. To those who are to take the Senior Grade we leave the following advice: have no dates for Monday afternoon, nor for Wednesday if you flunk it any term.

IX. To those who will in the future be in Miss Ryan's Class in English we bequeath the set of Dickens with synopsis which we hope will prove as useful to them as it has to us.

X. The dirt, now or less neatly swept into accommodating corners we leave to our janitor, who freezes us out in winter, to do with as he sees fit.

XI. To all who rate to get up in the morning we leave a large supply of Quaker's paper on which to write their Phillips's sentence.

XII. To the school we leave the various statues on one condition that they be washed so that visitors may with a distinguish the subjects.

XIII. To the library we give several volumes of humorous selections to be used for rhetoric, as these last few weeks we have been sorely stiff because of the conspicuous lack of humor at the weekly exercises.

XIV. To the future graduating class we give an established precedent in the line of social doings - donation class day etc - and hope that in the future they will be better attended by the faculty.

In testimony whereof, we the Class of 1919 of St. John's High School 1919, appearing in our right minds here to at our hands and in the presence of witnesses declare this to be our last will and testament, this twenty-third day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

Leo H. Murray
Mason B. Brown
Ross K. Mansfield

Lillian M. Connachie

Frances L. Currier

William M. Shea

Dena M. J. Clemente

Thomas Reed
H. H. Hill

Agnes M. Parkman

Myrtle E. Finney

Chis Holland

Marion O'Brien

Eleanor C. Kelly

Billie Fairbanks

Mary Inzgaelli

Victor J. Monti

Nicholas G. Capace

Ernest Stella

Mildred Kerby

Frank J. Moschilli

N. Margaret Baxter

Mary C. M. Namara

Lillian L. Egan

Grace M. Dermott

McB. Balconi

John H. Healy

Walter J. O'Connell

Joseph J. Murphy

Raymond J. Grayson

Hervey D. Gaffney

Philo Jackson

Frank J. Moschilli

Janis L. Connor

Bernice V. Mahan

Mary Moore

Elizabeth Gaulton

Frank L. Goodnow

Josephine Ardolino

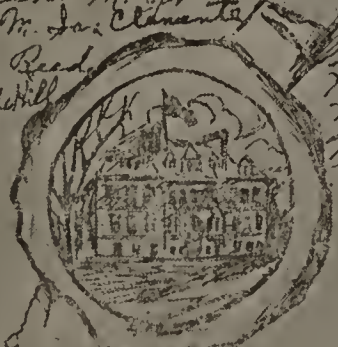
Jeanne Anderson

Joseph J. Saravalle

Will Henderson

Beryl C. Page

M. Fitzgerald



was granted a leave of absence to answer the call to the nation's defense. Miss Mary FitzPatrick resigned her position after five years of faithful service to accept a position in the Worcester school. To her we owe our heartfelt appreciation for her efforts in our behalf. When we returned for our fourth and final year of study we welcomed to our teaching force Miss Agnes Lynch as teacher in commercial subjects. Six weeks of the school year was lost during the influenza epidemic and during this period our classmate Raymond Grayson left us to join the Aviation Section of the United States Army. While we had just cause in feeling saddened at his departure, we also took great pride in the thought that we had given forth a soldier, during his course of study, to join the vast body of Uncle Sam's fighting men. We also enjoy the proud realization that he is back with us to-night to take part in the graduation exercises of his class.

It was during this year that our social events were the greatest. Two successful dances were held in Town Hall under the auspices of the class, one on January 17, and the other on May 27, a total of \$173.00 being realized from these events. Part of this money has been donated to the Athletic Association and part to the library fund. On January 8 two plays entitled, "The Obstinate Family" and "The Hollytree Inn" were presented in the Assembly Hall by a cast made up of Seniors, before an audience which filled the hall. Well deserved credit was accorded the players and their instructor for the remarkable success of the production. On February 3 of this year at a reception in the Assembly Hall, our class, assisted by the Juniors, welcomed Mr. FitzGerald who rose from the rank of private to first lieutenant, and Mr. Berry back to their positions as principal and sub-master of the school.

The originality of a class has heretofore never been so emphatically manifested as was ours in our Class Day, held on Monday of this week. Class Day to Milford High school meant an event new and unexperienced, but our celebration this year was a splendid success and to us belongs the credit of introducing a practical event as a precedent for succeeding graduating classes. The day's program consisted of the planting of a class tree on Town Park, that the memory of the class of 1919 might long be cherished by undergraduates, races, ball games, and other sports, which gave proof of the athletic ability of so many of our members. In the afternoon at a mystery program, suitable gifts in accordance with each person's hobby were presented to each of the class. In the evening a most enjoyable social was held in the Assembly Hall consisting of an entertainment followed by dancing. It is our hope that we have instituted in our celebration of Class Day, a lasting custom in the High School and that future graduating classes will follow our illustrious example in that regard.

As we stand looking out upon the future, let us pause to-night to express our heartfelt appreciation to our instructors who have labored conscientiously and earnestly for our advancement that we might attain the golden goal to-night, graduation. In parting, we sincerely hope that we will bring future credit upon our teachers, our Alma Mater and ourselves by remembering our class motto ever dear, "Facta Non Verba", "Deeds Not Words."

Joseph T. Murphy

THE INSPIRATION OF GOOD LITERATURE

It is impossible to overestimate the value of good literature in all its forms. It is an ever-flowing fountain at which all may be refreshed. Through it our minds are lifted above our every-day lives, we are

enabled to pierce the veil of the Infinite, and come into closed communion with all that is best and noble, for it is here that the highest thoughts of noble minds and the great truths of life are recorded. The treasure-house of literature has been stored with the fruits of minds of all ages and all lands, from ancient Greece and Rome, whose noble contributions to the written records of man have been added to and developed, to modern times. It is like a stream that has grown into a great river from many other streams and from many sources. All truly great men have added to their own lives by absorbing the teachings of others, and from the beautiful thoughts and truths offered by great minds, our own minds acquire culture and a taste for what is true and beautiful.

Literature is made more pleasing by its various forms. One of the largest and most delightful forms of literature is poetry, and this subject covers a wide-stretching field in itself. The study of the best poetry is comparable to a pleasure trip. Sublime thoughts in the most pleasing language awaken our souls with their lofty inspiration. Constantly in poetry new pleasures are met with, or forgotten joys of childhood or youth are resurrected, and the reader experiences them once more. The great forces and works of Nature are vividly portrayed. By a few lines of verse the solemnity of the pine-clad mountains, the freedom of the plains, and the stillness of the forest depths are brought to us. Who, after reading the description of a June day in Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" has not experienced the beauty of that day, though he read it in mid-winter? Where is there a nobler monument to virtue than that raised by Milton in his "Comus?"

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Himself is his own dungeon."

In Milton's "Sonnet to his Blindness" we see the patience and faith of a great mind in affliction. Another lesson from Milton's "Comus" is the advice given by the departing Spirit as he returns to the celestial regions from the "dim spot that men call earth:"

"Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb,
Higher than the sphery chime."

In William Cullen-Bryant's "Thanatopsis" we read the whole philosophy of life couched in these lines:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Because of its effect on the emotions poetry has been used to stir men's minds against evil or to do good, and so has brought about many reforms. It has been used, for example, by many poets to celebrate courage, bravery and patriotism as Tennyson has done in his "Charge of the Light Brigade." In Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" the reader is introduced to a new and magical world of lofty thought and poetry, and in the idyll of "Lancelot and Guinevere," we learn that position and

riches will not make life happy unless accompanied by a clear conscience. Other poets seem to have vivid descriptive powers, by which events are painted with a striking reality, as in the battle scene of Scott's "Marmion."

Another important branch of good literature is formed by good novels, which not only entertain but teach a truth or point a moral. In Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" we are led to appreciate the true and the simple, and we read the demonstration of many useful maxims. In George Eliot's "Silas Marner" we see how much the love of a little child can do to restore faith in humanity and in God.

In essays we partake of the truths that other minds have learned, and the form of reasoning that has led to their beliefs. What more helpful piece of literature could be offered to one who has doubted in the existence of a life after death than Addison's contribution to the Spectator on "The Immortality of the Soul?"

Still another branch of literature whose value is not so often realized by youthful minds is biography. The especial value here is that biography is made up of the experiences of men and women that have really lived, and as our minds become matured, we appreciate the fact that our decisions in life are more apt to be influenced by the way nobler minds have acted in like situations. As they have met adversity and triumphed over it, so do we receive from them inspiration and courage to meet the trials of life unflinchingly. That a biography can be not only useful, but entertaining as well, is proved by Irving's "Life of Goldsmith" and Macaulay's "Life of Johnson."

The branch of literature that has been especially honored by the greatest name in English literature is the drama. Shakespeare has manifested so complete a knowledge of the human heart and the themes that he has treated are so varied that he overshadows all other dramatists. He portrays with exactness life in many lands and under all circumstances. Yet this man whose mind could ascend to greater heights than any before or after him, and who had such a capacity for grasping the sublime and beautiful, leaves behind him in his characters a lesson of the simplicity of true nobility. In his "Merchant of Venice" he shows us the racial hatred of his time against the Jews, yet he himself does not partake of this feeling. In the character of the good men and women he has drawn, the former are noble and generous, the latter firm yet gentle. In his "Anthony and Cleopatra," he shows the power for evil that a wicked woman can become. In "Julius Caesar" he says:

"Therefore is it meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?"

And where could we find a more forceful colossal warning of the consequences of crime than in the tragedy of "Macbeth"? Here we read the story of the gradual punishment of a murderer by the torment of his conscience. His mind is "full of scorpions," he declares; no more can he enjoy blessed sleep, "the balm of hurt minds," "great Nature's second course." In place of the love and respect of his subjects, he has hatred, mouth-honor, and curses, "not loud but deep." In the end he dies still a brutal tyrant at the hand of the thane whose innocent wife and children he had foully put to the sword. The lesson of this drama can be expressed in a few words: "There is an exact equality between sin and its retribution."

Let us be grateful then to modern progress and invention that has made good books so easy of access to us. Let us remember that "the love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology, nor defence."

Alice Holland.

TO A MOUNTAIN STREAM

English Sonnet

O, stream so happy, frolicsome, and gay,
 As busy as the ever-toiling bee,
 Re-echoing the song of yesterday,
 And rushing on to deep engulfing sea,
 Thou'rt born where stand the monarchs of the hill,
 And where enclosed lakes of brightness lie,
 And, too, the ill-made homes of humans. Still
 Among the rocks in joy thy voice doth sigh
 As breezes o'er the deep-set waters sing.
 On thy short course what pleasure dost thou find,
 Or dost the duty toward thy Maker bring
 Thee joy in life? I know within my mind
 Thou art much nearer purity than we,
 If happiness be gained from loyalty.

Ruth Hayward Fairbanks

CLASS PROPHECY

“Time rolls his ceaseless course.”

On a June morning in 1925, as I was attending to the duties of a stenographer in a Wall Street business office, my attention was suddenly drawn to a bent and aged woman in a ragged cloak who was crossing the road, her intent gaze directed toward my window. Her piercing eyes seemed to penetrate me and held me in her power. Her finger was pointed directly at me and shook with emotion. Her face was completely covered with wrinkles and her hair, drawn back tightly from her forehead, was ragged and thin. Her manner and appearance affected me strangely and I seemed influenced by a peculiar power that bade me remain seated.

A moment later I heard a step and turning, I found myself confronted by this same extraordinary individual whose appearance had inspired me with awe, and perhaps a little fear. She did not smile and her face bore an expression of deep determination. Something supernatural seemed to possess her. She carried some shabby books under her arm which she offered for sale.

“Do you wish to buy?” she said in a monotone. “These books contain information about something very dear to you,” she continued. What could this strange woman know of anything dear to me, I thought. When I answered that her offer did not interest me in the least, she flew into a rage and deliberately destroyed two books before my eyes. Like the Cumaean sibyl of old, she then offered the remaining one for the original price. Being alone in the office and by now somewhat frightened at the thought of possible violence on the part of this apparent maniac, I purchased the book she held toward me.

As I saw her disappear, I breathed a sigh of relief and then sat down idly to examine my purchase. What a surprise! The shabby case, when removed, revealed a highly engraved, handsomely designed inner cover, bearing the title “Class of 1919.” I eagerly turned to the first page and read:

“Visit Symphony Hall. Biggest attraction of the season. The world's most famous opera artists in their new roles in 'Il Trovatore'—Mlle. McNamara and Mlle. Phyllis.” I was delighted to learn of their success.

Next I read: “For an evening of fun go to the Palm Gardens and

see Mlle. Anderson and her diving girls." This announcement did not astonish me greatly, because Jennie always had a leaning towards swimming, regardless of time and circumstances.

I could not refrain from smiling at the next article. "Don't miss it! Tomorrow at three, Alice Holland, active member of the 'Woman's Rights Club' will disclose to the multitude of American women, 'Woman's Place in the World.' All are anxiously awaiting Miss Holland's address as the fame of her wonderful volume of voice as well as her deep interest in suffrage has spread far and wide."

"Eminent lecturer on English and History. Member of faculty of Harvard University. Favorite subject, 'How to Absorb History without the necessity of Study.' Other titles submitted, if preferred. Professor Joseph Cassasante, Cambridge, Mass."

Next I saw: "Notice to commuters! Airships are fast supplanting railways. Ride to Boston daily in one of my seventy safe and fast airships, leaving Milford Town Park hourly. Ten minutes from Milford to Boston Common. Five years of service without an accident. Apply for commutation tickets at the office of the manager of the Milford Airship Company, whose daring flights have astounded the entire world,— Joseph Timothy Murphy."

"Lady barber !!!" next greeted my eyes. "Fancy haircuts and smooth, close shaves. I have never yet caused any loss of life. Rooms open from 8 a. m. till 6 p. m., with the exception of Monday afternoon which is a holiday. Rose Kurlansky." I was not surprised to learn this because Rose in her High school days was certainly interested in that art.

At this interesting point the book ended with my desire for information concerning my classmates but half satiated. I donned my coat and went out into the street reproving myself for having allowed my unknown visitor of the morning to destroy those two books which contained information so dear to me. I had hardly reached the street when a woman approached me. She was tall, graceful, and clad in a long flowing white robe of Roman pattern. As I glanced at her, something in her steadfast gaze as she bent upon me her glittering eyes made me realize she was none other than my friend of the morning now transformed into a woman of fairy-like loveliness. She addressed me saying, "I have come to give you one more chance. I was completely under the charm of her mesmeric influence and I followed her unquestioningly. She beckoned a taxi and we were soon in front of a building on which I read "Indoor Sports." We entered and in an immense room a girls' class in physical culture was in progress. The girls, clever and alert, obeyed quickly every command of their capable instructor. She was of a decided athletic build and I was exceedingly glad to learn that Marion O'Brien had made so great a success in this line.

After watching the game for a few moments we left the building and rode once more along Broadway. I was attracted by a sign on a door which read, "Silence is the best policy." I turned to my companion and said, "What is the meaning of this?" She replied, "That is a school conducted by a young man who has learned by experience that 'Least said is easiest mended.'" Who could it be? We entered and I was more than surprised to see my loquacious friend of 1919, "Bill" Ahern, settled comfortably in the art of instructing others to avoid the many penalties of excessive garrulity.

We went along the street and at one corner were attracted by the sound of a man preaching. We stepped to the door of the over-crowded building and looked in. Over the heads of the enthusiastic audience we could see the form of the preacher as he waved his arms in the air.

CAST IN "AN OBSTINATE FAMILY"



As we watched him, he pounded the desk and jumped upon a chair to emphasize the point he was making. The subject of his sermon was a warning against the sorrow attendant upon the fickleness of man. "I have lost my entire fortune," he cried, "by my extravagant entertainment of the beautiful women I have met." Here his emotion overcame him and he began to weep. I overheard one man say, "Quite a transformation from a sentimentalist to a second Billy Sunday!" His companion replied, "I thought something like that would be the result of Leo Murphy's changeable nature."

We next stepped into a gayly decorated restaurant to refresh ourselves. As we waited, the orchestra started to play and there we saw, manifesting all his old familiar talent, Frank Moschilli, playing the cornet. In his spare moments Frank who was always very gallant, had gained renown as an author, having written a book called, "A Handbook of Etiquette for a Gentleman when in the Presence of Ladies."

The music became soft and low and all eyes turned toward the stage. Not a sound was heard as with all the grace and beauty of a nymph a lovely girl entered the stage. Her sweet voice and graceful movements as she sang and pirouetted about the stage held the diners in a trance. I looked on the programme for the name of the popular singer of "The Flirtatious Fairy" and I found that I had been listening to Signorina Maria Balconi.

The next thing of interest was a sign posted on an advertising stand. "Stop Forgetting," it read, and then in smaller print, "When I went to school, I forgot everything. I forgot tests, themes, and rhetorical. Often I forgot to come to school. Consult me on 'How to Get By!' Kenneth Henderson, Information Bureau, New York City."

We stepped into another taxi and as I was smiling over my experiences, I picked up the evening paper which was lying on the seat beside me. While glancing over the ads I read this: "Penmanship taught by mail.—Gaffny's method—My own particular style patented. Write for information to Henry Gaffny, Boyston St., Boston."

I laughed when I read in the next column: "Best butter on the market made at the Egan Dairy under the personal direction of Lillian Egan. For sale at O'Brien's Butter Store, successor to Kennedy."

"Dancing" headed the next column. "All the latest steps taught for fifty cents a lesson. The 'Shimmie' a specialty. Marion Broughey and partner, Tom Nelligan, 15th St., New York."

As I glanced further down the column I saw: "Lessons in Pianoforte. Jazz music, my favorite, taught in ten lessons. Frank Goodnow."

"Climb the ladder of success." I read. "Look to higher things. For further information and instruction apply to Frances Currie." I was not surprised as Frances always did have a leaning for height.

I turned to the sporting page and began to read an article on the World Series. Because of the smoothness and ease of the style with which it was written, I could not take my eyes from the printed page. The vivacity and clever skill of the editor held my interest without a break to the end where I read the name of the writer. Alvin Pianca as athletic editor was combining his literary ability with his interest in athletics.

I was very much pleased at all I had found regarding my classmates and turned delightedly to the magazine page. One column had this heading, "Watch for accounts of your friends!" How interesting! The following caught my eye:

"Roger Perham of argument fond,
Chose law as his work in life,

But his decisions have little weight,
With sweet Helen Healey, his wife."

My companion who had allowed me to enjoy myself in an almost unbroken silence now addressed me, saying that if we stopped, we might meet a few more of my classmates. Still clinging to my paper, I alighted and entered a large exhibition hall. Hanging from the ceiling was a sign on which I read: "Experts performing in their various talents. Anyone wishing to test their ability has the privilege of doing so by stepping up to the booths."

We walked up to one booth and there was an authoress busily writing a blank verse tragedy. As she looked up at me, I recognized our talented English student, Beryl Page. Indeed Miss Page's genius has become so universally recognized that she has been obliged to secure as her able secretary, Miss Josephine Ardolino.

On another booth was this card: "Current Events. All the news of the day. Family difficulties looked into and advice given thereon. Apply to inner booth and receive information from Lillian McConnachie."

As I turned away, the sound of a weird and unusual melody came to my ears. Ukeleles were playing and I looked on at the performance of two dancers, fascinated by their graceful and sinuous movements. In their skirts of grass and wreaths of tropical blooms over their shoulders and on loose flying hair, they were the incarnation of the spirit of the dance and it was not until they had sunk to the floor, exhausted by the strenuous demands of the hula hula, that I realized that the two Hawaiian dancers were my two old friends, Marjorie Baxter and Grace McDermott.

Continuing our way around the hall we came upon a booth in which sat a trim and tidy stenographer. "Fastest Typist in the World," was the name Mary Stella had gained for herself.

As I turned away I heard a woman declaiming in stentorian tones: "Do not forget the Monroe Doctrine. It is one of the most cherished documents of United States History." As Secretary of the International Historical Association, Bernice Milan, was delivering one of her famous lectures.

Ruth Fairbanks was also represented in this room. This quiet and retiring girl had become a teacher, well known for her love and devotion to her work and was giving an exhibition of her classes.

At an information booth these words appeared: "Mildred Champagne, overburdened by the ever increasing demand upon her talents, has found it impossible to attend to her work alone and has chosen as her assistant Arthur Henry FitzGerald."

An extensive array of sketches decorated the next booth. One familiar picture, that of Milford High School, held a most conspicuous place. After an extended study of art in Paris, Mary Mazzarellie had set up a most successful art studio and was exhibiting some of her masterpieces.

At the next booth small girls were distributing attractive looking pamphlets. Securing one, I read: "Read this pamphlet and receive some valuable information. Girls in particular take notice. Visit the 'Frederick Rest Home' in the Berkshires. Health, energy and vigor soon are gained by those spending their vacation in this quiet, secluded home in the country. Those interested may interview me at the inner booth in ten minutes." Eleanor Lilley was the advocate of country life.

In the next booth was a young man, a bit pale but apparently in perfect health. Behind him a picture of this same young man was shown in which he was seen as the mangled victim of a terrible accident. Pointing to the picture and then to himself the young man directed the passing out of cards which read: "I wish to offer an unsought testi-

monial of the wonderful achievements of Dr. Nicholas Capece, eminent surgeon of Boston, who through his skilful operation has brought me back to health."

At this moment the striking of a gong announced a special entertainment number. I watched the astounding contortions of an agile young girl performer who twisted herself into unbelievable positions with astounding dexterity. She rolled off the stage tied in a knot and the last glimpse of her flushed face revealed to me that I had been applauding Miss Mary Moore.

In the next booth standing before a blackboard was a young man whose face was vaguely familiar to me. The sign "Lightning Calculator" gave me no clue and it was not until I saw him perform the astonishing feat of adding blindfolded a series of twenty numbers, each having eight figures, which had been read to him that I recognized the mathematician to be Thomas Reed.

Turning from Reed's exhibition of skill, I read: "Samples of the dainties sold at my delicatessen shop on 53d Street. Specialty made of dainties to be served between and during spare periods for High school students. Mildred Kirby."

"Instructor of Latin and German" read the sign at the next booth. Applicants taught to speak both at once, if desired." Gertrude Hill. Business address, East Cambridge, Mass."

Just then a boy handing bills came through the hall. On one I read: "World record star pitcher, playing at the Braves Field. Necessary to reserve seats four weeks before scheduled date of game. Hugo Monti will make his first appearance before Bostonians, June 26, 1925."

At a newspaper stand in the exhibition hall a special bulletin gave the latest news. I joined the crowd gathered about the board and read:

"The highest altitude was reached to-day that the world's history has ever recorded. While throngs of wonder stricken people gazed on in awe at her quivering airplane and held their breath for fear of its collapse, Elizabeth Santosuosso, the daring aëronaut, performed the wonderful feat of excelling all the achievements of the world's fliers."

At the last booth my companion called my attention to an interesting notice: "Before leaving the Exhibition Hall do not fail to witness the achievements accomplished by the use of the Nelson method of shorthand." The click of rapidly pressed typewriter keys sounded through the hall. A group of enthusiastic spectators were gazing with steadfast interest at the typist. As she stopped to receive an order for one thousand copies of Nelson's Encyclopedia, I recognized her. Dena San Clemente by coupling ability with personality had accomplished a well earned success.

Together we left the hall and started on our homeward trip and when we reached the office once more, I felt quite exhausted and sank into a chair; too tired to move.

"Remember what you have seen," my companion was saying, "Remember,——"

"Remember,——remember," I echoed sleepily.

Someone shook me by the arm.

"Don't you remember the class of 1919 banquet to-night?" said a familiar, well remembered voice. "You haven't forgotten that I am to speak to-night on 'Recollections of my Five Years' experiences as Mary Pickford's Leading Man?'"

"All right, Grayson," I replied, "I'm sorry I kept you waiting."

As we left the office, I smiled delightedly when I thought how familiar I would be with the experiences my classmates were to relate that night of the various works in which they were engaged.

TO A RAINBOW
Italian Sonnet

When darkened storm-clouds back once more are rolled,
The rainbow's arch doth span the southern sky;
When little children ask the reason why,
They hear anew the story often told.
A messenger of hope and promise old
Was sent when flood had gone and earth was dry,
And so our eyes forever turn on high
To greet His pledge with humans of this mold.
A Father realized his children's want,
Their faculty and need of faith so great,
Which oft gives way when trials outnumber joy.
Revived they are with courage naught can daunt,
In thy bright hues which seem to radiate
Long life, and hope, and all of heaven's joy.

Alice Holland.

A LASTING PEACE

For four long years the terrible demon of war has stalked through Europe ruthlessly ravaging the homes of innocent peoples and pitilessly mowing down millions of men, women, and children. At last, under the inspired leadership of General Foch, the civilized world has succeeded in confining this Satanic war lord behind the iron-bolted doors of the temple of Mars. The dove of peace will soon fly forth from its secret refuge and Peace, the ideal of all mankind, will once more bestow her blessings upon the nations of the earth. To us Americans real peace signifies a perfect union of love and wisdom. Was it not for this sacred principle that our forefathers took up arms in 1776? Was it not for this very ideal that the flower of American manhood offered up their lives in 1861 and 1898? And to-day, buried beneath the blood-soaked sod of Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne forest lie thousands of true American boys, who gallantly fought and died that this doctrine might not perish from the earth.

It is for the preservation of this doctrine of universal concord that the foremost statesmen of the world are gathered around the Peace Table at Versailles. To-day, after months of careful discussion and profound deliberation, these representatives of twenty-seven allied and associated powers have drawn up a treaty of peace. In the drawing up of these instruments of peace the manifold and conflicting demands of all nations necessitated the utmost thought and consideration. Failure to accomplish a just decision of the difficulties involved would mean the creation of new grievances for future wars. A firm, just, and lasting peace has been the goal of the peace delegates.

Let us glance at a few instances of the justice and equity of the peace terms. The German nation, which five years ago confidently set out to be a world empire is now on the road to actual helplessness. Germany's imperialistic plan of world domination has come to naught. A casual glance at the peace terms assures us that not a trace of the vast formidable military framework built by Germany during the last forty years, is to remain. Under the proposed treaty the former German army of five million men is reduced to 100,000. In addition to a reduction in her army, Germany is compelled to dismantle all her forts on the Rhine. What an inglorious end for her former military power now vanishing in the ashes of war and for that bestial imperialistic system of soldiery, which has cost the world so much in treasure and in blood.

Despite her complete submission in military power, it is note-worthy,

however, how little land Germany will surrender to her conquerors, especially when we recall her own threats to annex Belgium and northern France and when we review her atrocious crimes towards innocent peoples. But vengeance does not dominate the minds of the peace representatives at Versailles. With a keen sense of justice the Peace Conference has decreed, for example, that the Sarre Valley is to be internationalized for a period of fifteen years. During this time, the coal mines in this district are to be worked by France as reparation for the destruction wrought by Germany upon French industries. At the end of fifteen years Germany and France will have an equal opportunity to obtain this territory through the medium of a series of plebiscites. Even the city of Danzig, of utmost importance to Polish commerce, is not to be given to Poland. The fact that the population of Danzig is for the most part German furnishes a weighty argument why Danzig should not be given to the Polish republic. This is another proof of the fairness of the peace treaty which seeks at every turn to avoid the establishment of conditions which might serve as an excuse for future war.

Alsace-Lorraine, the "lost provinces" of France, will enjoy French liberty and will rapidly regain their happiness under the democratic institutions of that republic.

An important section of the treaty is that which demands complete responsibility on the part of Germany for all damages to the Allied Powers. Despite the reiterated complaints of the conquered Germans, the damages which German people are to pay are reasonable in comparison with the terms which the Germans threatened to impose upon us had they been victorious.

The defeat of Prussian militarism was preceded by the collapse of the allies of Germany: Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary. At last after centuries of tyrannical rule, the House of Hapsburg has tottered upon its lofty foundations. The Austria-Hungary of yesterday is history. To-day in the former empire we find the new independent countries of Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and Jugo-Slavia. These new countries are building the foundations of new democratic governments.

A mention of Jugo-Slavia recalls immediately the question of the city of Fiume. Fiume has been eagerly sought by Italy and by Jugo-Slavia. Past history shows Fiume to be of Italian origin, race, and tradition. Nevertheless, Jugo-Slavia makes a stout claim to Fiume on the ground that this city is essential for the development of her commerce. If a settlement of this question were effected in the same manner as the Danzig question was settled, Fiume would without doubt fly the flag of Italy. Nevertheless, in order to prevent any immediate breeding of hatred among the people of Italy and Jugo-Slavia, the Peace Conference has decided to internationalize this city for three years. During this time Jugo-Slavia will be given an opportunity to construct a port which will serve as an outlet for Slav commerce. At that time Fiume will become an Italian city.

A careful perusal of the treaty convinces us, therefore, that the proud militaristic Germany and Austria-Hungary of four years ago are to-day small powers, completely humbled and humiliated.

It is of prime importance that the League of Nations be included in the treaty. After centuries of deep thought by great men, a plan for permanent peace has been advised. It is impossible to enumerate the blessings which such a league would bestow upon mankind.

At this present day the terrible menace of Bolshevism as it now exists in Russia furnishes one of the strongest arguments for the approval of the League of Nations. It is a league of governments, strong

and weak, that is needed to combat this peril of anarchy, which is spreading over the whole world. Such a league furnishes the most powerful and practical method of crushing this red terror. Unity of action, and strength in purpose can be effected only by a covenant of nations bound to protect civilization from the jaws of anarchy. Without a League of Nations, pledged to keep peace, what will prevent adherents of Lenine and Trotzky from destroying the peace of Europe and of the world? The one formidable barrier is the League of Nations that is destined to crush once for all this curse and end turmoil and revolt against law and order.

With a League of Nations, old diplomacy with its countless evils will be allowed to rest peacefully in the Cabinet of Curiosities, and in its place a new and blessed diplomacy will be established, a diplomacy which needs no secret arts, no spies and no secret intrigues to fulfill its useful purposes. Their diplomats will bend their energies to make permanent this league, a league whose aim is peace. All people will be free from hostile attack. Art, literature, science and all the gifts of nature will be open for development without restriction. Trade and commerce will flourish. Millions of dollars, formerly used for war purposes, will be saved each year to struggle against poverty and to ameliorate the conditions of the proletariat. In every country, a new day will dawn, a day of sunshine and joy; hatred and revenge will disappear from the hearts of men. The rising dawn of the morrow brings a picture of Peace, Peace, the greatest of all achievements. Harken to the clarion call of Peace! The day of triumph is at hand!

Fellow-classmates of 1919: To-night, we have reached the point which marks the beginning of the responsibilities of life. To-night, as we stand together as the class of 1919, our hearts overflow with inexpressible joy at the fruits of the victory we have gained at the end of four years of unflinching perseverance at Milford High School. Our school life has indeed been a period of pleasure and happiness. Absorbed in our socials, dances, athletics, and above all, in our school lessons, we have known no cares. To-night, however, marks the culminating event of our school days; we must bid farewell to the school we love so dearly and which we will ever hold in tender recollection.

Teachers: As we stand upon the threshold of our commencement, it is but fitting and proper that we express our gratitude for your ready and willing assistance in our hours of study and for your unceasing devotion to our welfare. We sincerely believe that the training we have received will greatly assist us in attaining success.

Fellow-classmates: What the future holds in store for us, no one knows. Visions of golden opportunities and success await our coming. Let us strive ever onward with all our strength to attain the goal of perfect achievement. Let us go forth into the world ever ready to exemplify in our lives our class motto: "Facta, non Verba," "Deeds not words."

Teachers, undergraduates, and classmates of 1919, I bid you a sorrowful and affectionate farewell.

Alvin L. Pianca, '19.

DREAMS.

A Ballad.

The dreams of youth are fragile flowers
 That wilt in noonday's sun;
 At even time so pale and dull,
 At night their life is done.

In childhood fairy queens have made
 The childish minds their homes;
 And sweet the dreams of fairy lore,
 Of elves and wicked gnomes.
 The dreams of blossoming young life
 Are not untouched by grief;
 But 'tis a youthful, fleeting pain
 And destined to be brief.
 The prime of life has still its dreams
 But they are dreams more fair;
 Of greater beauty than before,
 With inmost hopes laid bare.
 Now comes the truer, fonder hope
 Of greater, longer life,
 When all is gay and sweet content,
 And absence from all strife.
 At last when snaps the slender thread
 That binds each soul to care,
 Then comes fulfillment of our dreams,
 Release from life's despair.

THE FANGS OF BOLSHEVISM

We Americans are not primarily a fighting nation for to be such would be inconsistent with the ideals of our democracy. And yet unless we are ready to fight against all forms of tyranny, we fail the main purpose of our existence.

When it as brought home to us that the war-lords had plunged the world into blood, we resented the tyranny and cruelty that went hand in hand, and like our ancestors of yore sent forth the rich blood of our sons, who stepped out manfully, in the flower of their youth, and placed their precious lives on the altar of freedom. Now that the roaring cannon is silenced and the weapons of war have been set aside, there belches forth a new menace, endeavoring to envelop the whole world. Bolshevism, rising in the murky night out of the East comes like seething lava, wrecking industries, instilling lawlessness in the credulous and undermining the wholesome, clean and sacred ideals of Americanism. - Once more we stand ready to defend and protect this nation and its high standards from the seducing influence of a revolutionary and reactive people. Their primitive inclinations and barbarous creed demonstrate the low, dark trend of their vile doctrine. Influenced by the most selfish motives, these creatures of the soil squirm amongst us and breathe into our ears that horrible suspicion that tends to destroy our faith in our conuntry's well being.

The Bolsheviki are a mass that knows nothing and seek to teach, who do nothing and rave about the leisure of the rich, who own nothing and endeavor to divide it with every one else. The happiness of our country is at stake, and we as its sons and daughters are called by the great general, Common Sense, to stand by and protect all that is pure in our existence, the sanctity of our homes, and the undying love for the flag.

As one let us stamp out this menace and secure for posterity that for which our heroes died, and let those of a better future regard us through the annals of history as guardians of pure Peace and as unreserved humanitarians.

M. H. S. CLASS DAY 1919

Rome reached its pinnacle of power under Caesar, Greece under the influence of her devine poets attained everlasting fame, and Milford High School, under the magnificent genius of the Class of 1919 has risen to its very acme of glory culminating in the first Class Day ever held by any class of this school. Every event of the elaborate program progressed without the least friction and the entire day proved to be one, the memory of which will long live in the hearts of the school.

The Class Day Exercises opened with the planting of the class tree, every member of the class doing their bit and throwing a bit of "Mother Earth" on the roots of a tree which will stand for years in remembrance of the twin nineteen.

Kenneth Henderson, the class sport and (we may say) speaker, gave the following oration dedicating the tree to the school after which the class joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

CLASS DAY ADDRESS

Teachers, underclassmen, and friends:

We, the class of 1919, welcome you to our Class Day Exercises in the holding of which we have established a custom never before attempted by any Senior Class of this school. But pray do not let this fact astonish you for everyone must realize that a class, the brilliancy of which has never been equalled, must of necessity find some outlet for its surplus "gray matter," and so we have laid the most elaborate and complete plans for the series of exercises which are to follow that have never been recorded in the annals of history.

This beautiful young tree which we plant is indeed a fitting tribute to our wonderful class and the dear old school so fortunate in the possession of us as students. As the years pass and this young tree throws its refreshing shade on the weary Algebra students, our children will take their boys and girls on their knees and, pointing to the lofty monument of the unparalled class of 1919, will expound the principles of life so nobly laid down by us, and will open the pages of history to show the many accounts of superb statemanship evidenced by every member of our class. This is no flight of fancy, for equal suffrage has arrived and from my knowledge of the beautiful and charming young ladies of the class of 1919, everyone has definitely decided to be nothing less than a United States Senator, and you know as well as I that the ladies always get what they want.

Equal suffrage is indeed a great boom to America. For years women of the highest intelligence and the finest education have been compelled by the supposedly superior male to remain silent and powerless under government corrupted by politicians that have made the life of the working class almost unbearable. And now it is the women, glorified by their new responsibility, who will lift high the banner of clean living and true democracy, and government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" will truly exist.

While speaking of government, allow me to announce that I received a cablegram from President Wilson last evening stating that despite his repeated efforts to leave the Peace Conference to attend our exercises which he considered of paramount importance, he as so constantly being called upon by insistent statesman of European nations to settle affairs of their countries that he felt he must for the sake of duty miss our exercises even though his heart is saddened by the thought of the pleasure he will miss. Although we are very sorry for President Wilson that he cannot be here, we are very glad to welcome his persnal representative, Secretary Lansing, who will arrive about noon porvided his flivver doesn't collapse somewhere in the wilds of Braggville. In



"CAST IN HOLLY TREE INN.

honor of his arrival we have sent our Agnatus quintet to meet him. For the edification of those unfamiliar with the personnel of this marvellous quintet, let me announce that it is composed of Mr. Alvin Pianca, first tenor and janitor; Mr. Joseph Casasante, second tenor and former member of the famous dancing team of Casasante and Monti; Mr. Henry Gaffny, first basso, second only to Nat Goodwin in affairs of the heart and still going strong; Mr. Raymond Grayson, second basso, the former celebrated silent basso of the Mendon Operatic Co.; and Miss Marion O'Brien, accompanist on the jew's-harp, former member of the imperial Russian Ballet. Miss O'Brien by the way, could not subject her artistic temperament to the unlovely acts of the Bolsheviki, and accordingly she came to this country where she studied the jew's-harp at close range and in its native haunts with such exceptional results that during her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House her rendition of that beautiful light opera "Ja-Da" so affected her audience that strong men wept and women tore their hair.

I wonder when I spoke of the Bolsheviki how many stopped to realize what their vile doctrine means to our country. Russia is enveloped by a terrible monster that like a giant octopus irresistibly draws its helpless victim into its deadly embrace and slowly destroys it. The octopus is a symbol of the Bolsheviki, and their vile doctrine of free love is a blow at the very foundations of civilization. Morality and Christianity mean nothing to them and horrible are the doctrines that they are insidiously striving to place in this country. Happily our government, realizing the menace that is threatening our institutions, has taken steps to combat it, but the efforts of every American citizen must be exerted before it can be blotted out. But I sincerely hope that no Senior will become so enthused with the idea of destroying Bolshevism that he will blindly endeavor to beat up any of our dear Bolshevik Juniors, for despite the fact that they make a great deal of noise and talk incessantly, they are nevertheless quite harmless and owing to the fact that they are our sole heirs, we must treat them leniently.

It seems hardly possible as we gather here today that our career as students of Milford High School is finished. The four years we have passed here have sped by rapidly full of joys and of sorrows; sorrow in seeing the two most popular teachers of the High School, Mr. Berry and Mr. Fitzgerald, march away to war, and joy in seeing them return to us unharmed. I am sure that I voice the sentiment of the Senior Class when I say that we pledge eternal friendship to those two who gave up everything to serve their country and to the entire faculty who have so earnestly devoted their time to the welfare of the student body.

We bid an affectionate farewell to all those who have cooperated with us and who have proved themselves our true friends.

Kenneth W. Henderson.

The gathering then made their way to the baseball diamond where the Seniors with much enthusiasm and interest entered into the following races, the winners being awarded prizes:

RACES

100 yard dash for boys.

100 yard dash for girls.

Relay race. (Two teams made up of boys and girls.)

Team 1.

Monti, Lilley

Perham, McNamara

Grayson, Casasante

Murray.

Team 2.

Egan, Pianca

Connors, Capece

Gaffney, Murphy

Fitzgerald.

Running broad jump.
 Peanut Race (boys)
 Long distance ball throwing.
 Sack Race.
 Chariot Race.
 Three-legged Race.

Tug-of-war between the boys and girls of the Senior Class.

There was then an intermission of an hour and a half. There were booths in the park which were neatly decorated. The booth where tonic was sold was artistically decorated in the National colors while the booth where ice-cream was sold was trimmed in red and blue, the school colors.

The third booth selling "hot dogs" was quite beautiful in its colors of garnet and gold, the class colors of the Seniors.

The afternoon program began with the entrance of the Senior Class marching up from school singing the class song and carrying the class banner.

Leo Murray gave an address of welcome to the many guests assembled which and his address followed by the presentation of class gifts. Every member of the class having had a knock, it would have been very thoughtless to forget the teachers so Leo Murray gave what was called "The Class Growler" and every teacher received a friendly hit.

The Class Will was then read by Grace McDermott, its author, after which the class with one good cheer withdrew from the diamond and a ball game was staged between the Seniors and the under classmen.

There was then another intermission until seven thirty when each Senior with two guests returned to the assembly hall and enjoyed a short musical program which was followed by dancing. Refreshments were served and the first Class Day ended with the strains of the old familiar song "Home Sweet Home".

The evening program was as follows:

Welcome Address.			Leo Martin Murray
Sextette			I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.
	Murray	Moschilli	Fitzgerald
	Monti	Grayson	Henderson
Violin Solo			Selection
		Henry Volk	
		Accompanied by	
		Miss Marion A. Ryan	
Reading			Selection
		Catherine C. McGurn	
Quartette			'Till We Meet Again
	Henderson		Phyllis Jackson
	Fitzgerald		Mary McNamara
Address			
			Captain Elbert Crockett.
Remarks by Guests.			

SCHOOL NOTES

On January 8, 1919 the Senior Class gave two plays "Holly Tree Inn" and "The Obstinate Family." They both proved a success, financially as well as socially. "The Obstinate Family" was given a second time at the Nurses' Home and was received with appreciation.

The thanks of the students is extended to all advertisers in the Oak, Lily and Ivy. It is through their kind patronage that we were able to make our magazine the success that it has been.

The Honor Roll published in this graduation number includes the names of all persons who were enrolled in the war for democracy, including the names of nurses and social workers. We do not think the Honor Roll complete, however, for we have no definite way of ascertaining its completeness.

On January 17, 1919 and May 27, 1919 the Senior Class conducted two most successful dances. A large throng of dancers attended both functions and a most enjoyable time was had.

A most enjoyable reception was tendered to our principal Mr. C. A. Fitzgerald and our sub-master Mr. F. C. Berry on their return to school after serving their country. This reception which was held on February 3rd was conducted by the Senior Class and their invited guests, the Junior Class, School Committee and faculty.

Julio Zorzi, one of the most popular boys of the Senior Class, left school in the early part of March to join the naval band.

To the Milford Furniture Company, the Avery & Woodbury Company, and all others who in any way assisted in making the different school undertakings a success we are sincerely grateful.

The announcement of sub-master Mr. Francis C. Berry's marriage, which was recently made known was received with marked pleasure by his many friends. The student body of the Milford High School extend to him their hearty congratulations.

Miss Phyllis Jackson after a four weeks illness, with Scarlet Fever, has returned in time for the Graduation exercises.

CLASS OFFICERS 1919

President	Leo M. Murray
Vice-president	Jennie L. Connors
Treasurer	Roger M. Perham
Secretary	Marjorie H. Baxter

Class Colors

Garnet and Gold

Class Flower

Jack Rose

Class Motto

Facta non Verba

HONOR ROLL

Principal Christopher A. Fitzgerald

Francis C. Berry

Martin J. Cooney

William G. Pond

Charles B. Wood

Leroy Tucker

Gilbert C. Eastman

Frank Mather

James Casey

Attilio H. Cenenella

Miss Jennie Hartwell

Elmer E. Thomas

Robert Kinney

James E. Luby

Willard F. Swan

Herman Dillingham

Allen E. Dudley

Edward McDermott

George L. Tully

Maurice J. Foley

1896

1892

1897

1898

1899

ex-1900

ex-1901

1902

1903

1903

ex-1904

1904

1904

1905

1904

ex-1906

1906

1906

Stuart Godfrey

Austin Livingstone

Athur Ewing

Frank Caldicott

William J. Gilmore

Bernard Thatcher

Ralph Bragg

Batista Vitalini

Bernard Manion

Francis Boyle

James Luchini

Edwin Bath

Frank Comba

Lawrence Woodbury

Ellwood Ward

Raymond Dunphy

Charles Witherall

Forrest Tower

1907

1907

1907

1908

1908

ex-1908

1909

1909

ex-1909

1909

1910

1910

1910

ex-1910

ex-1910

1910

1910

ex-1910

Miss Jessie Whitney	1911	William F. Goddard	1915
William F. Moloney	1911	John Hayes	1915
Philip J. Callery (killed)	1911	Frederick Holmes	1915
Carl Kennedy	1912	Harold Lockey	1915
Fred Nealon	1912	Arthur Schooner	1915
Edward W. Duggan	1912	Francis W. Mead	1915
Earl A. Trevett	1912	Charles Goucher	1916
John Keane	1912	John Murphy	1916
James F. Quirk	1912	George V. Larkin	1916
Ralph Ward	1912	Fred Clarridge	1916
William A. McCue	1912	Frank Dillon	1916
Ralph Newcomb	1912	Fred A. Goodnow	1917
Francis Welch	1912	Frank K. Behrens	1917
Ralph Coombs	1912	Spencer Carr	1917
Earl Crockett	1912	James Dalton	1917
Joseph DePasquale	1912	Howard Hilton	1917
George Grayson	1913	Raymond Sullivan	1917
Paul Bragg	1913	Clarence Jones	1917
Joseph Lang	1913	Elmer Nelson	1918
Luige O. San Clemente	1913	George Bruce	ex-1918
Allen Kennedy	1913	William Sprague	1918
Joseph S. Quirk	1913	John Grady	1918
Eugene Marino	1913	George Luchini	1918
Emory Grayson	1913	Marshall Day	1918
Stephen C. Jackson	1913	Francis Larkin	1918
John S. Conway	1913	Harold Shea	1918
Harold Whitney	1914	Joseph Gorman	1918
Forrest Grayson	1914	Chester Avery	1918
Eben Baker	1914	Arnold Davis	1918
Henry Schultz	1914	James Zurlo	1918
Alex DiGiannantonio	1914	John Kelley	1918
Lester Hill	1914	Thomas J. Raftery	1918
Joseph Carey	1914	Paul E. Jones	1918
John O'Rielly	1915	Raymond Grayson	1919
Roy McKenzie	1915	Julio Zorzi	1919
Carlton Scott	1915	John Early	1920
Leo Burns	1915		



ATHLETICS

The Milford High School Athletic Association held a meeting in the Assembly Hall on the 11th day of September, 1918, and elected the following officers:

President: Mr. Thomas J. Quirk (pro tem).
 Vice-President: Miss Eleanor C. Lilley.
 Secretary: Miss Grace A. McDermott.
 Treasurer, Mr. Thomas J. Quirk (pro tem).

On the return of Mr. Christopher A. FitzGerald he resumed his duties of president and treasurer and has rendered the following report:

Receipts		\$278.15
Bal. Feb. 5, 1919	\$49.14	
Gifts	51.00	
Gate	73.54	
Athletic Dues	22.37	
Season Tickets	31.50	
Guarantees	42.50	
Supplies	3.85	
Locker Keys	4.25	
		\$278.15

FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL

In the fall of 1918 our prospects for a football team were very promising. In Grayson, Monti, Casasante, Murray and Moschilli, the team had veterans of rare ability and the candidates from the three lower classes also displayed the essentials to make a pennant-winning team. Attorney Alfred B. Cenedella, former coach and at present one of the esteemed members of the School Committee, kindly volunteered to take charge of the team and was ready to do "his bit" in the absence of Mr. F. C. Berry who was "ploughing the sea" for Uncle Sam. Attorney Cenedella's attitude toward the High School is highly appreciated and it is difficult to express the gratitude of the school to him. But then came our great misfortune. With such wonderful prospects we were unable to play any game and had to disband the team on account of the influenza epidemic. We thus lost six weeks of available time and also a pennant. We are sorry our season was so interrupted but wish that the coming fall team will meet with the success for which we had hoped.

In the spring Captain Monti called out his baseball team and placed them under Coach Berry's instruction. Gaffny, Gould, Cooney, Casasante, Tighe, Murray, Reed, Grayson, Baxter, Nelligan, Visconti, FitzGerald, Shea and Bartone answered the call for recruits. Manager Grayson, on account of his playing on the team, voluntarily gave his position to Alvin L. Pianca. Pianca always showed great interest in the sports of the school and he was accepted by all as a worthy manager.

The baseball team did not meet with great success. A greater amount of school spirit and enthusiasm in attending the games would have brought better results. The following is the schedule and results of the games:

1919.		At.
April 12	M. H. S.— 5	Sacred Heart—2
" 19	" — 8	South High—12
" 21	" — 6	Dean Academy—19
" 23	" —16	Franklin—5
" 29	" — 7	La Salle—11
May 3	" — 4	North High—11
" 15	" — 6	La Salle—7
" 17	" — 1	Assumption—15
" 22	" — 2	Y. M. C. A.—3
" 24	" — 2	Worcester Trade—11 ...

“	26	“	—21	Holliston—7	Milford
“	28	“	— 5	Franklin—3	Franklin
“	30	“	— 5	Classical—15	Worcester
June	2	“	—13	Hopkinton—1	Milford
“	4	“	—18	Marlboro—4	Milford
“	7	“	— 5	Natick—4	Milford

A word to the underclassmen: Don't forget that Milford High School has up to now, always showed school spirit, school pep, and all that goes with it. Now don't slacken. Also bear in mind that since January the 11th, 1917, Milford High has been a member of the Massachusetts High School Athletic Association and has a standing equal to that of any other high school in the state. MOTTO: "Each and everyone be interested in Athletics."

A student who is a member of the Milford High School Athletic Association must live up to the rules and regulations of the Association. His duties and obligations are several: Athletic dues must be paid monthly, before or on the date assigned. This matter of dues is a duty of the entire student body and if their responsibilities are properly fulfilled, they will add greatly to the success of the school and its Association. Attendance at the meetings is likewise requested and a certain amount of enthusiasm and spirit is expected in the interest displayed in the teams.

The following account is the batting average of the team up to June 4th, 1919:

	A.B.	R.	H.	Average
Casasante	62	18	24	.387
Monti	52	12	19	.365
Gould	29	5	10	.345
Murray	54	17	18	.333
Grayson	47	14	13	.277
Gaffny	44	15	12	.273
Visconti	15	1	4	.266
Cooney	44	8	10	.228
Tighe	57	9	13	.228
Baxter	31	8	7	.226
Reed	21	5	4	.190

Class games proved to be very successful. The Seniors played the underclassmen on the 19th and 29th of May, winning on both occasions with scores of 6-2 and 8-3. The Seniors played remarkable baseball, were errorless in the field and very successful with the bat. Pianca's fielding and batting ability was displayed for the first time. He took the bleachers by surprise. Casasante's batting has been a great feature of the season. He has batted 51 consecutive times without a strike-out. Murray and Gould have pitched very good ball. Reed and Grayson have covered the outfield remarkably well and Captain Monti has starred throughout the season in the infield.

Cooney is doing his duty on first; Tighe covers second like a Major-league player and Baxter when feeling in the best of condition is also a very good fielder. Fitzgerald and Visconti also do their part in helping out the team in a necessity. Without doubt "Chippie" will be a coach of a college team in the near future.

The last but not least player is "Dido" Gaffny. Although Gaffny's throwing arm has been very sore this year, he makes a wonderful catcher. Henry's wit "gets" all the opposing batters.

We are willing to exchange our subs for any old cracked bats, torn balls or ragged gloves. If they were run over by a steam roller, they

would furnish enough juice to start a lemon soda factory.

Leo Murray received the Dr. John V. Gallagher Medal. The medal is awarded to the player with the best scholastic standing.

OUR TEAM

A noble nine we had this year
 Of merit and esteem;
 With praising fingers I sit down
 To write about this team.
 An able coach we sure did have,
 His task was oft' to look
 For "fouls" the fellows often hit,
 And kiddies tried to hook.
 Sure "Gaff," I know, well did his part
 Most faithfully and true;
 When runs did need to win the game,
 He always did come through.
 The Murray boy is "there" you bet,
 He often states it, too,
 That Senior girls don't roll their eyes
 The way the Juniors do.
 And praise no less is due to "Dutch."
 His hobby sure is pool,
 He oft' complains that he is sick
 When he is not in school.
 But Tighe, no doubt, I must describe,
 Perchance a coming star.
 He cannot possibly make good,
 Without some rich cigar.
 I hate to write about myself,
 The ball I cannot "clout";
 With three men on and no one down,
 I always do strike out.
 We have boy "Cass" to cover third,
 You know he's very neat,
 His eye is set on a Junior Miss,
 Who is so fair and sweet.
 Our beauty Reed at left we have,
 He "nabs" the "flies" galore;
 And often have I heard it said,
 He's hooked a sophomore.
 Young "Dame" at centre field does shine,
 The ball he often hurls;
 He has an eye for beauty, too,
 And loves the chorus girls.
 The Baxter boy we can't forget,
 With baseball knowledge deep;
 For he is there to play the game,
 And not to fall asleep.
 A line to "subs" I now must write,
 Their task on bench to wait.
 Our shoes in tune they all will fill,
 When we are shown the gate.
 To Pianca "dear" I now do turn,
 So stalwart and so brave,
 The school boys' sports he sure does love,
 To these his time he gave.



M. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM, 1919

Our school is proud of such a team
 And this is often shown,
 When Milford High plays other "Nines"
 They all do stay at home!

Victor Hugo Monti, '19.

The graduating class of 1919 wishes the greatest success possible to the Milford High School Athletic Association and its representative teams. The members of the class will always be glad to lend their support in the athletics of the school.

Roger M. Perham, '19, Athletic Editor.

THE CONQUEROR'S RETURN

A Ballad

They say they come from Yankee Land,
 From city and from farm;
 But we call them Americans
 Who answered the alarm.
 Their praise is heard in many tongues,
 In accents strong and true;
 But praise from home they welcome most,
 So let's give them their due.
 They volunteered 'gainst German might
 To protect small peoples weak;
 And when they went, we knew they'd climb
 To glory's highest peak.
 And we who lined the streets those days,
 And watched our heroes go,
 Have lived to see a brighter day
 Dawn after tears and woe.
 For victors they return to us
 With duty's work well done,
 A new light shining in their eyes
 From many battles won.
 Then thanks and joy, and peace and praise
 Will we accord to them,
 Who rescued from oppression's might
 The future race of men.

Alice Holland.

CLASS ODE

Air; "Then You'll Remember Me."

I.

Now open stand the gates of life,
 Amid the joys of peace,
 To welcome us, who sadly part
 From blessings that now cease.
 Farewell, O Alma Mater true,
 Farewell to thee, the one
 Who taught us tender lessons pure
 To do the work to come,
 Whose love must guard us through the passing days.

II.

'Tis hard to part with classmates staunch,
 With teachers dear and true,
 But future passing years will soon
 The bond of love renew.



C. A. Fitzgerald

We ne'er forget your gentle care,
 And on the goal of fame
 Our thoughts will ever turn to you,
 And joyful we'll exclaim:
 "Reward is yours, O Alma Mater kind."

III.

No more the seas and lands are lashed
 By war's engulfing waves;
 No more will voices call with pleas
 Upon our fighting braves!
 At last the dawn of peace has come
 To bid the world be free,
 And shrouded in its message glad
 We say adieu, to thee
 Adieu, dear Alma Mater, kind and true.

CLASS OF 1919

William Mathew Ahern
 Jennie Susie Anderson
 Josephine Florence Ardolino
 Mary Evelyn Balconi
 Hattie Marjorie Baxter
 Marion Louise Broughey
 Nicholas Joseph Capece
 John Joseph Casasante
 Pauline Anna Cervone
 Jennie Loretta Connors
 Frances Lillian Currie
 Lillian Louise Egan
 Ruth Hayward Fairbanks
 Arthur Henry Fitzgerald
 Henry David Gaffny
 Frank Sylvester Goodnow
 Raymond Henry Grayson
 Helen Howard Healy
 Kenneth Wilson Henderson
 Gertrude Frances Hill
 Alice Holland
 Phyllis Eleanor Jackson
 Myrtie Esther Kinney
 Mildred Rita Kirby
 Rose Kurlansky
 Eleanor Clark Lilley
 Mary Elvira Mazzarelli
 Lillian Frances McConnachie
 Grace Anne McDermott
 Mary Claire McNamara
 Bernice Vincent Milan
 Hugo Victor Monti
 Mary Patrice Moore
 Frank Joseph Moschilli
 Joseph Timothy Murphy
 Leo Martin Murray

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March		Fisher
	M. H. S. Orchestra	
	From Aida	
Triumphal March		Verdi
	M. H. S. Glee Club	
Salutatory	America's Place in the Great War	
	Frank Joseph Moschilli	
Class History		
	Joseph Timothy Murphy	
Shout Aloud in Triumph		Manney
	M. H. S. Glee Club	
	(Solo by Kenneth Henderson)	
Class Prophecy		
	Jennie Loretta Connors	
Roses of Picardy		Weatherly and Wood
	Mary Clare McNamara	
Presentation of Class Gift		
	Leo Martin Murray, Pres. Class of 1919.	
Acceptance of Class Gift		
	Thomas E. Nelligan, Pres. Class of 1920	
La Czarine		Ganne
	M. H. S. Glee Club	
Valedictory		A Lasting Peace
	Alvin Louis Pianca	
Class Ode		
Presentation of Diplomas		
	George E. Stacy, Chairman of the School Committee.	
	Madelon	
March		Sousa
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VOL. XXXVI.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE, 1920.

NO. 1.

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Business Manager, Frank E. Mellen, '20

Assistant Business Manager, Warren Hill, '20

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Willard Frost, '20

Catherine Dillon, '20

Eleanor Metcalf, '20

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EDITORIAL.

"By night an atheist half believes in God."—Gay.

Man is essentially impressionistic. Unconsciously, unless he possesses wonderful character, his opinions are molded by the thoughts and deeds of others. If within his breast the white flame of faith does not burn, an irreligious environment may easily lead him to doubt the Great Truth. If he lacks the vision to perceive, he may deny.

In the light of day, amid the massive buildings, the complicated machines and instruments, indicative of man's power, it is not hard to deride the existence of a supreme being. The atheist is confident among the roar of a great city, the result of the labor of beings like himself. In the companionship of man he neglects to acknowledge the companionship of God.

Atheism's greatest ally is egotism. When man looks complacently on his achievements and reflects on their magnitude, into his sub-conscious mind comes a thought of supremacy. He has subdued the land, the sea, and the air. Lesser animals he has forced, by his will alone, to aid in his advancement. Unless he knows that without divine aid man is helpless, he will be lost in the slough of disbelief, Atheism.

As she heals the physical wounds of her children, so does nature make clean their soul. With her lies the answer, vivid and real, of all our worldly cares. Her mysteries are not mysteries. They are the indisputable proof that over mankind rules a Being with power limitless. The universe is His dominion. The earth, the stars, the sun and the moon move by His will alone.

At his bidding the velvet shades of night shut off the rays of doubt and reveal to man his reason for existing. It is in the silent night that apprehension steals into the calloused mind of the unbeliever. With no worldly distraction to mar its beauty, God's firmament rekindles in the heart of the doubter the light of religion that all men once possess. As his prehistoric ancestor in the dim mazes of the past vaguely wondered at the beauty of the world about him, so does the modern savage vaguely wonder today. The spell of the great unknown brings with it a sentiment that seems indefinable to his starving soul. Yet, if he ponder

upon it, there will soon come the ethereal light of understanding. The truth will remove for him the clouds that veil another life. Secure in his knowledge he may then, with firm steps, progress on the pilgrimage of life toward the shrine of eternity.

JOHN L. DAVOREN, '20.

SALUTATORY.

RECONSTRUCTION—European Phases.

We, the class of 1920, feel the sincerest pleasure in welcoming you all here tonight at our exercises which mark the end of our High school course. Tonight we shall endeavor to show you the results of our labors and efforts of the last four years. Whatever success we may have achieved we owe to you, our parents, our friends, and our teachers, whose interest and sympathy have spurred us on in discouragement and failure. In future years we shall look back on all this with the deepest gratitude and the remembrance will help us in our trials. But these trials are still veiled from us by a merciful Providence. Let us turn our thoughts to the great issues of today which occupy the attention of the civilized world.

Although the war has been ended now for almost two years, only a few of the minor questions arising because of that conflict have been settled. The armistice terms of Nov. 11, 1918 settled the fighting, but brought on immense problems which are the aftermath of every war. Never so great, however, have been the problems as those of today. Because of the tremendousness of the work of reconstruction the utmost care must be exercised, for a flaw in a present decision might result in a recurrence of the very thing that the great men of Europe are trying to do away with,—*War*. To do this work the greatest co-operation between the nations is necessary, for if there is not concurrent effort there will only be delay, and delay means impatience and discontent.

From the time history began, international politics have complicated decisions after a war in which more than one nation was involved. Never has this been more true than in the war which has just concluded. The status of Turkey is a striking example of the result of the clashing of international politics.

For many years Turkey has been a cancer in the side of Europe. Asiatic in people and in custom, she does not belong in Europe. When this war was ended, the great hope and expectation of many people was that the Turks would be expelled permanently from Europe into Asia where she rightfully belongs. But because England was afraid to offend the Moslems, because France feared British ascendancy in Europe and because Greece, eager for Constantinople, preferred that the Turks in that city rather than any one of the Great Powers, the Turk today remains undisturbed in Europe.

British and American public opinion has been strongly and vehemently expressed against this injustice. No matter how tightly wedged in and restrained by the Allied terms, Turkey is still in Europe, and such a decision is a blot upon the escutcheon of the Allies and will not end the Turkish problem.

Putting aside the many evidences of Turkish fiendishness and barbarity, Armenia alone stands as a pitiful victim of Turkish policy. With the exception of Belgium, Armenia has suffered mostly from this war. But the difference between the suffering of Belgium and Armenia is this: The Belgians, acting as a barrier between France and the huge grey hordes sweeping down upon her, defended themselves against the anger of the Germans thus held back from their prey. When the war was ended, they returned to their shattered homes, ready to begin over again

with their gallant King Albert to encourage them by splendid example. The Armenians, however, merely because of their Christian faith, have been massacred, men, women and children in tens of thousands, put to death in ways the cruelty of which imagination can scarcely conceive.

American sympathy and help has gone out to Armenia and our soldiers now guard several hundred miles of Armenian railroads, and a few of our war-ships are stationed at Baku. But as one Armenian newspaper remarks: "Of what use is it to take care of the orphans, feed the starving and clothe the naked if tomorrow all these unfortunates are to fall once more under the whip of the barbarians?"

Armenian independence is demanded with an American mandate. But while our help at present means only temporary responsibility, a mandate will mean a lengthy supervision and will involve us in many delicate intricacies of international politics with grave responsibility. President Wilson himself is in favor of an American mandate over Armenia, but whether or not Congress will follow him remains to be seen.

Passing westward we come to the matter of the city of Fiume, which, as more than one editor has said, might later prove to be another Bosnia. Italy fought in this war, took her chances with the others, and received her suffering without complaint. As her highest reward she demanded Fiume which was refused her, for President Wilson firmly believes that the Slav race needs that port as an outlet for its commerce. So the port was nationalized. Then D'Annunzio, the soldier-poet, took matters in his own hands and seized the city for Italy.

The apprehension caused by this action was great. Opinion was divided on the matter, some believing that the United States should have kept out of the matter entirely, while others heartily agree with Mr. Wilson's firmness, believing that the terms of treaty should be settled on the same principles with which the United States entered the war. Our aim is to help the small peoples of the earth. The sincerity of the Slav race has been shown by their agreement to all the terms of the peace treaty. They must be given a chance to develop for they are a new nation, not centuries old as Italy or France or England.

Commerce and industry mean growth and access to the sea is one of the ways to obtain such development. The Czecho-Slavs have only Fiume as an outlet.

But France has gained much by the war. So has England, for she and France receive mandates in Arabia and Africa whereas Italy is given only what she would have received if she had preserved her neutrality. Have her fighting and suffering been in vain? As matters now stand, the result will only make Italy discontented, and a discontented Italy will mean a crippled League of Nations. The League must work as a machine with every cog well oiled and smoothly running. One cog out of gear may be disastrous.

France has a more difficult problem to solve. For, in spite of all she has received from Germany and will receive, she can never be recompensed for the ruin of her beautiful cities, towns, hamlets, and fields. Shelled and stormed for four long years, they must now be rebuilt to their former splendor. Thousands of dollars will be needed for all this work, and the thousands are few in the French treasury where the money is rapidly depreciating in value. While it took a very short time for the ruthless Huns to destroy the lovely cities of France, it will take a long while to rebuild them. It has been estimated that in France there have been destroyed over 350,000 homes which will require the labor of 2,000,000 men two years to rebuild. Add to this the destruction in Belgium and neighboring countries and you will see the tremendous task before the European nations in the war zone. But the dauntless courage of the people who exclaimed "Ils ne passeront pas" and who kept their word will not flinch at the greater sacrifice, and laborious task before them.

France, of course, like all other countries is affected by so-called Spring

Bolshevism. The reaction from the war has to take shape in some people, and so the result is Bolshevism, which like Spring Fever will pass when conditions are normal. But not relying on hope alone, the French government has taken steps to put down this ever-increasing menace. Every country today has the problem to meet and settle, and each country will use its own method.

But whatever differences there might be in French public opinion on different home matters, they are all unanimous on the question of Germany. Germany must be held to the terms of the treaty, watched closely, and kept within bounds. Three times has she asked for leniency and three times has it been granted. But the time has come when leniency can not and must no longer be extended to Germany, for that country, instead of being thankful, becomes more arrogant with every new concession. Though the government may have changed, though the imperialistic Kaiser has been deposed, and democracy appears to rule, the character of the German people has not changed nor will it change.

The same corrupt policies used before and during the war are employed now to gain their ends. The Germans with their propaganda tried to disrupt the Allies so as to make their burden easier, unmindful of the fact that the burden they would have imposed on the warring nations would have been inestimably greater. This attempt has been doomed to failure.

That Germany could not be trusted was clearly shown by the Ruhr district incident in which she broke the Articles 42 and 43 in the Versailles treaty, for under pretext of police duty against the Communistic menace, Germany maintained there many more troops than the Treaty permitted. France was quick to see the menace to her in this action and appreciated the fact that upon her next step hinged the decisions as to whether or not the Versailles treaty was a treaty with power behind it or a mere scrap of paper.

The result you all know. France established troops in the cities of Frankfurt and Darmstadt, then proclaimed to Germany and the world that there they would remain until Germany withdrew her troops and established herself under the jurisdiction of the Versailles Treaty. As a result of all this surveillance over the Germans will be greater for too much leniency has been granted them, and has made them over confident.

At the Peace table, France was promised American and British aid in case of German trouble on the Rhine, but the Ruhr district incident showed France clearly that if she wished immediate action she must rely upon herself. America has retired again into her shell at the refusal to ratify the peace treaty while England is occupied by home problems. Relations with Italy are severely strained so that help from that section is impossible. So, as in 1914 France stands with her eternal foe facing her on the left bank of the Rhine, and her own resources her principal aid.

Now we come to the greatest question of all: Is "Ireland to be free or not?"

For much lesser reasons than those long actuating Ireland we took up arms in 1775, fought for eight long years and so freed ourselves from the English yoke. Ireland has for hundreds of years remained under the rule of a people which cannot and will not try to understand the Irish race. They have suffered many worse grievances than we in 1775 but still today in 1920, when so many other smaller countries such as Ukrania, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, etc., have obtained their independence, Ireland, in spite of all attempts to free herself, remains under the misguided jurisdiction of the British. The ballot and armed forces have battled against the barred gate-way of freedom. The world which has so readily helped the small nations to rise from the ground where our enemies fell, dodges the question of Ireland. They have put off too long this issue which should have been decided first of all. But public opinion when once aroused can not long be held back; it will sooner or later overwhelm all its power.

Suggestion after suggestion has been offered to solve the Irish problem but all in vain. Absolute freedom is the only settlement to which the Irish people, outraged by the dillydallying of the English, will listen. Irish appeals in America have not gone unanswered, for the resolution recently suggested in the House to recognize Irish independence most clearly shows a disposition to acknowledge the justice of the Irish claims. The United States went to war in 1898 to free Cuba from Spanish oppression. Therefore it is but fitting that if it is a question of choosing between England and Ireland, it is to Ireland to whom America would give her unstinted support. She owes this to her Irish-Americans and to those ideals for which she entered this war in 1917. Survey American History and you will find that to the weaker has America given her aid; to the weaker has she lent her torch to light the path to democracy.

In the question of Ireland there can be no hesitation if American ideals are what they should be. It is our fervent hope that before many months have passed there shall be a new flag beside the many varied ones of this universe,—the Irish flag, proudly representing a race so deserving of its long wished for freedom.

In all these decisions the United States has played her part but not so great a one as was expected. The prejudices and habits of years are hard to break and, although, America, at a time when the entire world was threatened, forgot her policy of aloofness, in peace she has remembered and sought to settle back again in her isolation.

But the world will not permit her to sever all European ties. Let us hope that the future student of history, looking back upon the vista of years, can exclaim:

“As in War, so in Peace, has America made the world safe for Democracy.”

MARY SANTOSUOSSO, '20.

THE FUTURE OF THE CLASS OF 1920.

“Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them,” but in the year 1930 it was my great misfortune to be living quite humbly in an abode which had no atmosphere of wealth or loveliness and whose doors had never trembled with the knock of golden opportunity.

For five successive years my life had been devoted to miracles, mysteries, and occult powers, with no special reward from Fame. And so it was that on one bright midsummer's day in 1930 I directed my course toward the woodlands surrounding Milford where I would be apart from the rest of the busy world and free to think upon my favorite subject—Utopia.

Central street was dim in the shade of the ten-story buildings which lined its diverging course, and it was with difficulty that I picked my way among the pedestrians who thronged the street. I was endeavoring to distinguish the numerous signs of business which were posted over every doorway, for most of my research had been carried on in my own little studio, and it was a long time since I had breathed the dusty air of the business world in the city of Milford.

Finally my eye rested on some gilded names which seemed strikingly familiar:

“Metcalf and Kurlansky

Pie-Alley Bakery

Best of food served to skippers.”

And then I remembered two of my former classmates who used to furnish bakery fodder to the students of the Old High School. They were good skippers

themselves once. I started in the direction of the sign only to find the place boarded up and an additional sign:

"Moved to Pine Street."

Directly in front of the building a troupe of street musicians were preparing to play. An Italian with flowing dark hair announced the name of the selection:

"Burke's Speech in Harmony."

A peculiar subject it was and a terrible tune without a doubt. Fingers were placed in ears and the shuffling of feet signified the universal displeasure which was offered by this apparently new form of harmony. When the last note of the selection blended with the hum of business, I approached the leader and I asked him the idea of the peculiar title and tune.

He replied that he was endeavoring to show the citizens of Milford the absurdity of teaching Burke's Speech in High School. He said to me, "I can remember how the class of 1920 despised that piece of literature."

"The Class of 1920," I gasped. "Pray who are you?"

"My name is Introini and here are my partners in crime—Signor Calabrese, on my left and Mademoiselle Bourcier at the extreme right," and he bowed low with pardonable pride.

So great had been my surprise that a nearby telephone pole offered my only means of support, and when power was once more returned to me, I extended a trembling hand and introduced myself.

During the animated conversation which followed, they informed me that Anna Provost and Henry Volk were in Grand Opera, the latter as director of the orchestra of the Chicago Opera Co.; and I also learned that Hattie Lundgren was on the stage. We had often prophesied an excellent future for Hattie; she had such a charming speaking voice, and all the qualities of a successful actress were hers.

Then after wishing them good fortune I was once more on my way, keeping step with the rhythm of their next selection.

It was not long before I was half-way up Bear Hill. Suddenly I espied a form rushing from the top of the hill and waving his arms frantically about in the air. As he came nearer I heard his excited shouts: "I've got it, Ah, at last I've got it!"

His eyes were red rimmed from anxious study and the bones protruded sharply out above the hollow of his cheeks. He grasped me by the arm and pulled me farther up the steep slope.

"Mars!" he bellowed, "Mars!"

"What do I care about your mother?" I panted, but gradually it dawned upon me that he might have established communication with the planet Mars.

A large observatory loomed up before me with huge instruments seeming to pierce the Heavens and I began to believe that my surmise was a correct one. As he dragged me through the open door, I saw the name—"Hartwell Observatory," but there was no time to think, and no time to be either surprised or pleased, for he thrust me into a chair and bade me place my eye at the end of a gigantic telescope.

"Look!" he exclaimed.

My eye glanced anxiously up the length of the instrument and rested on a large but dim sphere. Mars, sure enough! Suddenly a large white area appeared on the darker surface of the planet and dark objects smaller than an ant in size moved restlessly about seeming to describe queer figures on the lighter surface.

"It looks like Chinese script," I said. But his only answer was an excited, "Record them!"

I copied the signs on the back of a set of calling cards which I had in my pocket, passing them on to him as each message took its form.

I must have sat there for fully three hours when all signs of animation vanished, but it was a thrilling three hours, a three hours that had a charm for me, for I knew that I was one of the first to communicate with that planet which had been the despair of scientists for nearly a decade.

My companion by this time had succeeded in translating all the messages by the code which he had brought to light after years of discouraging research, and he read them to me from the very cards which I have retained as a souvenir of this memorable evening. In the same way I shall now read to you at this time the messages I received.

I am a Martian Spiritualist. For ages the wish of scientists on your planet to talk to my people has haunted me. I feel I shall satisfy at least one soul in informing him of the fortunes of his former classmates in the Milford High School.

"Of many lines Hester Carter has had her Pick,
But the postmistress job she holds pretty slick.
For she's extremely accurate and never fails;
I'll say she knows how to handle the mails.

"Bennie Kurlansky is still just the same,
And he's developed a wonderful musical fame,
Nobody thought that our classmate would do so,
But you never can tell, for he rivals Caruso.

"Francis Thomas is boss of a fine cabaret;
The "Garden of Eden" is the name, they say.
Each feature is charming and before one would leave,
One would honestly say 'twas a place fit for "Eve."

"The music is cleverly played, you can bet,
And it's done by the great "Bolshevik Quintet."
There's Visconti and Nelligan and even Paul Lynch,
Who with long flowing whiskers make work a real cinch.
The laughing duet is a feature, they say,
And of course it's accomplished by Shea and Paquet.

"There's many an audience put in a trance
When Ida Gould and Bill Fairbanks start in to dance.

"But applause is plenty and critics are rare,
When Katie and Abe Kurlansky are there.

"The explanation of Bessie McCrae's happy look
Has now come to light—She's become a real Cook.

"The firm of Santosuosso and Jackson
In the business world is an essential faction.
Mary, as hairdresser, is clever and wise,
While Chris labors on making cosmetics and dyes.

"Isadore Casey has gone in for sports;
Now she's playing star tennis on the world's greatest courts.
When interviewed by a newsman on the subject above
She said, "I know little of playing, but a lot about 'Love'!"

"Dot Cahill, Agnes McKenna, and our dear little Carrol
Are turning in money by the bushel and barrel.
Their book of advice is one splendid perfection,
"The Beauty in having a charming complexion."

"Frank Mellen is happy. He was wed to the best
Now he's raisng little melons far out in the West.

"In the class of 1920 was one charming young girl
Who climbed rapidly up in the great movie whirl.
Cute Marie Cendella, a Virtuous Vamp,
Unconsciously lures many men to her camp.
They worship her, pray for her, and it's really no fake,
But Marie keeps on smiling, and hearts have to break.

"To the private mansion and the great lecture hall
One of our classmates has answered the call.
Catherine Dillon is teaching her pupils to speak
Very loud and distinctly, and not soft and weak.

"The name Doane has become as old as the hills,
For Walter, like his forefathers, makes kidney pills.

"Hortense Fister keeps her pupils in step
As Athletic instructor at Nipmuc "prep."

"With his feet on a desk, in his mouth a cigar,
John L. Davoren still tutors advanced *Algebra!*

"Adele Debs went four years to a Normal School,
Now she's keeping her students right up to strict rule.
She was struck on the way of old Massachusetts,
So she went back to Ohio to introduce it.

"Richard Bolton Archibald Gilfoyle
With mother's help on ages does toil.
He scientifically reveals a person's age
With hardly a wink and without turning a page.
Whoever his patron, he most always will say,
"I was 16 years old 10 years from today!"

"Annie May Edwards and Pauline Mahan
Get as near to Heaven as they possibly can.
Their airplane "Napoleon" is a brilliant success
In taking Medway students to and from M. H. S.

"In the class of 1920 was one aspiring young boy;
By name he was known as Louis Gilroy.
He has made himself famous as a smart business man,
And on Wall Street he is earning all he possibly can.

"In a popular city, 'neath a great circus tent,
The money of thousands of people is spent
In watching a girl deftly posed on a rope
With sweet smiling features and the greatest of hope.
With this information 'tis easy to guess
That Rose Vitalini is our latest success.

“The present position of our dear little Phyllis
Is an excellent one and it always will thrill us.
As advisory “sec” to the new President,
The life of our classmate is most worthily spent.

“In this time of high rents and the old H. C. L.
Each one endeavors high prices to quell.
In such art Leslie Bragg is far in advance,
For he’s teaching all men to keep wearing short pants.

“Also good at this art is Marion R. Morey
Who has written her fortune in a vivid life’s story.
—“You pay more for clothing when you’re big and tall
My honest advice is to stay tiny and small.”

“The late medical solution of “Thatcher and Werber”
To the stomach has proved a constant disturber.
While Prohibition remained silent and “still,”
These two manufactured a little round pill
Which when added to water would soon efferverse.
The kick came with drinking it. Ah Yes! Ah yes!

“Vetrana Mazzarelli with artist’s pen and pad,
Is designing Paris dresses, the best that can be had.

“In an office on Broadway ’mid the great business hum
Edith Rose offers counsel to all who will come.
Through the greatest of trouble or worry or harm
Our diligent classmate is most gentle and calm.

“Milford Hospital boasts of such a number of men
As never was seen for two score and ten.
The presence of three nurses explain all such tales,
Louise Cronan, Alba DiGiannantonio and sweet Ruth Fales.

“George Larkin Fitzgerald for a job did not search:
He’s been made an archbishop in New York’s biggest church
To his popular chapel all the young girls do flock
And enthralled by his voice, ne’er glance at the clock.”

At this point our Spiritualist friend thousands of miles distant evidently tired of making rhyme and the last few messages from Mars were written in prose form.

Among the first of these communications appeared a copy of a leaflet which a certain firm used as an advertisement:

“Take Moore and Hill’s correspondence course in the building of character and height. Be able to look down on the rest of the world as we do.”

“One of the dentists in the city of Milford, having found that his flourishing business has developed beyond him, has found it necessary to take into partnership with him one our most serious-minded classmates. In this capacity Elmer Jones still works on the patients (patience) of Dr. Crockett and on the nerves of a great many other people.”

It was with this message that our accommodating acquaintance in that far away Martian sphere had concluded his valuable information regarding the fortunes of our classmates.

Through the transparent covering of the observatory, the stars twinkled silent-

ly and the pale light of the summer moon wafted its soft beams upon the drooping head of my companion.

After all, he had just cause for weariness and great was his reward, when in after years his singular and truly wonderful discovery was mutually heralded by an appreciative people on this dim sphere.

Deep was my realization what fortune had been mine in my recent experience as I stole softly from the presence of my slumbering classmate, and homeward directed my course towards an abode that had no atmosphere of wealth or loveliness, but whose doors had at last trembled with the knock of golden opportunity.

WILLARD C. FROST, '20.

CLASS HISTORY.

The history of the class of 1920 is a not uncommon example of the effect of war upon education. Frequent interruptions of the school curriculum, the loss of valued teachers, and an unparalleled decrease in class membership are directly traceable to wartime conditions. No martial hysteria, however, has been permitted to interfere with the established courses offered by the Milford High school. Despite all difficulties, the faculty by their untiring efforts have given the class of 1920 a preparation for business and college that is second to none.

From September, 1916, to the successful completion of our courses tonight, we have been under the influence that brings out latent qualities, that prepares for the bigger things in life, the influence that a good school has always exerted upon its students. For four years we have studied among scenes enshrined in the heart of every graduate of Milford High. We have endeavored, and I believe we have succeeded, in maintaining her noblest traditions. In athletics and in scholastic contests of all kinds, members of the class of 1920 have been prominent. Our efforts, and they shall never cease, have been to enhance the prestige of our Alma Mater. Her standard we have kept aloft. In victory and in defeat we have practiced the rules of true sportsmanship, for which her students have always been noted.

The accustomed routine of our school life was soon disturbed by the clarion call of war. Our principal, sub-master, and a member of our own class, answered its summons and took their places beside other true Americans pledged to beat back the bloody hordes that menaced civilization. Mr. Christopher FitzGerald, by the earnest ability and leadership that had already distinguished him as principal, soon won a commission as lieutenant and served overseas. Mr. Berry throughout the war was stationed at Newport Naval Training School. Here he worked faithfully for the advancement that was halted by his discharge soon after the signing of the Armistice.

John Early, of our own class of 1920, enlisted in the balloon section of the air forces. His action was, indeed, a fitting climax to the many honors he had won for himself and for Milford High on the athletic field.

During the absence of Mr. FitzGerald the school committee secured the services of Mr. Thomas J. Quirk as principal. Mr. Quirk, a graduate of Milford High School and of Holy Cross College, was a competent instructor and a man whose kindly interest in our welfare we shall never forget.

As we progressed each year toward our final goal, ties of friendship begun as Freshmen united our class. We conducted successfully the different functions sacred to upper classmen and as a result of our efforts are now able to present a substantial sum of money to Milford High School, the gift of the class of 1920.

The success we have enjoyed in all our undertakings has been entirely due to class and school loyalty, our heritage from the hundreds of men and women who have preceded us. Nothing could make our last few moments as undergraduates happier than the knowledge that we in turn have transmitted to our successors that same spirit. Without it a school loses character and its students are deprived of the experiences that foster real patriotism.

For now, as we stand on the threshold of life, we realize that the history of the class of 1920 has been a series of happy progressions toward ultimate success. A capable, sympathetic faculty, loyal fellow classmen, and advantages unknown to our fathers have created an atmosphere conducive to thorough education. When each member of our class has found his life work and the complete history is written, we shall better understand our debt to Alma Mater.

JOHN L. DAVOREN, '20.

VALEDICTORY.

RECONSTRUCTION—American Phases.

At the close of the past great war nearly every country of the world was confronted with the vast and weighty problem of reconstruction, the rebuilding of its government and refashioning of its conditions to a pre-war basis. The dawn of peace after four years of war may be said to signify the beginning of the modern world. This new world must naturally resemble the old but its character will essentially be moulded by the nurses and teachers that guide it.

Our own United States is face to face with an immense task in undertaking to solve its profound problem of reconstruction. Since America is one of the freest and most democratic nations in the world, she will require some time for her necessary deliberations. It has been said that we have rushed into peace as unprepared as we rushed into war.

However, the signing of the armistice found us with new possessions on our hands, all of which were demanding a satisfactory solution of their destiny. First and foremost, four million young men in uniform separated from the futures that they had planned for themselves, have had to return to civil life under conditions radically different from those at the beginning of the war. During the absence of these soldiers abroad, women had taken their positions in factories, offices, and elsewhere. Thousands have been disabled who must be provided for.

The rehabilitation machinery which was set in motion in 1918 has been in continual operation. It has been far from idle, yet results have been below our expectations and criticism has been directed at America for lack of provisions to give work to discharged soldiers, and to tide over our industries and our labor from a war to a peace basis.

The Federal Board of Vocational Education, which has charge of this work, has placed only 30,000 men in training up to the present time. Everyone must admit that the task of providing adequate training for a vast army of disabled men is a gigantic undertaking and full of perplexities, but there seems to be little excuse for the general failure of the work. The great entanglement of red tape must be removed and the attitude of those engaged in the work must be changed before the Vocational Board can hope to be successful and accomplish its duties. Our vocational training must be administered by experts unafraid to meet such issues.

The program of reconstruction must of necessity include the prevention of future wars, the more complete democratization of governments, the harmoniza-

tion of capital and labor, the greater equalization of wealth, and the complete emancipation of women both politically and industrially. These represent the goal toward which society must move in the future.

Foremost in enumeration of the flaws in our present social system stands poverty with its attendant evils. Poverty is an evil and as there is plenty of wealth for all, let it be more evenly distributed. The use of alcohol as a beverage was evil; the United States has succeeded in gaining at last national prohibition. Clashes between capital and labor are evil and can be prevented. So it is with inequality of the sexes; let the women enjoy equal rights with men.

The impending food shortage presents a very alarming situation. The present civilization seems to be blindly urban. A population of many thousands flows into the city from the farm every year. The higher wages secured in city work naturally attract the people away from the land.

Labor being unavailable, the farmer is forced to do only what can be done by his own labor and that of his family. Never since the Civil War have the farmers faced such a shortage of help. The people must soon realize the grave need of farm labor, or the scarcity of food next winter will be greater than any time during the war and prices instead of coming down will mount higher. The suggested compulsory military training would take the boys away just when they are needed most for the cultivation of farm lands.

The end of the long period of inflation of prices seems to be at hand. However, the chief danger is that the desirability for low prices as an end in itself may be so exaggerated as to lead to the attempt to force prices down through harmful measures for the control of credit. The conditions that have caused the high prices, many believe, are now disappearing and the deflation has at last come. Appearances now seem to indicate that the trend of prices will be downward.

America must soon decide with other World Powers as to the size of navy to be maintained. Now that the war has ended there seems to be little cause for increasing our navy, as the result of such a procedure can only cause a jealousy between nations.

Ever since the close of the war there has been a most chaotic state of social unrest present in the United States as in every other country of the world. Unrest may be said to be a "symptom of a persisting urge indicating a will to live, to have power and to be free." When social unrest ceases, very often a social stagnation ensues. The strikes that every day are announced in the papers are evidences of a nervous disorder and perhaps more. It is certain that they will become decidedly more serious unless some strong sedative is found to cure this nervousness.

The delusion that all wealth is due to workers is widespread throughout the entire country. During the past year on account of the high living costs, the purchasing power of the American dollar has dropped about half. The majority of workingmen being unversed in the elements which determine the value of money, think that when the value suddenly changes, that someone has been meddling with the currency. The inflation of currency and the credit mediums are the big causes behind the general spirit of unrest. This inflation is partially caused by the destruction of property incident to the war.

The one means of increasing a nation's wealth is by production, and the idea that inflation of prices can be remedied by seizing upon the capital accumulations of the country and that such a procedure would benefit the working classes is wholly untrue and can be maintained only through a lamentable lack of knowledge. The main problem which now confronts our great statesmen is the devising of a plan to restore all classes to a political as well as a social equilibrium, a plan which will benefit all alike and not one at the expense of another. The only way to overcome our deficiencies is to increase our wealth and the one way to increase our wealth is to increase the facilities for increasing wealth.

American labor has now become vastly more conscious than ever before of its power, and capitalism must adopt a new viewpoint. The capitalist must realize that the rights and welfare of the laborer are far more important than the rights and welfare of mere property. However, labor, on its part, must become more interested in the efficiency of industry and the increase of production. The economic waste in the process of getting goods to the consumer must be eliminated and such wastes can best be cast aside through the medium of co-operative stores. The workers will be enabled through these stores to become property owners as well as wage earners, and this experience will gradually fit them to become owners at least in part of the instruments of production. This constitutes the ultimate goal of our present industrial system and the only enduring remedy for social unrest.

Our country is soon to choose a new president and the decision of who is the best man to fill such a great position is all-important and must not be made without great and careful forethought, but whatever the platform of the winning political party let "Americanism" be adopted as its great battle cry.

If America continues to hold before her the lofty ideals which have been truly characteristic of this republic, she will not only conquer with ease her own perplexities of peace but will become one of the greatest servants of humanity for all the world.

* * * * *

Fellow-classmates of 1920: This occasion marks the beginning of a new epoch in our careers. Tonight as we stand as the class of 1920 we are conscious of an inexpressible sense of joy and satisfaction at the accomplishments and rewards we have received from four years of study at Milford High School. Those four years have indeed been happy ones, engrossed in our dances, social events, and our studies, our hearts have been joyous and carefree. Yet this joy that we are experiencing tonight is pervaded with sorrow for we must realize that we are leaving that school which means so much to each one of us. We must bid farewell to all that we have learned to love so dearly.

Let us as a class extend our sincerest thanks and gratitude to our teachers who have with such painstaking care guided our footsteps along the path of learning during the past four years.

Fellow-classmates, tonight our future lies before us, leading us on with countless opportunities for success. Let each one of us as he goes forth to meet his duty undertake it with brave heart, always remembering our motto, "Esse quam videri," in devotion to the loftiest, noblest things of life.

Teachers, undergraduates, and class-mates of 1920, I bid you a sincere and sorrowful farewell.

RUTH A. FALES, '20.

TO THE DAY—Sonnet.

Oh! Day with all thy wondrous brightness fair
 To thee we offer all our homage true.
 The morning glistens diamond like with dew,
 The sun doth shine upon thy beauty rare.
 Soft breezes floating thru thy clear blue skies
 Bring joy and cheer. All hopes once more renewed,
 With faith the troubled ones go forth in crude
 Unfashioned trust of man. And youth with sigh

Of joy content takes up his daily task.
 With happy song the children troop to school;
 With them the birds in treetops sweetly vie.
 Contented flocks in sunshine calmly bask
 Or rest in some dark shady spot so cool.
 Oh Day! we love thee best is our glad cry.

RUTH A. FALES, '20.

TO THE NIGHT—Sonnet.

Oh! Glorious Night, the welcome guest of all,
 To thee our weary minds with joy we turn.
 For comforting from sorrow deep we call
 To thee; the children tired from play then yearn
 For rest which only thou canst really give.
 Strange sounds and silences are in thy train,
 The plaintive cry of whip-poor-will doth live
 In thy dark shades. The stars in endless chain
 Of lights with brilliance glorify thy sky.
 The moon with silv'ry radiance calmly sails
 With grace and beauty rare. The night birds fly
 Along their course. A pow'r which never fails
 Doth guide them ever true. To thee, oh Night,
 We turn and revel in thy wondrous sight.

RUTH A. FALES, '20.

AMERICA'S PROBLEM OF EDUCATION.

The civilization of America has reached a serious crisis, for our educational institutions which form the corner-stone of civilization are gradually being undermined by lack of teachers and inefficiency in many now instructing. There is a distressing shortage of labor in every line throughout the entire United States and one of the most acute is that of teachers. During the past year 18,000 schools in this country have been forced to close. Statistics show that there are at present 130,000 vacancies in the school rooms of the various states.

It is indeed a regrettable fact, but the low salaries paid to teachers, while every other form of industry has profited by increased wages, have naturally not appealed to many in choosing a vocation, and at the same time the small remuneration received has effected the resignations of many of the best instructors. Many teachers have been receiving a meagre four hundred and fifty dollars for a year's work, a salary which many a working man receives for a sixth of that time. Many are now instructing classes which are far too large for the good of the pupils and which weary the teachers and tax their nerves to the utmost.

Many examples of inefficiency in teaching have been brought to the notice of the bureau of education in Washington. Grave errors in English on the part of the teachers add greatly to the detriment of the student and hasten the rapid disintegration of our public schools. School authorities deplore the necessity of accepting such instructors but at the present better qualified applicants are lacking.

At times it appears that almost any one who knows his A, B, C's may become a teacher.

People protest against the high rate of taxes, but when they once realize the grave need of money in order to increase teachers' salaries, every last American, if he is a true and loyal citizen, will cooperate with his fellow men and willingly and gladly pay the small increase which would be necessary. Liberal money must be forthcoming. America has always entrusted her educational institutions to the governments of the respective states and always one half or over of the revenues have been appropriated in the support of our public schools, but it has not proved a sufficient amount since the war brought forth the increased cost of living.

Naturally a teacher on entering her profession acts accordingly with a keen desire to serve and instruct the minds of the coming generation in the best way possible. No one should take up the vocation merely for money. Teaching is undeniably a noble calling and should be answered by loyal hearts.

The disintegrating condition of the educational system of the country affords a fertile field for radical Red agitators to further their interests and spread their propaganda. Several teachers have been found with Red principles. They advocate an "Open mind on Bolshevism," and it is through such mediums that representatives of radicalism hope to poison Americanism at its source. The greatest vigilance must be maintained everywhere even in the rural districts, for representatives of Bolshevism are present in every section of the United States, seeking in all possible ways to undermine our government and set up a reign of terror like that which Russia has experienced. The faith of the public in the school must always be maintained or otherwise a disaster almost incomprehensible will ensue.

The three basic points on which our educational institutions must firmly rest are good teachers, good pay, and good schools. The chief value of education is the training received by the pupil and the habits formed while in the class-room.

Uncle Sam has indeed a great problem with which to cope and the supreme test for all applicants for teaching must be their true Americanism. It is absolutely necessary to secure men and women of the highest standard of character both intellectually and morally and whose greatest care is the welfare of their country. The call must be answered by loyal Americans and not until then will our institutions of learning cease to tremble.

RUTH FALES, '20.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS.

If I, like the small boy of whom our childhood fairy myths relate, should be fortunate enough to find in some flower-laden dell a wand mislaid by a careless fairy, my one use for this most wonderful of possessions would be to let it serve as a wishing wand through which to gain happiness. But in this commonplace old world of ours today it is not very probable that one will find such a treasure and so he who would obtain this matchless prize must work whole-heartedly to reach his end.

You may have rosy dreams at twilight which will last but for a night and with the coming of the dew-spangled dawn fade into dark oblivion before the rays of the glittering sun. But somewhere among the silver clouds just behind the darkling veil, the bluebirds are flitting about, and if you will but be patient the darkness will disappear and the silver lining shine through in all its glory. It is not the man who lives a life of carefree ease with no problem to mar the smooth tranquility of its existence who should read my message, but the man who, having borne the buffets of the tidal waves of life comes back to port after the storm,

scarred by his struggles but determined to play the game and play fair to the very end. The man with a clear conscience gained through fair play among his fellow men is the only one who is able to go to his Maker unafraid, and present his earthly account with a happy heart eager to hear the magic words, "Well done, My good and faithful Servant."

The only key to the garden of happiness is the key of faithful service. It is decorated with the jewels of a clear conscience received as rewards. The pot of gold which can be found at the foot of the rainbow where the earth and sky join in a friendly union is "Contentment." The one who continually grumbles because his particular position in the world does not please him will never reach the end of the rainbow, but will chase the flitting bluebird until it disappears over the horizon for he will have reached the "Forest of Darkest Gloom" through which this happy creature will never journey. The people in this life whom all the world love and honor are invariably those who through contentment are at peace with all. For where contentment reigns there is no jealousy and ill feeling.

And yet one should try fairly to merit a better position in this world by hard and conscientious striving, for "Lack of Ambition" is a boon companion of unhappiness, and "Hope for the Future" leads on to the end of our quest. Love and consideration for those around us is one of the most powerful weapons we may employ in conquering the formidable hosts of unhappiness. It is forgetfulness of self and wholehearted endeavor to be of service to others which will bring peace to a troubled mind, and make the lights of happiness kindle and glow in tired eyes, reflecting the light of peace which has come to a troubled soul through love.

And so the world over, we will find that the "Holy Grail" in our crusade against unhappiness will be the combination of the three great virtues, Faith, Hope, and Love. When we have discovered the value of these three we have reached the end of our quest and the most cherished possession of man—happiness full and unrestrained.

ONE WHO IS CHASING BLUEBIRDS.

LIFE—Sonnet.

O Life, you endless stream of woe and pain,
 Each day new scenes reval to helpless eyes
 Your mysteries; yet still your course denies
 An unobstructed view. A few may gain
 The broad still waters of success; attain
 A brief respite from worldly cares. Still lies
 The portage charted only by surmise
 Where human chattels must remain
 And man's own merit show his caste. The pure
 Of soul alone may cross this Great Divide
 On confidence. Beyond its shades the light
 Of comprehension has not strayed. Its lure
 O'ercomes resistance. Man must always ride
 On wings of Death through holy, peaceful night.

JOHN L. DAVOREN, '20.

TO MOTHER—Sonnet.

I write to you whose image still I hold
Deep in my heart, though you have long since gone.
Each day you come to me at early dawn
To strengthen me and in your arms enfold.
If you were here I'd give a world of gold
For life is very dreary now you're gone,
And everything is Night. There is no Morn,
For you're not here to cheer me as of old,
And as I stumble on through Life's dark maze,
I fear to look behind for I might fall,
And hours seem years until the goal is near.
"How long," I ask, "Until the Heavenly rays
Shall beck'n me on, that I may hear your call,
And meet you face to face, Oh Mother Dear!"

EDITH T. ROSE, '20.

THE RED MENACE.

It is with pity and distrust that civilization looks upon Russia today; pity for the helplessness of the masses of men, women, and children; distrust for the stained and grim hand that has reached forth and mercilessly grasped the very roots of civil organization and crushed the life from it. That same hand has worked the havoc of war and revolution among an illiterate class of people, rendering them senseless to the joys of political organization from which they have so recently been deprived.

Since 1914, Russia has been subjected to a complete deterioration in every walk of life. When the armies of the world went forth to fight for the preservation of the various countries, Russia was ranked with the European industrial centers. Although the majority of the nation's people were without an education, the way might soon have opened to the establishment of an excellent school system. Six years of notable history have passed since the beginning of hostilities and Russia is now a corrupted state—complete devastation has been wrought in every line of commercial industry, every part of the country's productive ability. Political, social and economical affairs lie in ruin. The hands of the government—such as it is—is controlled by the mob, the most ungovernable band of people that exists in Europe. Anarchy and ruin are manifest everywhere, and the pitiable eyes of the helpless, the homeless and the poverty-stricken families gaze to the world, begging for aid.

The burning fever of chaos has become a universal menace, affecting the populace of practically every nation in the world. America has not been unsusceptible to the "Red" influence. Perhaps more than any other country, Russia excepted, the United States has been the storm-center of Bolshevism. Our wide field of industry has served as an allurement to the "Red" alienists who are continually spreading their propaganda throughout the world. The result: Strikes, throwing millions of men out of employment, increased prices and many destitute families forced to retire to the slums of the cities.

However great has been the diffusion of the Bolshevik propaganda in the United States, it has not worked the havoc of Austria. The condition of that country under the Karolyi Government was indeed sad; when the Soviets of

Russia attacked the country, the condition became almost indescribable, so deplorable were the sights that met the eyes of the outside world.

With the signing of the armistice, the period of reconstruction came. The governments of all Europe needed a rebuilding of their industries, which were so sadly neglected during the war. The methods of government control exercised by the Bolsheviki did not warrant a peaceful reconstruction period. This idea of rule paved the way for the great question which looms before all: How can a reform of corrupted Europe be effected when the dominant hand of Bolshevism is foremost in the work? The answer, beyond the powers of ordinary intellect, remains unknown.

Like the "face at the window," the ghastly figure of Bolshevism appears at every opening to progress. In few instances is the figure repulsed, for the force with which it comes is lasting. Its aim is a complete world domination; starvation and revolution lead to the way of an unavoidable submission. But returning to Russia, the center of the dreaded menace, we must not forget that that country was the first to make peace with the enemy. Has she succeeded in securing that which every other country has to the greatest extent secured? No! Her gain from the war was to attack every nation possible and bring disaster to them. The havoc of war left devastation everywhere within range of the enemies' guns. Yet such devastation has since been many times multiplied in more terrible ways both to the people and land. Civil war has cost many lives; it has brought on a condition that is a disgrace to civilization. Barbarism and terrorism have walked hand in hand throughout the nation. The morality of Russia at large has decreased to a very low ebb. Churches are now theatres and manners are hardly known to the people. Russia is living an atavistic period. It is almost incredible to ascribe to any nation the awfulness with which the Russian officials have permitted such atrocities to develop into an international menace.

The Bolshevistic doctrines have too great a likeness to the practices of the Reign of Terror to appeal to the average individual. The leading principal—Lenine—has too great a leaning toward wholesale butchery of innocent people to attract the spirit of the world today.

It is thus that the shadow of Soviet Russia falls on the pathway of enlightenment from war, casting a gloom over the world. Civilization stands in cringing horror, crying for the combined aid of the world to put down the abhorred Bolshevism, already too far gone to recover from its painful misery.

THE BLUE BIRD.

SALVAGE.

The world is indeed progressing. A new era of humane understanding aided by the wonderful advance in science and medicine has greatly improved the lot of the helpless and the unfortunate. But there still remains a crying need for reform. Two conditions arising from our social system especially need revision.

The first is our method of maintaining order and punishing the wrongdoer, the second our attitude toward maternity and the necessity of government aid for mothers. Both have an important bearing on our national welfare and both have been shamefully neglected. We call ourselves progressive and democratic yet in our own republic, the wealthiest and most powerful nation in the world, we have permitted social evils to survive that more properly belong to the Middle Ages. Engrossed in more material pursuits, we have neglected the most important of all,—the welfare of our fellow man.

Especially has this been true in our prison system. Our prisons to a large

extent have served only to confine those convicted of crime. They have not attempted to correct the cause, merely to punish the wrongdoer. Samuel Butler's satirical couplet very aptly illustrates the effect of such punishment.

*"He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still."*

Correction, not punishment, should be the aim of our prison officials. What a difference between a prisoner released with the knowledge that life holds something worth while for him and that crime is but a betrayal of weakness, and one engulfed with a burning hate against the society which has punished him so severely for his mistake. A good citizen is a nation's asset, a poor one, a serious liability.

There have been pioneers in this field and in future years we will perhaps better appreciate their efforts. Judge Shontz of Los Angeles and William Mott Osborne, who has become a national figure, are the most prominent in the campaign against the misunderstanding which has prevailed since man first felt the need of confining his wayward brother. One has but to read the story of El Retiro in Los Angeles, a correctional school for girls and boys up to the age of twenty-one over which Judge Shontz has supervision, to become convinced that the work is not theoretical but entirely practical.

Entirely disregarding the moral side of the question the economic advantages of a correctional system should suffice to recommend it. At El Retiro which has become an excellent example of the new type of institution, the average per capita cost of maintenance is actually less than when it was under the old system. This is quite remarkable when we take into consideration the purchasing power of the dollar at present and in pre-war days.

Yet the really great benefit to the nation lies not in this fact but in the vigorous young men and women who daily leave its portals trained so that they may earn their living at the occupation they like best. Stalwart, healthy young Americans salvaged from the stormy seas of circumstance and their own perverted views, they are then ready to aid in the development of the country that has given them the opportunity to make good.

Our second and perhaps most regrettable sin of neglect is the maternity problem. It is a problem on whose solution rests the future of our nation. Responsible investigators have found that our large infant mortality is in a great measure avoidable. The poverty of the parents which has made proper medical care impossible is responsible for a large proportion of our infant death rate. What a blot upon the escutcheon of America, the richest of nations! We have aided Belgium, Serbia, Roumania and Armenia and yet in our blindness could not perceive that brother Americans needed our help. Thousands of young lives sacrificed upon the altar of neglect and we are slow to acknowledge the crude facts.

Already plans have been made to provide aid in such unfortunate cases at government expense. The recipients cannot be termed paupers. It is their right, and false pride should not deter them from accepting it. Money spent in such a manner is not an expense; rather it is an investment. In future years America will reap the benefit for the legion in number saved from inexcusable death will be her protectors and keep her position among the great powers of the earth secure.

A federal commission or cabinet member to supervise the work would be a great advantage. Centralized power is always most effective and given the authority and means, such a commission should prove indispensable. If a start be made, the work will soon demonstrate its value, and the necessity for some remedy is beyond dispute. Neglect in such a case is murder. We must awake to the truth.

Efficiency is now the motto in the business world. Is not the safeguarding of our people the greatest business and is the ostracization and embitterment of

those who would make useful citizens and the loss of thousands of young lives, efficiency? Morally and economically we have a duty to perform and we cannot avoid the issue. From the depths of crime, the dregs of humanity, and the dread reaper we may save our fellow men. If we deserve the name of Christians, we cannot refuse.

JOHN L. DAVOREN, '20.

MEMORIES—Ballad.

When in the shades of evening gloam,
 In sweetest calm we sit,
 Our thoughts stray back through valley's dim,
 Through purple shades they flit.

We dream of childhood's carefree days,
 The days so long gone by,
 When in the sunshine bright we played,
 Mere youngsters you and I.

We then did build our castles high,
 Some crumbled all too soon;
 And now in ruins grey they lie,
 E'en tho' 'tis brightest noon.

But others of our childhood dreams,
 To sweet fulfillment came,
 And lessend much our failure's sting
 And helped us play the game.

So childhood passed along to youth,
 And brightly gleamed the day,
 But lingering in the shadows dim
 We saw the parting way.

The friendships that are formed in youth,
 Are formed in simple trust,
 And ever will be pure as gold;
 Such friendships always must.

And so with years came parting time,
 With parting tears and care,
 But ever still our friendships last
 Through Time's rough wear and tear.

And now when in the gloam we sit,
 And thoughts to memories stray,
 Let's just look back to days gone by,
 And banish care away.

ELIZABETH P. McRAE, '20.

THE VOICES OF THE FLOWERS—Ballad.

If you place your ear to the soft green earth,
Where rain and sunshine fall,
You can hear the flowers in their gay glad mirth
To others whisper and call.

For hush'd like children in sleep they lie
In moist cool cells below ;
Aweary of cold and winds' bleak sighs
That brought the falling snow.

When Spring comes down to earth once more
And greets the woodland and plain,
And clouds weep tears so soft and sweet
Which we miscall the rain.

They waken up with joyful looks,
In low sweet whispers cry,
"Sisters, the murm'ring brook is heard
The sun shines in the sky."

Says one, "My dears, where shall we grow?"
"I'll grow on banks of streams
And all day long I'll blossom and blow
Till night will bring me my dreams."

Another said, "I'll bloom by the way
Where children play in bands ;
They'll stop a moment in their sport
And touch my lips with their hands."

Said one, "I'll peep from the long rich grass."
"I'll grow in some garden rare
To hope that soon some fair sweet bride
Will twine me in her hair."

"I'll grow in the sweetest spot of all
Sisters, what things ye have said,
I'll blossom on the silent abode,
The graves of the calm, pure dead."

Thus whisper flow'rs and if you list,
When rain and sunshine fall,
You'll hear them ask and make reply,
If your heart is with them all.

ALBA DIGIANNANTONIO, '20.

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

It is said that teachers seldom die and never marry and there is certainly a good reason why: one cannot live on the pittance most teachers receive, to say nothing about two; and they are afraid to die, because they can't save up sufficient money to defray their funeral expenses.

It is shocking to realize that the people in whose hands the destinies of our children lie are so underpaid as to lead in many cases to absolute want. During the tender years of their life and perhaps even more in high school and college, when the principles which are to influence their future years are being formed, a boy or a girl needs the assistance and interested supervision of an intelligent, well-educated man or woman, one who entertains high ideals and possesses the magnetism to impress these ideals on the plastic minds of his pupils. An instructor of this calibre can do much in launching his charge along the right road, simply by his classroom talks and by the honest, high-minded atmosphere which he exudes.

But people of this sort, who are so eminently fitted for the noble profession of teaching, are often pecuniarily unable to put all other matters aside and unselfishly dedicate their lives to such a poorly-paid trade. Indeed it would be financial suicide for them to do so and it must be remembered that " 'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man." No human being, no matter how altruistic his principles, is going to sacrifice his chances of at least gaining enough money during his business career to provide for a comfortable old age, to a thankless profession which, when it has worn him out, leaves him on the scrapheap penniless, and goes on unheedingly. In spite of the pension, the poorhouse is an ever-present spectre.

It is therefore ridiculous to assume that these men and women will, of their own volition, unhesitatingly give the only life they have to live to the poorest paid profession of them all. Some inducement has to be offered or our seats of learning will soon be filled with indifferent ignoramuses who possess just enough superficial knowledge to get by and who are keenly interested in nothing but drawing their salary.

An article recently appeared in a prominent magazine which was written by a college professor. This man stated that he was unable to support his family of five on his salary and was compelled to do outside work. That meant that after he had taught all day at the university after he had goaded his tired eyes three or four hours in the evening to correct test papers, he must sit up still further into the small hours to write "pot-boilers" for a penny-a-line newspaper, and thank his God that he possessed the ability and versatility to do so. Even then the most rigid economy had to be exerted and he was himself forced to wear second-hand clothes to teach his classes.

This condition of affairs would not be considered strange if he were a failure at teaching, but the phenomenon of it was that he was considered one of the most brilliant professors in the university. He quoted another example of one of the instructors in his department, a man who was popular with students and faculty alike, both for his charming personality and his comprehensive grasp of the subject he taught, but who had been constrained to leave the college and go into business because he simply could not support his family on the pittance he received. It is not meant by this that he could not support them in a lavish or extravagant manner on his salary, but that even by reducing the cost of living to the barest necessities, he was unable to make both ends meet. So another man took his place in the university, a man inferior in knowledge, ability, and intelligence to his predecessor but the only man who could be obtained for the money.

That is an illustration of exactly what is going to happen all over the country if steps are not taken to prevent it.

Men of energy, magnetism, and learning will not long occupy positions in which their ability is cramped by poor fees. Everywhere else all over the world, it is the men who are the most capable and skilled who are on the top rung of the ladder, at the pinnacle of their profession while the half-educated, poorly-equipped doctor, lawyer or business man struggles along below; but in the teaching profession, no matter how learned and able an instructor may be, he is placed on practically the same footing with the unskilled beginner and the difference in wage is almost imperceptible.

Do we want to pay thousands of dollars to put our sons and daughters through college, only to find that they have received a superficial, half-baked education, indeed only a travesty of a *real* education, from instructors who took up teaching because they failed at everything else?

Or, worse still, do we want them to absorb from classroom talks, day after day for four years, Bolshevistic, Socialistic and misanthropic doctrines out of the mouths of men who believe that established government is a horrible mistake, that Russia has done the right thing and that above all, everything that is, is wrong?

The answer is obvious and every sensible American wants to do something to remedy the situation. Increased agitation of the question will lead sooner or later to a solution. What that solution will be, time alone can tell.

But one thing must be accomplished before the solution can be reached. *Education must be placed at a premium.*

For years it has been the custom to put school-teachers in the same class with ministers, assuming that they are too impractical to take a part in everyday affairs. The general impression seems to prevail that they are idealists and dreamers. Perhaps they are, but the world would be a poor place without its dreamers.

And Woodrow Wilson has demonstrated that an altruistic professor may make the best possible kind of a business man.

But until the true value of education is realized and the school teachers are members of the highest-paid profession of them all, one of America's greatest problems will remain unsolved.

ELEANOR METCALF, '20.

THE PERIL OF PROSPERITY.

It has been said that the "most searching testing-time of a nation, as of an individual, is not adversity, but prosperity." America's prosperity presents a grave and difficult problem. She is young and rich, and she is constantly acquiring greater wealth. Within two generations the per capita wealth has increased from less than \$300 to over \$3,000. With this prosperity the people are becoming ease-loving and self-indulgent.

Money, money, and more money, seems to be the universal cry. People are overcome by their greed for money. It is true that they have more money, but they spend it as quickly as they obtain it. What seemed luxuries ten years ago are merely necessities today. Money is a good servant but a bad master, and the people of this country must give this a thought, for we are threatened by the domination of the great god Mammon.

Adversity brings a fighting spirit. To struggle against difficulties means progress, for the effort to win against such odds develops fortitude and constancy, and strengthens mental and moral fibre. Prosperity brings a relaxation. There is nothing to fight for, no difficulties to overcome, and no advancement or progress.

This is the question that confronts America today. Is she so care-free that she cannot lend a helping hand to those who have difficulties to overcome, that she cannot sympathise with other people who are in distress?

America is a disappointment in the eyes of the European countries. They believe she is shirking her responsibilities in order to live her life of ease and self-indulgence. They may exaggerate their statements but the principle upon which they are founded must be true. However, America's present conduct is not characteristic of her. She is not a coward. She is not afraid to work. She is just overcome by the bewildering effects of her prosperity. She needs some big enterprise to stir her out of the materialism of a speculative prosperity.

America was not found wanting at the time of the Spanish War or in this recent war. What the Allies could have accomplished if the United States had not come when Europe had its back against the wall, no one dares to imagine. Likewise, she will not be found wanting when she is needed again.

Prosperity is like a hypodermic—the patient is alive but is in a dozing state. This country is dozing, but it cannot be for long. She needs must wake and become interested in things about her. But first of all, she must straighten out her domestic problems. There are some powerful forces in this country to be dealt with: Bolshevism, Red Radicalism, High Cost of Living, adjustment of railroads, scarcity of the necessities of life, the labor situation, and a hundred other problems to be settled. They cannot be adjusted in a day, a month, or a year. It will take time and effort to bring about the desired results. It will be found then, that when this country has something definite to work for, some difficulties to overcome, that the fruits of its labors will result in an enthusiastic, forward-looking nation, a nation that will want to do things, that will not be content to sit idly by and watch the accomplishments of other countries.

America is capable of inconceivable achievements. Her history is inspiring to every true American citizen. From the time of the Pilgrim Fathers until the present day there have been many problems to face, problems which threatened to destroy our democracy. They have been met squarely and have been adjusted. The difficulties that confronted the early settlers in their quest for freedom; the government in the Spanish and Civil Wars; even in the building of the Panama Canal, were met with a grim determination that such difficulties must be overcome and that success must be the result.

What fortitude and courage they possessed, these forefathers of ours! What examples to follow! Adversity came more frequently to them than prosperity. They had something to fight for, and the result is the America of today, a nation whose ideals and policies are respected by the world, and whose government is the most democratic on earth.

There were mistakes, and a great many mistakes. It was inevitable that there should be, but these mistakes only made success more coveted and better appreciated. But the farsighted men who held the destiny of this country in their hands, looked toward the future and not in the past; they unselfishly gave what they could for the benefit of this nation, irrespective of their own interests.

Let the America of the twentieth century be inspired with the ambition of these sturdy builders of our nation and their unswerving realization of duty, so that in after years the American people of today will be remembered among the preservers and upbuilders of this nation. Let us look into the future, not in the past, for what has been done cannot be recalled. Our duty is to safe-guard this nation for future generations and to make mankind a little better, a little more appreciative. Let us enjoy our prosperity in helping others to gain it, let us be faithful in the little things as well as the big so that we may have our reward in hearing, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

EDITH ROSE, '20.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD—Ballad.

I slowly left the silent place
 A city clothed in white;
 The dead in rest are sleeping there
 Beneath the grass so bright.

In peace they sleep their last long sleep,
 Their troubles now are o'er;
 No fear have they for future wants,
 No sorrows at their door.

In those dim homes are equal all;
 There's nothing now to gain.
 The poor no longer fear the rich,
 The rich no longer reign.

I seemed intruding there to be
 Among the hallowed dead,
 Where Past and Peace supremely reign,
 And strange a person's tread.

Though when oppressed by trials sore,
 With them you long to be;
 You have your life to live as they
 And God hath work for thee.

And when at last our summons comes,
 And our life's work is o'er,
 In joy we hope to meet in Heav'n
 The ones who went before.

PHYLLIS M. MAHONEY, '20.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The High School senior dances of Jan. 30, 1920 and May 11, 1920, proved to be successful both socially and financially. A large crowd of dancers attended and everyone enjoyed a most pleasant time.

All the students extend their sincerest thanks to the advertisers in the Oak, Lily and Ivy for their hearty cooperation in making our school paper such a success.

Miss Sadie O'Connell having resigned her position as rhetorical teacher here in the school, no class play was given this year.

The senior class wishes to express its sincere sympathy for Rose Werber on the death of her mother.

In January the seniors enjoyed a sleighride to Medway with Miss Ryan as chaperon. Luncheon and dancing were enjoyed at the Inn.

All the school regrets to hear of the resignation of our principal Mr. Fitzgerald who is to teach in the Worcester South High next year. We all wish Mr. Quirk, his successor all possible success in the pursuance of his new duties.

As the class of 1920 is now a part of the Alumni, it voted to give fifty dollars of the May dance proceeds toward the fund for the new piano, the Alumni gift which we all greatly appreciated in the short time we had to enjoy it.

In the Patrick Prize Essay contest, third prize was won by Ruth Fales, and fourth prize by Eleanor Metcalf. The Class of 1917 prize was won by Ruth Fales. In an Editorial contest, first prize, \$5.00 in gold, offered by Miss Florence Whittemore, was won by Ruth Fales; 2nd prize, \$2.50 in gold, offered by Mrs. V. N. Ryan, was won by Edith Rose.

ATHLETIC COLUMN.

The football season of 1919 does not shine very brightly as a financial success but nevertheless it has left some thrilling memories in our minds which can never grow dim.

Long will we remember the Saturday down at Norwood when Visconti was knocked cold and nobody noticed him lying stiff and bloody on the ground at the side of the field until all the rest of the wreckage had been cleared away. Then the crowd turned around and beheld the fallen hero, blood seeping from his mouth, nose and various bruises on his face, a broken tooth resting lightly, like seafoam, on his battered lips and his eyes rolling wildly in their sockets. He had to be taken to the hospital where the full extent of his wounds was ascertained. It took him over a day to recover but we are glad to state that he was able to appear punctually and unaided at school the following Monday, where he was received with acclaim by a large audience.

It was that same Saturday, we recall, that Captain Dalton did so nobly. A dozen times he charged down the gridiron, his yellow head flaming in the afternoon sunlight like a torch leading the rest of the pack on, the pigskin jammed tightly in the crook of his arm, as he tried—tried—*tried* to make that much needed touchdown. But they always reached him before the goal was attained and he always went down into the melee fighting.

Yes, they are glorious memories indeed, especially for we Seniors to carry out with us. There is really no reason why we should not have won every game of the season either, if it had not been that the teams matched against us were uniformly so much heavier. Our boys had the nerve, the pep and the spirit, fighters to the core, every one of them, but against superior weight, they were helpless. Perhaps next year when they have had a chance to grow a little more, they will have better luck. The following went out for the team: Visconti, J. Steeves, Gould, Dalton, Mackay, F. Steeves, Nelligan, Cheney, Grayson, Cenedella, Dunn, Calkin, Griffin, Shea, Brown, D'Arosier and our heavy-weight Lynch. The Scores:

October	9.	Natick	39—M. H. S.	0
October	11.	Marlboro	18—M. H. S.	0
October	15.	W. Trade	6—M. H. S.	0
October	18.	Needham	13—M. H. S.	0
October	22.	Wayland	2—M. H. S.	18
October	25.	Marlboro	6—M. H. S.	7

November	1.	Norwood	40—M. H. S.	0
November	8.	Westboro	0—M. H. S.	19
November	11.	Alumni	14—M. H. S.	0
November	15.	Dedham	14—M. H. S.	0
November	22.	Mansfield	0—M. H. S.	19
November	27.	W. Trade	7—M. H. S.	3

In our baseball season, we met with better luck. Of course, at times the fielding was not all that it should have been and the batting was negligible, which accounts for our otherwise unexplainable losses.

Westboro will never forget, or at least we hope she wont, the razzing we gave her when her team played ours on Town Park or the "Westboro 1-1-0" with which we squelched all their feeble cheers. One afternoon four of the more ardent fans rode to Worcester in a rather uncertain automobile, popularly known as Alexander, and saw Milford most gloriously defeated by Assumption College, 17-5.

Another day a goodly crowd journeyed to Marlboro to witness a game. We beat Natick, our ancient rival, on Town Park on a Saturday, which naturally filled our hearts with joy but that same joy turned to gall and wormwood the next Wednesday when we were soundly trounced by that team on their home diamond.

But the most interesting feud of the season has been between St. Mary's Academy and our own Alma Mater. We played our first game with that school on Patriot's Day. Several of the St. Mary's constituents seemed to entertain the idea that victory was going to perch on their banners but this was a conviction totally unfounded on fact, as the score of the game, 7-5 in favor of Milford High School, proved conclusively.

Time passed and we each went our different ways, playing different teams. Memorial Day dawned bright and clear and with it came the second game of the series. St. Mary's self-confidence had not suffered any marked abatement since our last encounter and we regret to say that this time the decision rested on her side of the fence. Of course, we *could* offer a multitude of reasons for this lamentable fact but we prefer to suffer in silence. It is so much more dignified.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL NINE.

We've had a fine ball nine this year
 Of which my classmates dream,
 And I sit down to tell the town
 About our High School team.

We had a coach who ploughed the seas
 For dear old Uncle Sam,
 But now with baseball knowledge deep
 Their heads he tries to cram.

Behind the bat is Captain Jack,
 Who runs the team so well,
 He often times says angry things
 Which I will never tell.

Joe Crepe sure likes the pitcher's box
 And so does Mackay, too,
 But when the hits too frequent are
 The fans make them feel blue.

We have a star who covers first ;
 And Raftery is his name ;
 Now if he holds or drops the ball,
 He'll watch the coach each time.

On second base is a Junior chap,
 The boys nicknamed him Sac ;
 And every time he comes to bat,
 He's sure to get a whack.

The short-stop is a new made star,
 His name is Mallinson ;
 The girls think he's too small to play ;
 They say he cannot run.

On third we have a star call'd Ted,
 The talk of Whistly Town,
 And with the players on a trip
 Can perform just like a clown.

In right field we have mighty Shea,
 A fielder and a half.
 And with his friend whom he calls Red
 Can give a hearty laugh.

In centre field is Billy Mack,
 Who is a coming star,
 And with his long and outstretched arms
 Spoils many a run from afar.

Out in left field is little Midge
 He has a drowsy eye,
 But in the field he's never missed
 A high or long hit fly.

The bench is full of worthy subs ;
 Their task is just to wait,
 Sometimes they get a chance to play
 When regulars are late.

The season's o'er and they must leave
 To join the halls of Fame,
 But never will the boys forget
 The spirit of the game.

WOLFRED JOSEPH PAQUET, '20.

SONNET TO THE NINE.

Visconti, Shea and Nelligan went out
 To try to win much glory for the team
 They tell us of their exploits by the ream
 They'll all be getting sweaters, there's no doubt.
 Dick Mackay is our pitcher, brave and stout,

His brother Bill a skilful boy would seem
 Earley, as catcher, is the kind we dream
 Our wildest dreams in darkest night about.
 Ted Steeves, his brother Jim and Mallinson
 Are players whom it would be hard to best ;
 As first baseman, George Raftery shines most bright ;
 While "Midge" and SanClemente, not outdone
 By any of these others, meet the test,
 And pass with colors flying in our sight.

E. METCALF.

HUMOR COLUMN.

Miss Ryan: "Paquet, what did you plan to write now that you have returned this afternoon?"

Paquet: "As little as possible!"

Miss Ford: "Shea, what does a retort look like?"

Shea: "A bath tub upside down."

Teacher in Geom.: "What is a polygon?"

Pupil: "A dead parrot."

Does money talk so loud that profit-ears hear nothing else?

Lynch to Paquet, on seeing him with a fishing pole and can of worms: "Going fishing?"

Paquet: "Oh, no, I'm going to drown these worms."

Mr. Quirk, in Latin scansion: "And now, Miss Mahoney, give me your feet!"

It's lilac-time now—some people do!

Miss Dignan in Hist. A.: "Frost, sit in the chair next to Mainini."

Frost: "My *what*?"

Miss Ryan to Hartwell, who is teaching English class: "Explain 'anachronism' to them, Hartwell."

Hartwell (not knowing); "Well, before I explain the word, I'll call on the class. Paquet, what do you think it means?"

Paquet: "I think the same as you do."

Frost: "Got any thumb tacks?"

Doane: "No, but I have got some finger-nails."

1st Senior: "You know Frost is going to be a landscape gardener. He is particularly adapted for that work."

2nd Senior: "Why so?"

1st Senior: "He's had a great deal of experience training myrtles."

Wouldn't it be funny—

If Jones once could say, "I have done my English?"

If Frost should become a woman-hating bach?

If Miss Dillon should be on time?

If Davoren ever lost an opportunity to argue the 5th period?

If Introini should do his Latin?

If Miss Fales shouldn't have her lesson prepared?

If Miss Cronan ever spent a whole day without whispering?

If FitzGerald should become a dancing-master instead of serving his Master?

"I couldn't help think of Dickens as I watched Frost at the dance."

"Howe come?"

"He was 'Oliver Twist.' "

"Fitter": "Hey Frost! get away from that radiator."

Frost: "Why, what's the matter?"

"Fitter": "You'll melt, Foolish."

Miss Dignan: "Fitzgerald, what is a cynic?"

Fitzgerald: "A cynic is a man who chooses a short girl to dance with in order to prevent her looking over his shoulder."

THE ARROW COLLAR MAN.

You are so sleek and dandyfied,
I wonder who you are;
You smile at me from every page,
From each electric car.

I wonder if you're name is Bob,
Or Jack, or Tom, or Bill;
Or if you have a fancy name
That makes our hearts stand still.

Your hair is parted on the side—
It makes you look quite old,
And then 'tis parted very straight—
The latest, we are told.

Sometimes you are in evening dress,
As movie actors are;
And then in business suit attired,
All ready for your car.

Your chin is strong and almost square;
An indentation though
Takes off this stern and thoughtful air
Which Nature has bestowed.

Your lips are firm and tightly pressed,
Determination, yours
To do the thing that you must do,
Without a waste of hours.

A "Malley-Devon" now you wear,
 An "Argonne" now and then,
 And with your many different ties
 You're envied by all men.

How little do you know the talk
 That circulates around
 About the "Arrow-Collar Man"
 Whose name cannot be found.

We see you many times a day,
 We see you in our dreams;
 We write about you in our verse,
 To no avail it seems.

So if you will be kind enough,
 Some day when you are free,
 I wish you'd come to life, and tell
 Your history all to me.

EDITH T. ROSE, '20.

PROHIBITION.

In days of old when times were wet,
 All cares and blues were gone.
 What mem'ries linger round me yet
 Of Old John Barleycorn!

I used to ramble to the inn
 Place foot upon the rail,
 And order up a glass of beer
 Or mug of sparkling ale.

I've wandered back along the road,
 My walk like this small poem;
 My feet were mixed, for my great thirst
 Had served to make me roam.

All this has since gone up in smoke:
 No more can we recall
 Those days when we would think a joke,
 If told that John would fall.

But off to Cuba we may sail,
 Or Canada, 'tis near;
 And there if we supply the gold,
 We'll quaff with hearty cheer.

So drink and drown your cares, my boys,
 We have it on them yet;
 Up here amid such countless joys
 The world is wet, yes, wet!

WM. FAIRBANKS, '20.

TO ALEXANDER.

'Tis vain in man to be too proud
 To praise his motor-car too loud.
 He ne'er can tell, when, in hesitation,
 That car will stop 'mid lamentation.

It may go smoothly for a while,
 You drive on calmly with a smile.
 You think the auto surely great
 As on you go to meet your fate.

But Alexander emits a grunt,
 A cough, a gasp come from out front.
 The gears won't shift, the brake won't work;
 The wheels cease suddenly with a jerk.

With ignorant eyes you inspect the ignition,
 It seems in a rather untidy condition.
 Next you look at the carburetor, but that is all right.
 One spark plug is missing, the screws are not tight.

You rave and roar and tear your hair
 But Alexander doesn't care.
 Then comes the mechanic who lifts the hood
 And sets to work in jovial mood.

He does a few things with skilful hands
 And five or ten dollars then demands.
 With despair in your heart you pay the bill.
 And hope the machine will at least go down hill.

Now here's the moral to my tale,
 Don't speed or you will land in jail.
 Don't trust your motor bus too far.
 As men are human, so are cars.

ELEANOR METCALF, '20.

CLASS ODE.

Air—"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

Now we stand at the portals of Life's open gate,
 Through which we so soon must depart,
 And anxiously now Life's great call we await,
 And pray for the best in our heart.
 The last four happy years have been joyful and gay,
 With no thought of grey care to alarm,
 And now we are sure as we enter the fray,
 That we every foe can disarm.



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Alma Mater so fair has prepared one and all,
 To face every fact unafraid,
 And as we go forward to answer the call,
 We know that we're all well arrayed.
 In her halls we have learned to be fearless and true,
 And to make every ideal high,
 So that now every game that we play is true blue,
 And we know that success will be nigh.

We all know loyal friendship will ne'er break apart,
 As the years roll along in our life,
 And we'll say with true fervor and faith in our heart,
 That we'll try to e'er conquer in strife.
 To our Alma Mater we now say adieu,
 To our teachers, the warmest of friends,
 And in this last farewell which we now bid to you
 We pledge to be true till life ends.

ELIZABETH MCRAE.

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 Catherine M. Dillon
 Marie C. Cenedella
 Warren E. Hill

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Class Flower—Tea Rose

Motto—Esse non Videri

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Leslie Bartlett Bragg
 Claire Therese Bourcier
 Dorothy Veronica Cahill
 Attilio Joseph Calabrese
 Hester Williamson Carter
 Marie Isadore Casey
 Maria Charlotte Cenedella
 Louise Anna Cronan
 John Larkin Davoren
 Adele Dibs

Alba DiGiannantonio
Catherine Margaret Dillon
Walter Bradford Doane
Annie May Edwards
William Warren Fairbanks
Ruth Anna Fales
Hortense Fister
George Larkin Fitzgerald
Willard Chalmers Frost
Richard Bolton Gilfoyle
J. Louis Gilroy
Ida Frances Gould
William Henry Hartwell
Mildred Irene Haven
Warren Eames Hill
Guido Ferdinand Introini
Christine Elizabeth Jackson
Elmer Jones
Carrol Louise Kynoch
Abe Arthur Kurlansky
Bennie Kurlansky
Sylvia Kurlansky
Harriet Lavenia Lundgren
Paul Edmund Lynch
Pauline Helen Mahan
Phyllis May Mahoney
Vetrana Florence Mazzarelli
Katherine Frances Magurn
Agnes Elizabeth McKenna
Elizabeth McRae
Frank Edward Mellen, Jr.
Eleanor Wilkinson Metcalf
Herbert Carlton Moore
Marion Rita Morey
Thomas Edward Nelligan
Wolfred Joseph Paquet
Anna Marie Provost
Edith Thelma Rose
Mary Santosuosso
William Albert Shea
Mildred Georgene Thatcher
Francis Haskell Thomas
Joseph Anthony Visconti
Rose Rita Vitalini
Henry Isidor Volk
Evelyn Viola Watson
Rose Ella Werber

PROGRAM.

March—Victory	M. H. S. Orchestra	Von Blon
Entrance of Senior Class escorted by Junior Class		
Overture—Orpheus	M. H. S. Orchestra	Rossini
Legend of the Bells	M. H. S. Glee Club (Solo by Anna Provost)	Planquette
Salutatory—Reconstruction: European Phases	Mary Santosuosso	
A Secret	Anna Provost	Sobeski
Class History	John Davoren	
(a) Forsaken		Winternitz
(b) Ballet Music (Rosamond)	Henry Volk	Schubert-Kreisler
Six O'Clock in the Bay	Selected Chorus	Veazie
Class Prophecy	Willard C. Frost	
Until	Catherine Dillon	Sanderson
Presentation of Class Gift	Thomas E. Nelligan, President Class 1920	
Acceptance of Class Gift	Paul F. SanClemente, President Class 1921	
Awake, Ye Bards	M. H. S. Glee Club	Smieton
Valedictory—Reconstruction: American Phases	Ruth Fales	
Class Ode		
Presentation of Diplomas	George E. Stacy, Chairman of School Committee	
March—The Banner	M. H. S. Orchestra	Carson

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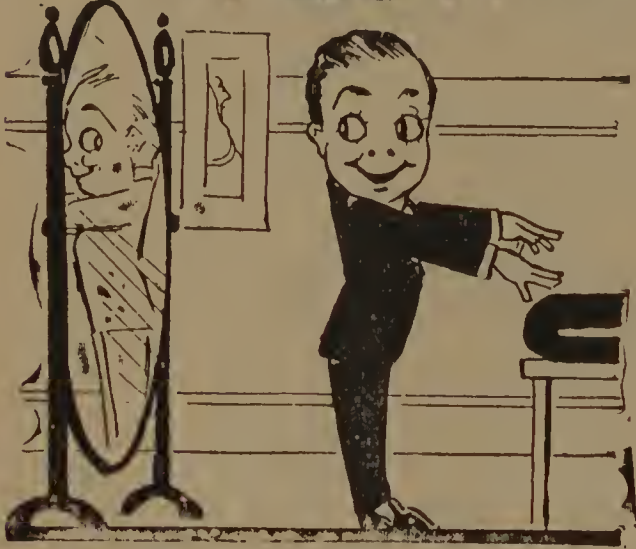
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EDITORIAL.

The Value of Education.

Upon the education of its youth depends the fate of a nation. Its citizens may possess the best of physical strength and abilities but unless its people are intellectually developed also, that nation cannot endure. The first and greatest end of education is the discipline of the mind, and where knowledge once sheds its light, confusion and despair no longer preside.

The vast majority of the people of to-day realize the value of education. Every day its importance is emphasized more clearly, and the time is not far distant when the man without an education, however little it may be, will find himself as the man without a country, his friendship or acquaintance sought by few.

There is no station of life in which an education is a burden or disadvantage. No matter how humble or lowly his position, the educated man is capable of filling it better than the ignorant one. There will be some step or manner of procedure which he will more clearly understand.

If we do not plant the seeds of knowledge when we are young, it will reap us no benefits when we are old. Time spent in studying or perfecting one's knowledge along any particular line is the most valuable way in which one could employ it. How sad it is to think of the countless young men and women who do not apply themselves seriously during the years which they must devote to school life, but shirk and neglect their duties whenever possible. Without realizing it, they are inflicting upon themselves the gravest of injustices.

It is difficult to make the statement that any one subject is more important than another. While there may be some studies which require deeper thought than others, each branch of learning has its bearing upon the others. In order to judge properly of current affairs, a knowledge of the past must be obtained through the study of history—hence we can readily see the necessity of that study.

But if there be any one subject which has an ever present influence over all others, it is the study of English. A student embracing a business career could have no more valuable asset than a thorough understanding and mastery of that subject. In all his commercial duties he will be required to display his knowledge or his lack of knowledge of its fundamentals.

Through the appreciation and knowledge of English may be derived the general culture and pleasure of life. What sadder plight is there than to be compelled to remain silent because of inability to express properly one's thoughts.

*"Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought."*

Statistics prove that those remaining in school longest have the best chances of securing employment. This in itself should serve as an incentive to those now in school to pursue their studies and complete their courses. Undergraduates, to you especially is this appeal made. Persevere in your lessons and even if at times the outlook is not rosy, continue to labor until you reach the long desired goal. Until that time comes when your education must be completed, you will not realize how fortunate you have been in securing one. *Carpe diem*. For of all this earth's possessions an education is the most priceless one.

RITA M. DAIGLE, '21.

SALUTATORY. POETRY OF THE WAR.

As a member of the class of 1921 I wish to extend to you all a cordial welcome. It is a great pleasure for us to have you with us to-night and to show our parents and our teachers that their efforts in our behalf have not been in vain. I feel that it is just as much of a pleasure to them to know that we have successfully completed our High School work through their ever-willing aid and guidance. We are about to take up the duties of life, of which we know little but from which we do not shirk. Through the efforts of parents, friends, and teachers we have been able to gain a training which puts assurance into our hearts that we shall gain success in life. However, school-days will be a lasting memory in the minds of every one of us, and not without the greatest pleasure shall we look back upon them. In approaching the serious moments of our lives, we naturally think of the serious happenings in the lives of others.

The Poetry of the War.

Though the great war has passed and now men's thoughts are turned to more peaceful pursuits in life, one cannot but think when in a serious mood of the boys who died to give us the happiness which we have today. We cannot know of the agonies and indescribable tortures which they were made to endure or of the glory and thrill of patriotism with which they fought the foe. It is only through the poetry written in the supreme moments of their lives and when their emotions and passions were highest that we learn of their true thoughts and feelings.

The war poetry reveals the souls of those brave lads and shows us that they were instilled with patriotism and faith in God, and that their hungry minds crying out for the beauty and blessedness of peace sought and found solace in their poetry. It brings us to understand them and fills us with a greater sense of patriotism and duty to God than ever could have come to us if they had not met their trials as they did.

In reading over the various verses written by many different soldier-authors of the two great English-speaking nations, one is reminded of Wordsworth's famous definition of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Many of the soldiers wrote their poems while in the heat of passion and when the message to be delivered was far more important to them than the style or form in which it was written. In many instances there is not that tranquillity which is to be found in

our masterpieces or works of art, for the writers of much of the war poetry did not allow their passions to cool before noting their thoughts in verse.

In "Songs from the Trenches," a collection of verses written in France by the American Soldiers, one observes that the subjects with which these writers dealt are many and wide in scope, for all minds did not turn to deep or profound thoughts and dwell with lofty subjects among the clouds of inspired imagination. A great many of these writers kept to surface thoughts, dealing with the disagreeable or humorous experiences in camp and trench life, though many more sang of the sunset, the beauty of patriotism, or the courage of France and her great loss.

One soldier voices the emotion of his comrades in "Farewell, America!" as they watch their native land fade from sight, while "the mist that rises is not rain." Some feel themselves to be tiny units in a gigantic whole and yet units giving to the utmost of their service, as evidenced in one private's lines. "Only a Number." Many, doubtless with little ones in America, sing to the unfortunate child victims of the war, as does the writer of the following lines which close his poem inspired by the sight of a tombstone raised in honor of two small children who had died long before the war:

"Rest you, Pierre and Jucundine,
On your little grave, serene;
Rest you till the Judgment blast
Brings the Hun to book at last—

Calls the Hun to answer for
Wrongs to children done in war!
Wrongs you've neither known nor seen,
Happy Pierre and Juncundine!"

Passing to those of more humorous trend, one finds that the army fare forms the basis for many verses, as does "the personification of Fate, the redoubtable Censor man."

By far the greater number of poems, however, express a depth of patriotism which could have been born of experience alone. The majority of the writers rejoice that the glory of a death on the battlefield should be theirs. This feeling is reflected in the poem, "Facing the Shadows" by Private Grundish, winner of the first prize offered in the New York Herald's Literary Competition in which were a thousand entries.

"Better in one ecstatic epic day
To strike a blow for Glory and Truth
With ardent, singing heart to toss away
In Freedom's holy cause my eager youth,
Than bear as years pass one by one,
The knowledge of a sacred task undone."

Before passing on to the poetry of Alan Seeger and Robert Service, let us pause to listen to the voices of some of those writers who more nearly reach the goal of perfection and whose poems are more apt to succeed as works of art. We hear Kipling in his poem "The Choice" in which he imagines the spirit of America making her "eternal choice between good and evil":

"In the Gates of Death rejoice!
We see and hold the good—
Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice
For Freedom's brotherhood."

Again we hear him urging England, and indirectly her allies, to make "iron sacrifice of body, will, and soul" that the world may conquer the foes which, as Drinkwater says in his poem "We Willed It Not," have thrown to God the "tumult of their blasphemies."

I regret that there is little opportunity to speak of the poetry of Lawrence Binyon whose praise of Edith Cavell and her "soul so crystal clear" rises into the realms of true poetry, as well as his lines "To the Fallen" who are as the stars "that shall be bright when we are dust."

Especially interesting to Americans is Alan Seeger, since he was the first American soldier-poet to lose his life in France. Three weeks after the beginning of the war he joined the Foreign Legion. It is interesting to read that because of his aloofness and reserve he was highly unpopular with his comrades, who voted that he be requested to transfer himself to another division, which, however, he refused to do. In this he is in direct contrast with the well loved Kilmer, whose works will be taken up by a later speaker.

His literary efforts during the war are centered in a few short poems for there was little leisure time in army life to devote to writing, and though these may not equal, from the standpoint of workmanship, those he published before the war, there is no doubt but what they will be dearer to the hearts of men and just as widely read. The first poem written while he was in France was a vivid description of the battle of the Aisne 1914-15 in which we find the thought inspired within him by the war:

"There we drained deeper the deep cup of life,
And on sublimer summits came to learn,
After soft things, the terrible and stern,
After sweet Love, the majesty of Strife."

His last but best loved and hence best known poem is entitled "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." This poem seems to be a premonition of his death which occurred a short while later and took from the world a man whose possibilities were very great and whose death caused a loss to the literary world which cannot be estimated. As we all know, he kept his "Rendezvous."

"God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,

* * * * *

But I've a rendezvous with death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

As Seeger's work is finished, likewise is ended the labor of the Canadian Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae. His poem "In Flanders Fields" is perhaps the most widely read and admired of the war verses. In this poem he hears the message of the dead whose voices urge the living to carry on:

"We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
 To you, from failing hands, we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high!
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders Fields."

One of the most promising of young English poets was Rupert Brooke, who met his death bravely while with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force less than a year after his entrance into the war as a volunteer. In his poem "The Dead" he voices the debt owed to those who, pouring out "the red sweet wine of youth," made their country "rarer gifts than gold."

"Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
 Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
 And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
 And we have come into our heritage."

Another poet whose works are especially moving is Robert W. Service, who speaking as a Red Cross man was able to see and understand the struggles of the soldier of to-day and to interpret them. His admiration for the men who died willingly in the cause of glory and his tender sympathy for the soldiers maimed and shattered in the great war are realized after reading the group of his poems entitled the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."

In his poem "Wounded" he reveals to us the effect of war upon a man's soul.

"Ay, War, they say, is hell; it's heaven too,
 It lets a man discover what he's worth.
 It takes his measure, shows what he can do,
 Gives him a joy like nothing else on earth.
 It fires in him a flame that otherwise
 Would flicker out, these drab, discordant days.
 It teaches him in pain and sacrifice,

Faith, fortitude, grim courage past all praise."

Robert Service's last lines in his own collection of poems will make an altogether fitting conclusion to this brief review of the poetry of the war and contains the explanation of the high courage which can be found under the surface of all true poetry. From "L'Envoi":

"Oh spacious days of glory and of grieving!
 Oh sounding hours of lustre and of loss!
 Let us be glad we lived you, still believing
 The God who gave the cannon gave the Cross.
 Let us be sure amid these seething passions,
 The lusts of blood and hate our souls abhor:
 The Power that Order out of Chaos fashions
 Smites fiercest in the wrath-red forge of War.
 Have faith! Fight on! Amid the battle-hell
 Love triumphs, Freedom beacons, all is well."

CLASS HISTORY.

The history of the Class of 1921, bounded by the four walls of the Milford High School, is indeed insignificant in comparison with the chronicle of world events which have occurred during the same period. Yet to the forty members of that Class it is of great importance, for their active participation in High School life will after to-night exist only in that history. Our history is of interest, also, to the people of the town of Milford for they know that a High school education makes better and more useful citizens of those who receive its benefits, that for four years we have been receiving the best education that this town affords, and that many of us will soon take up our future work in this town and help to carry on its affairs.

While in the Milford High School, the Class of 1921 has been under the supervision of two principals, Mr. Christopher A. FitzGerald and Mr. Thomas J. Quirk, our present principal. Mr. FitzGerald's stay with us was an interrupted one of two years, he having nobly answered the call for patriotic service when the war first broke out. Mr. FitzGerald resigned last year from his position as principal of the school and, while sincerely regretting his departure, we were more than pleased to learn that Mr. Quirk, who had guided us through the greater part of our Freshman year, was to lead us through our last year to graduation. It was, therefore, no stranger whom we welcomed as principal on the departure of Mr. FitzGerald, but one with whose methods we were thoroughly acquainted and one who had won our endearment and respect through our former association with him.

To Mr. Quirk the Class of 1921 owes a debt of which it will be ever mindful, for it was largely through his untiring zeal and generous co-operation that we were able to make our Senior year activities what they were. He instilled in us the desire to accomplish things really big and worthwhile and he served as an inspiration to us by the success he had made after leaving the Milford High School, he being the only alumnus of the school to return as its principal.

During the first three years of High School life the class of 1921, as is the case with every other class, remained in the social background of school life, not being called upon to distinguish itself as a unit. Although these years brought no distinction to our class, we realize now that they were among the most important ones of our lives, for during that period we were being prepared for the activities of our Senior year and were laying the foundations of our future lives.

In our Senior year, however, we assumed the initiative in the social life of the school and we believe that we have upheld the social prestige that this school has always maintained.

We organized a dramatic club to promote the production of plays, which was known as the "Milford High School Dramatic Society." This society, composed of all the members of our class, staged three plays, one of them in the Milford Opera House, all of which were successful from every standpoint and which reflected credit on our class and on the school. To Miss Ruby Sutherland, teacher of Oratory in the High School, belongs a great part of the praise which these plays drew forth and we hope that many dramatic societies in the future will have the benefit of her instruction.

These plays together with our dances and other activities enabled the School to outfit our football team as it had never been equipped before in the past ten or fifteen years and made possible our contribution of \$150 toward a bronze honor roll commemorating the students of this school who served in the war.

All our social successes are of minor importance, however, in comparison with the practical education we have received at the Milford High School. The

success of this education has been and will continue to be in the hands of the teachers, and this class deems itself fortunate in having the competent instructors from whose training it has benefited. If this country is to maintain the high grade of excellence in its teachers, however, more adequate salaries must be paid to them for the teachers of our public schools have always been the most underpaid workers in the world, although required to be the most highly educated.

Many teachers are leaving the ranks to accept positions where they will be adequately compensated for their services, and the Class of 1921 wishes to extend its appreciation to the School Committee of the town of Milford for its efforts to secure an appropriation from the town to meet the demands of the teachers for an increase in their salaries.

We sincerely trust that whenever a question arises of the expenditure of a few dollars for an increase in the salaries of our school teachers the people of this town will not hesitate to submit to the payment of a few per cent. on their tax rate in order that the high standard of education which we enjoy at the present time will not be lowered, and so that in the future every graduation class will be able to realize, as we do, that their course in the Milford High School has successfully prepared them to meet the problems of the future.

FRANCIS H. HANNIGAN, '21.

AFTER MANY YEARS—THE CLASS OF 1921.

One bright morning in September, 1941, I stepped from the door of Sing Sing Prison into the outer world, a free man once more. The warden came to the door with me and gave me a hearty handshake and his best wishes for my future, together with the small sum of money I had with me when I first donned prison stripes, twenty years previous.

Perhaps you are wondering how I came to the misfortune of being sent to this institution against my own will. I will tell you. I was graduated from High School at about the same time the radical change in the personnel of the Milford Town Government took place. As you will probably remember, many new and stringent measures were put into effect at this time, and among them was a new set of traffic laws. In my High School days I was accustomed to ride a bicycle to some extent (a very unfortunate practice as it proved to be), and was sometimes apt to be forgetful of our Town Fathers' parking regulations. On one particular occasion I left the vehicle standing in a doorway, the rear wheel projecting about four inches from the building onto the sidewalk. One of our worthy officers while promenading down Main street, walking close to the building as was his custom, with his eyes alert for trouble, brushed against the wheel and was violently thrown on the sidewalk. After picking himself up, he quickly regained his senses and placed a tag on the wheel, requesting the owner to call on the Chief of Police.

To make a long story short, my trial came up soon after and as a result of other officers testifying against me, it was decided that I was to be made an example of, and the past twenty years of my life were spent as I have stated.

Upon my release, my first thought was for my classmates at Milford High. I planned to go directly back to Milford but while in New York I saw a game advertised between the Red Sox and the Yankees and decided to stay and take it in, it was so long since I had seen one. Among the many changes noticeable was the fact that lady umpires were as numerous as men. Just as I found my seat, the umpire behind the catcher began to call the batteries. Something about the manner of that umpire was familiar to me and I asked the man sitting next to me who

she was. With some surprise he said, "I guess you don't attend the games here very often or you'd know 'Al' Barbadoro, the greatest lady umpire in the game." Then I remembered how the announcement of the batteries always gave Alma a thrill even at the old High School games on Town Park.

After the game as I was pushing through the crowd I heard someone at my elbow say, "Alma has just as much pep as when she led the cheers in High School back in Milford."

I turned in astonishment. I knew that voice—Leo Dickson as sure as I was alive. He knew me in an instant and told me that he was acting as orchestra leader in a theatre which I later found to be one of the largest in the city. He said he was a confirmed old bachelor and insisted that I come out to his apartments and spend the evening. Leo informed me that Mildred Bowen, whose clear soprano voice had so well filled the Assembly Hall, was now a noted prima donna and scheduled to sing in the city that evening, but it was impossible for me to attend the concert as I was to leave New York on the 9.30 train.

The old town looked as imposing as ever when I stepped from the train the following afternoon and the coal-sheds on every side seemed to extend a cordial greeting to me after my long absence.

After a good night's rest I started out to "do" the town. I went directly to the High School, thinking that was the best place to start my research work. As I entered the principal's office I saw a rather short, thick-set man with very light hair, sitting at the desk in the act of laying down the law to some unfortunate freshman in his English class, who failed to dot his i's.

I asked him if he knew anything of the 1921 class. He said, "Why, I used to belong to that class myself." I stared at him and said, "The only tow-headed boy in our class was Duane Clarridge." It didn't take him long to recall my identity and he told me that our class was well represented on the faculty with Ruth Tyndall as chemistry and algebra instructor, Marion Greeley as a Latin teacher and Florence Tellier in charge of the stenographic department, her predecessor having retired on a pension a few years previous. It might be well to add that the school had grown so that the principal required a private secretary and Cecilia Wallace did the honors in his office, her own quiet way being a valuable asset in this vocation.

My classmates were summoned to the office and we had a very pleasant reunion. I was told that Anna Mazzarelli's ability with the brush and pencil had won her a position as drawing supervisor in the local schools. George Brown, whose work on the college gridiron had brought him much fame, had been secured to coach the local eleven during a leave of absence from his work with a sporting goods firm with which he had been employed since leaving college.

Duane then told me that he had something to show me in which I should surely be interested. He handed me a United States History and asked me to look it over. When I opened the book, these words greeted me: "A Revised History of the United States by Francis Henry Hannigan, Ph.D., Harvard University." By this time I was so used to these amazing discoveries that this one did not shock me, and anyway Francis always had his own ideas about history. Principal Clarridge then showed me the latest issue of "The Oak, Lily, and Ivy," and said that they now solicited each graduate who was in business and were very successful in securing advertisements from them. Glancing through the copy I found many things of interest.

The first advertisement that caught my eye was: "Best wishes of McDermott & Burke's Cloak and Suit Store, the largest within a radius of ten miles." I remarked to Duane as I read this ad, "I'll bet Rita doesn't look forward to the coming of a bill now as she used to Sunday nights while in High School." Miss Wal-

lace informed me that Madeline acted as a model at the store, thus causing the business to increase by leaps and bounds. In fact Filene has more than once invited these business women to take charge of his Boston store while he is in Europe each year, but they both confess that they are led to stay in their home town both from a natural love for their birthplace and a pleasure in the association with two leading business men of the town. On another page was written "Compliments of the Misses Casey—Seminary for Girls and Young Women—We guarantee to turn out perfect ladies in every sense of the word." Below this I read: "Stenographers! increase your earning power 100 per cent. Learn the Dalrymple adaptation of the Gregg system to the French language. Misses Ethel and Doris Dalrymple, originators." I knew that Doris' feeling for the French people would be apt to direct her actions. On another page were the compliments of Angelina Morcone, Attorney at Law. Judging from the way Angie's loquaciousness had so often disturbed the peace and quiet of Room 10 the fourth period, I should say that she had chosen her profession wisely.

Duane then handed me a copy of the "Congressional Record," sent to him by Senator Fahey, which contained one of his hot speeches against the abolition of the protective tariff. Henry always was ready to talk on this subject or any other subject for that matter. The "Record" also contained an account of O'Connell, our shining light of the sixth period law class, who had recently been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, also telling about his first important decision wherein he held that it was not a felony to come into Stenography A class without one's homework done.

With that I told Duane that I had taken up about enough of his time and so bade him good-bye, wishing him continued success.

As I was walking down School street, I noticed a sign over the Lincoln Square Garage which read: "Mackay & Steeves, Proprietors." I wondered if it meant "Dick" and "Tunney" and decided to find out. It did, sure enough. They had built up a large selling and repairing business.

In one corner of the building I noticed a powerful looking racer and they told me that it was the one in which Helen Sherman, with Matt Murphy as her mechanic, maintained a speed of two hundred miles an hour for three consecutive hours, breaking the world's record. "Tunney" told me that while at the Massachusetts General Hospital for treatment for the after effects of an injury received in the Dedham football game, he found that our quiet and sympathetic Gladys Spencer was head nurse, while Elvera Bregani as dietitian supervising the serving of many carefully prepared dishes which assisted materially in the recovery of so many patients. During his stay at the hospital he found that Harold Cenedella, whose fame as a surgeon was widespread, visited the hospital regularly and that instead of using ether he talked his patients into unconsciousness.

They told me that they were planning to go to Tremont Temple the following evening to hear Paul SanClemente, the noted Evangelist, speak and they showed me a speech clipped from a newspaper wherein he denounced the lax morals of modern young people and declared that something must be done to stop young and attractive widows from invading social centers and ruining the lives of our young men.

I learned that many an exciting meeting had been held in the selectmen's rooms since Rhoda Behrens and Lil Ranahan got on the board and I did not have to stretch my imagination very far to picture one of their heated conferences, for these two certainly could never be reproached for taciturnity.

The next bit of interesting information was that Isabel McGrath and our blushing Mary Carr had bought out the rights to a local daily and had printed some great editorials among which were: "The Evils of Smoking," "The Horrors

of Profanity," and "Should Girls Have Their Eyebrows Plucked?" They always took great pleasure in reprinting from the New York papers complimentary references to the work of the great Shakespearian actress, Mme. Rosenfeld, whose portrayal of the role of Lady Macbeth had caused her to be hailed by the critics as the "American Bernhardt."

I found out upon inquiry that Marion Huff had settled down in Hopedale soon after graduating and that she was now the mistress of a very happy home in which peace and harmony hold sway at all times. From this same source I learned that Grace Warren was now engaged as a designer of Women's Gowns in a Fifth Avenue fashion shop, making several trips to Paris each year in the interest of her work. Her ability along this line was often demonstrated while she was at school.

I was shown a book entitled "Memoirs of a President's Secretary" written by our clever Rita Daigle, whose reliability and trustworthiness had enabled her to hold a position as secretary to the last three presidents.

Margaret Costello had contributed to the shelves of literary critics with her "Happy, Helpful Hints for Hypochondriacs." Margaret always was one to brighten up the spirits of those in trouble.

Around noon time I bade good-bye to the two mechanics, having kept them from their work long enough.

On my way home I met a lady coming up the street, surrounded by a drove of children and as I drew nearer I found it was Evelyn Beckett, whose love for children had caused her to secure a position as teacher in a primary school where she enjoys her work hugely. She also told me that Dick Mackay had secured the contract to transport the teachers to and from the Plains School, but for some reason had failed to come down today.

With this discovery I left Miss Beckett and went home to marvel at the happenings of the last two decades.

DAVIS J. CARROLL, '21.

VALEDICTORY—JOYCE KILMER.

There was perhaps among the American casualties during the World War no death more pathetic than that of Alfred Joyce Kilmer, the hero poet for whom the future held so brilliant prospects in store. To the lover of poetry the mere mention of that name arouses a mingled feeling of pride and sorrow: pride in the noble achievements and memorable works of the soldier-poet; sorrow in the loss upon our country's altar of a gallant gentleman, of a poet who never penned a line that can arise to bring confusion to those who loved him.

After his graduation from Columbia University in 1908, Kilmer began to contribute to magazines and newspapers the verses which he soon gathered into a first volume "A Summer of Love." As literary editor of "The Churchman," he wrote what some would term editorials but which he called meditations. But it was in August, 1913 that "Trees" appearing in "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse" helped especially to render his audience a national one,—even more than that, for this and other poems have been translated into the Spanish and published in many prominent South American papers. Beholding a tree, he became impressed with its wondrous beauty and no one who has read this poem can ever again look at a tree without pondering over the works of the Creator, without recalling to mind the exalted thought contained in its lines:—

“Trees”

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast ;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair ;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain ;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

As imaginative as the lines of “Trees” but appealing in an entirely different manner is the poem “The White Ships and the Red.” When the *Lusitania* was sunk, he was stirred to the depths and was dismayed and angered at the fell deed that caused the deaths of so many innocent women and children. He pictures the ghosts of sunken ships of many ages lying at the bottom of the ocean, from the gold-trimmed Spanish galleon to the grim *Titanic* as she lies “among her pallid sisters.” Suddenly the ruined vessels tremble for down through the “pale green waves”

“A mighty vessel came,
Not white, as all dead ships must be,
But red, like living flame !”

In answer to the questions of the *Titanic*, who speaks for her startled sisters, the “scarlet visitor” exclaims :

‘My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away that stain ;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.’

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver,
But one—shall be like blood.”

Verses such as these are the poetry by which the people of future years will remember Joyce Kilmer. In themselves they stand immortal but his heroic death gives them an added touch of beauty and splendor.

All his works are pervaded with a tender, sincere charm, revealing a man whom one would have loved to know; a man now humorous, now devotional, giving a tender sympathy to all from "Dave Lilly," the drunkard and ne'er-do-well to the deserted house, "The House with Nobody in It." What a personality must a man possess who on passing a deserted house pauses to pity the house that has ceased to be a home. His touching little poem concludes with these lines:

"So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track
I never go by the empty house without stopping and
 looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and
 the shutters fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a
 house with a broken heart."

Much of his poetry has a strong religious vein running through it, due to his sublime belief that "faith should illumine everything, grave or gay." The following lines taken from a poem written in the trenches reveal this characteristic:

"Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen."

He was a man of the people, loved by all who knew him, writing of the common things, and everyday experiences of common men in a style which is easily understood by young and old alike.

His choice of subjects in his poetry and prose is suggestive of his broad human sympathy and his enjoyment of the commonplace. His essays abound with his sweet sympathy for humanity. Not only did he write critically upon various modern writers, expressing by the way a dislike for the modern "vices of extreme realism and hysteria," but we find him discoursing with inimitable humor on the subway express which he calls "The Great Nickel Adventure," on the alarm clock dubbed by him as the "urban chanticleer," and on the country signboards to the defence of which he humorously comes.

In "The Catholic Poets of Belgium" his demonstration of the necessity of a poet's belief in the subjects which he treats can readily be perceived. "Personally, I have never been able to enjoy the recital, however skillful, of a sacred story by a poet who did not believe in it" is ample proof that the pure devotional note in his works is but the reflection of his own soul.

Another admirable feature in his prose works is his appreciation of childhood. "Now," says Kilmer, when a really great poet has before him such a theme as childhood, he does not spend his time making far-fetched compositions with moss-rose buds, or hunting for words that rhyme with 'babe.' Childhood suggests Him Who made childhood sacred. . . . A poet may write pleasingly about mountains, and cyclones and battles, and the love of woman, but if he is at all timid about the verdict of posterity he should avoid the theme of childhood as he would avoid the plague. For only great poets can write about childhood poems worthy to be printed."

In "The Proud Poet" he manifests his appreciation of the truth that the writing of poetry is both manly and difficult.

"When you say of the making of ballads and songs
that it is woman's work
You forget all the fighting poets that have been
in every land.
There was Byron, who left all his lady-loves to fight
against the Turk,
And David, the Singing King of the Jews, who
was born with a sword in his hand.
It was yesterday that Rupert Brooke went out to
the Wars and died,
And Sir Philip Sidney's lyric voice was as sweet
as his arm was strong;
And Sir Walter Raleigh met the axe as a lover
meets his bride,
Because he carried in his soul the courage of his
song."

And he adds:

"It is stern work, it is perilous work, to thrust your
hand in the sun
And pull out a spark of immortal flame to warm
the hearts of men."

In the fall of 1913, Joyce Kilmer embraced the Catholic religion. His conversion was entirely voluntary and came as "the permanent conviction of a man who prayed daily for months for the Faith before that grace was given to him." His faith in God was remarkable and during those trying days in France he was strengthened and consoled by it. That his conversion to the Catholic Faith, which he considered "more important, more beautiful, more necessary than anything else in life," was of the utmost consequence in its effect upon his talents is evident from one of his own statements to a friend in quest of material for a book: "If what I nowadays write is considered poetry, then I became a poet in November, 1913." He was in his religion as wholesome and human as in everything else and the religious humility which he manifested might well be emulated by many less talented:

"The King of Kings awaits me, wherever I may go,
O who am I that He should deign to love and serve me so?"

As his ancestors fought in the American Revolution and in the French and Indian wars, he had within his veins the proverbial "fighting blood" which is typical of his race. As long as the cause was a worthy one, he believed in fighting. Consequently, when in 1917 came the call to arms, he was among the first to volunteer his services. He did not for a moment question wherein lay his duty. His country had called and like the hero that he was, he obeyed immediately, thinking little of any dangers to which he might be subjected, guided by a firm and ardent faith.

Kilmer joined the Officers' Reserve Training corps but soon resigned to enlist in the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, New York, being mustered into the Federal Service on July 15, 1917. Shortly before the Seventh left New York for the South he was, at his own request, transferred to the 165th Infantry, formerly

the "Fighting 69th." His motive in doing this was his belief that this regiment would be the first to go to the battlefield.

In a letter from the trenches occurs the following paragraph:

"I have written very little—two prose sketches and two poems—since I left the States but I have a rich store of memories. Not that what I write matters—I have discovered, since some unforgettable experiences, that writing is not the tremendously important thing I once considered it. You will find me less a book-man when you next see me, and more, I hope, a man."

His interest in writing had subsided, except "in so far as writing was the expression of something beautiful," and he witnessed "daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words" and found it more to his liking. His first poetical attempt on the battlefield was "Rouge Bouquet," that noble tribute to his fallen comrades which contains the essence of that Celtic courage that goes to death with smiling eyes and a song upon the lips. The dangers and hardships shared together developed a "friendship clean of jealousy and gossip and envy and suspicion." There was no man in the regiment to whom Kilmer was not a friend and his deep affection for his fellow-comrades is beautifully expressed:

"There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.

* * * *

And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of buglenotes
That softly say:
'Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true. born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!' "

No character ever was found with more sterling qualities than that of Joyce Kilmer. Upright and virtuous in all his undertakings, he was never in any way inclined to depreciate the work of his contemporaries. Uncomplaining and tolerant, he endured hardship and sacrifice with never a murmur, accepting pain both spiritual and physical as something beneficial to the soul. He had a wonderful affection and marvelous devotion for his wife, his children and his mother, whom he styled "the gentlest of critics." His constant prayers that his son Kenton might have the grace of a vocation to the priesthood and his deep sorrow at the loss of his little paralysed daughter of whom he said, "She makes Heaven dearer to us," are moving indications of his parental affection.

Love for France, its villages and its mountains, admiration, pity and love for its people, fortified by valor and devotion, encouraged him in risking his life to bring back peace to those invaded people. So the front was his goal. Always do-

ing more than his orders called for, night after night lying out in No Man's Land, crawling through barbed wires in an effort to locate the enemy, invariably bringing back valuable information, Sergeant Kilmer won the admiration of all his comrades.

"There was something of what the Scots call 'fey' about him as a soldier," is the testimony of Father Duffy, the chaplain of the 165th Infantry. "He was absolutely the coolest and most indifferent man in the face of danger I have ever seen. It was not for lack of love of life, for he enjoyed his life as a soldier—his only cross was distance from home. It was partly from his inborn courage and devotion he would not stint his sacrifice—partly his deep and real belief that what God wills is best. Joyce was one of those soldiers who had a romantic love of death in battle, and it could not have missed him in time." Sergeant Kilmer, in the prime of his youth, was killed in action near the Ourcq, in July, 1918. He was serving as an aid to the battalion commander and was sent in the lead of a patrol to establish the location of some machine guns. A few hours later as the battalion advanced into the woods, his comrades found him lying in a lifelike attitude, as if still scouting, with his eyes bent over a little ridge. They ran to him and found him with a bullet through his brain. He was buried where he fell with a white wooden cross marking the grave, but his body has since been removed and placed in a small cemetery in the Province of Aisne. It is beautifully located, on a little elevation close to the road, about ninety miles from Paris.

The news of his death saddened the entire regiment and his funeral services were most impressive so sincere was the grief of his comrades of whom he had written home: "Say a prayer for them all, they're brave men and good." Joyce Kilmer died as he lived, in action; but his death removed from the lists of fighting men a gallant soldier, from the ranks of American poets, a genius of great nobility of character and definite spiritual ideals, and from the mass of humanity, a man to whom kindness was a creed and fidelity as the very breath of his soul. No word better describes this young hero than "American," for he was a true American in every sense of the word. His memory has become a golden legend and in the hearts of men it will live forever. And yet he himself would have wished no excessive grief at his glorious death. His own words in his poem "In Memory of Rupert Brooke" might well instruct us how to regard his passing.

"In alien earth, across a troubled sea
 His body lies that was so fair and young.
 His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
 His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
 But let no cloud of lamentation be
 Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
 We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
 We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
 Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
 To-day the starry roof of Heaven rings
 With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
 And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
 Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword."

* * * * *

Fellow-classmates: To-night perhaps for the last time, we stand together as the Class of 1921. For four happy years we have labored and studied at Milford

High School. To-night, however, that pleasant companionship must be severed, each of us to start his journey on the highway of life. As we go forth, it is but fitting that we should acknowledge our deep appreciation and gratitude to our teachers, parents, and friends, who during the past four years have always been ready and willing to assist us in all our undertakings. To our teachers especially let us extend our sincere thanks for their untiring efforts in our behalf.

Class-mates of 1921: We know not what the future holds in store for us. We now stand on the threshold of life, some of us to continue our education in higher institutions of learning, others to take our places in the activities of the business world. Whichever course it is our destiny to pursue, let us here resolve that we will at all times keep in mind the lofty ideals that have been set before us by our Alma Mater: Be loyal to our God, and true to ourselves.

Teachers, undergraduates, and classmates of 1921, I bid you a heartfelt and sorrowful farewell.

RITA M. DAIGLE, '21.

THE TEACHER.

Sonnet.

Her realm directs the future of our land.
 In ceaseless toil she labors day by day
 Each plastic mind to mould, with guiding hand
 More shapely than the sculptor with his clay;
 To her the task of proving right from wrong.
 By keen perception able to discern
 The needs of all, where best her words belong—
 In reprimands, then praises in their turn.
 No trumpets blare her glory to the skies
 As on through life she fills her destined place.
 Yet, oft with little thanks from mortal eyes,
 Her work it is on which depends our race.
 "What better service can I give?" she asks.
 To teach—it is the noblest of God's tasks.

RITA M. DAIGLE.

OUR DIVINE MASTER.

Sonnet.

Blest Maker, Thou who wert not ever made,
 Thou art the Monarch over land and sea.
 And when Thou speak'st Thy will, it is obeyed,
 Sun and moon and stars do bow to Thee,
 And also we in worship deep must bend
 When we behold the Maytime charms for us,
 As springtime's fairy fingers softly blend
 Birds' voices, opening buds, and fragrance thus:

In every rustle of the joyous spring
 We hear the voice of God. They seem to tell
 Such heavenly joys that mortals cannot sing
 Of all Thy wondrous powers; but hearts must swell
 With gratitude for all that Thou dost give,
 O, help us then this gratitude to live.

RUTH E. TYNDALL.

TO THE MORNING.

Sonnet.

When on a glorious morning I arise,
 The beauteous sun doth high above me shine;
 His rays sublime and glorious meet my eyes,
 And cry to all the world, "Tis morning time!"
 The earth seems filled with gladness everywhere,
 The bright dew-drops upon the meadow gleam,
 The gay songs of the birds float through the air
 From branches bending high above the stream.
 Buds gently opening in the sun's bright rays,
 Unfold their beauty and their earthly charm.
 The buzzing bees are humming songs of praise,
 Flit gently to each petal without harm,
 And all is calm and gay, and meadows bright
 The refreshed sleeper joyfully invite.

MARION B. GREELEY.

TO IRELAND.

Ballad.

Grim centuries have passed you by
 While other lands were free,
 But fire and sword with dark design
 Have wreaked their worst on thee.

Still you are living on to-day,
 Undaunted by the past,
 Awaiting what the future holds,—
 A republic that will last!

And you can hear from every land
 Beneath the stretching sky
 The voices of your exiled sons
 Which sure can never die.

These messages are full of hope
 And courage from above;
 You cannot help but hear the call
 Of their undying love.

The day must come and come full soon
 When enemies must bow,
 And greet you as a sister state,
 And not as one below.

Then rise you from Atlantic foam
 In grace and majesty,
 The latest of the sisterhood
 Of nations of the free.

Your Dead will hear, though in their graves,
 On that bright fruitful morn,
 The clamor of a nation great
 Who greets her Freedom's dawn.

MADLINE H. BURKE.

RECOGNITION OF THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND.

Many times in the past the attention of the people of the United States has been called to the cause of Ireland. Through the press and from the public platform we have heard more or less about the Irish people, their difficulties, their hopes, and their aspirations. A great deal has been said which has been both favorable and unfavorable but the attitude of the American people has for some time been that of indifference. During the past few years, however, a marked change has taken place. Enthusiastic meetings are becoming more frequent and numerous in all parts of the country and more and more petitions and resolutions are being forwarded each week to our President and Congressmen urging them to use their good offices to protest against the continued violations of the laws of humanity by the armed forces of Great Britain in Ireland.

Remarkable as is this change of attitude, it is easily explained. It is in part due to the uncivilized warfare which the British government is carrying on in Ireland today, but for the most part it is due to the fact that the cause of Ireland is now before Americans in the form of an American question,—the recognition of the Republic of Ireland. All that those behind the measure ask is that it be looked upon from an American point of view and determined according to American principles, particularly those on which we laid so much emphasis during the late war.

It should be an easy matter for American people to understand clearly the case of Ireland. Even though supporters of the British government speak of it as an internal affair, a matter similar to that of our Southern States at the time of the Civil War and as a very complicated problem, a little study of the subject will convince any fair-minded person that the situation in Ireland now is practically the same as that of our own country about one hundred and fifty years ago. The main difference in the two cases is that if we were justified, as we surely were, in setting up an independent government, the Irish people are justified a

thousand times; for whatever rights the British government could claim in this country because of colonization, she has no right in Ireland except the right of force.

It is well to remember when considering this subject that the policy of the British government has always been to build a "paper wall" around Ireland, to keep those inside ignorant of conditions in the outside world and to keep the outside world ignorant of the true state of affairs in Ireland. It is especially noteworthy that at the end of his recent visit to America, Lord Northcliffe boasted that he had left \$150,000,000 in the United States for the furtherance of English propaganda. So may be explained many false statements which are being circulated continually with the intention of discrediting the case of Ireland in the eyes of Americans.

The claim that Ireland was never a nation is completely disproved by some of the most eminent of English authorities. The well-known English publicist, G. H. Chesterton, declares, "If Ireland is not a nation, there is no such a thing as a nation."

Mr. H. H. Asquith when Premier of England said, "There are few cases in history—as a student of history, I myself know of none—of a nationhood at once so distinct, so persistent, and so assimilative as the Irish."

It is unnecessary to quote the scores of other noted English authorities who emphatically deny the statement that Ireland was never a nation. Ireland was a nation before England, and when the countries on the Continent were overrun by barbarians, her universities were the seat of European culture. She had her laws, her language, and all that is essential to a distinct nation. Her trade was great and her people enjoyed the best of prosperity and happiness. When the English forced their way into Ireland, things changed for the worst. Her commerce was ruined, her people murdered, and their property destroyed because of their religion and their refusal to give up their rightful claim to nationhood. The high civilization of Ireland suffered severely. Churches and universities as well as libraries and works of art were ruined. So terrible were conditions that thousands of men, women, and children were massacred at times by the forces of England while thousands died of starvation.

In 1783, however, after a long struggle the English in Ireland, by what is known as the Renunciation Act, secured from England the exclusive control of internal affairs forever. Even though but few of the people were represented under its rule, Ireland again became prosperous and wealthy, and soon the English decided that they must share in the benefit of it and determined by force and bribery to induce this body, which represented few besides its members, to give up to England its rights in Ireland. The British government was successful in bribing a sufficient number of members and the so-called Act of Union was passed, which was to make Ireland a part of the United Kingdom. The amounts of money or land given to the bribed members are still to be found in the records of the British government and still Lloyd George and other British officials attempt to tell the American people that this union is similar to the Union between our States. There is, of course, no similarity at all. It was with the consent of the people of our States that they entered the Union while the Irish people have proven by repeated insurrections that they would never agree to such a contract and so it was forced upon them against their will. No statesman or jurist has ever been able to maintain that the Act of Union was a contract binding the people of Ireland.

William E. Gladstone, former Prime Minister of England, speaking at Liverpool on June 28, 1886 said, "There is no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the union between Great Britain and Ireland.

The carrying of it was nothing in the world but an artful combination of fraud and force applied in the basest manner to the attainment of an end which all Ireland detested. A more base proceeding, a more vile proceeding is not in my judgment recorded in any page of history."

This act and the Treaty of Limerick (1691) stands out as chief among Britain's many "scraps of paper" in her relations with the Irish nation. Can any American compare with fairness this Union to the union between our States?

As soon as the British government again became effective in Ireland, the earlier unfortunate state of affairs returned. The industries of the country except those which England found it an advantage to maintain were ruined. Even at times Irishmen were forbidden to fish in the waters off the coast and these and other such laws have caused the British government to become more and more hated by the Irish people. So tyrannical has the government been that in 1848 so much of the wheat and other foodstuffs were shipped to England that an artificial famine was created which resulted in the deaths of thousands of unfortunate people and intense suffering by many more.

People say that all this has long since passed by and that in the years previous to the war the English government has justified its rule in Ireland by the results brought about. The fact is that while the other nations of the world were progressing rapidly, conditions in Ireland remained essentially the same, although a few improvements had of course, been made. As far as education is concerned, it is discouraged rather than encouraged by the government. On the slightest pretences, such as residence over two miles from the school house, the child is excused from attendance as is also the case if his parent or guardian will but say that he needs his work at home or elsewhere. Besides, the school houses are cold, uncomfortable, smoky buildings where the health of the children was often endangered.

The railroads of the country were constructed in such a manner as to be more convenient for the movements of troops than the carrying on of trade. Indeed, if a consignment of goods were to be sent from Belfast in the north to Cork in the south, it would be cheaper to send it by water to England and then back to Cork than it would to send it direct.

The rich natural resources of the country cannot be worked because of the excessive tax which is placed on all such enterprises. The country is divided into large estates owned by landlords who in some instances, never visit the country but charge enormous rates which are spent abroad.

It is the same policy which is still carried out in all lines of Irish industry. Ninety-five per cent. of Ireland's yearly business is carried on with England and contrary to all laws of economy, the Irish people must buy in the highest and sell in the lowest market. No wonder then that Ireland cannot prosper or even become comfortably wealthy under English rule or rather,—misrule. It is a significant fact that while the population of every other civilized country of the world has increased, Ireland's population fell at the same time from 8,000,000 to 4,000,000 inhabitants. These figures speak for themselves. They testify as only such figures can to the extent of British misgovernment, tyranny, and exploitation in Ireland.

Still some people say that before resorting to arms the Irish people should have attempted to settle their difficulties by legislation. The fact is that the Irish people did attempt to settle their difficulties by legislation and would have taken any peaceful measures before opening war with the most powerful empire on earth. In 1848, when the first home-rule bill was presented in Parliament, began the first real attempts at legislation. This bill was, of course, killed in the House of Lords but the work still went on and when under Premier Asquith the chances of the

Home-Rule Bill looked brighter than ever before, the latter pledged the "honor" of Great Britain to put that bill into effect as soon as passed by the Irish, English, and Scotch members of Parliament. In 1914 the Bill was passed by those delegates by a large majority. But did it go into effect? It did not.

Sir Edward Carson, leader of a small group of Unionists in the North of Ireland, stated that he would rather live under German rule than under the rule of the Catholics of the South. He imported shiploads of war munitions from Germany and then had begun what is known as the Ulster Rebellion. Carson based his grievances on the oft referred to "religious question." The fact is that in Ireland there does not exist and never has existed any such a thing as a religious question, as far as the Irish people are concerned. When in the reign of Mary English Protestants fled to Ireland, they were received in a most friendly manner as were Protestants from Germany and France who have ever since lived peacefully with their Catholic neighbors. Protestant ministers in Ireland to-day take pleasure in stating that in all the fighting not one isolated Protestant church has been injured in the least. It is also a noteworthy fact that in Ireland's fight for freedom there have been many more Protestant than Catholic leaders.

Speaking in Dublin in 1871, the Chief Rabbi of the Jews stated that he "had long been anxious to visit this beautiful country," because it was the only country in which the Jews were not persecuted.

Nevertheless, Carson continued to increase his armament and for the first time in 750 years we find the people of the South of Ireland arming in defense of an act of the British government. It is only reasonable to expect that the English government would give its sympathy if not its active support to those who were standing in its defense. But that was not the case. Sir Edward Carson who had led a rebellion against the government was elevated to a seat in the cabinet, while in the streets of Dublin in July, 1914, the government shot down those who had armed for its defense. So ended the last attempt to settle the Irish question, if it be a question, by legislation.

In 1916, then, the Irish, convinced that there was no other course to pursue if they wished ever to live as free men in a free country, revolted in Easter Week and set up the Republic of Ireland which exists to the present day. The leaders were captured after one week of fighting and without any form of trial were stood up against a wall and shot, as were also some who had no connection with the revolt, all in direct violation of the laws of war. But even though the leaders were killed, the power of the British government in Ireland has continually grown less and less. They denied, of course, at first that the revolt was anything besides the work of a few irresponsible men who would not be sustained at the polls, and did everything they could in Ireland to discredit the cause of the Republicans. When the election took place under circumstances which were by no means favorable to the cause of independence, the people by a majority of over eighty per cent. decided in favor of a Republic. This was the largest majority ever known of on a similar issue, but some folks will say that they "are divided" and "don't know what they want."

As far as the English leaders were concerned, they realized that the control of Ireland was gradually slipping out of their hands and determined on a policy of terrorism which has caused the world to look upon the British government as a second Germany. They released from English and Colonial jails all who would serve in Ireland as Black and Tans and the result can well be imagined. Murders, robberies, and other crimes are to-day going unpunished and are continually growing worse. The Irish Republican army has made war upon these Black and Tans for the most part by means of ambushes which many in this country consider unjustified. Here again the situation in Ireland resembles our own fight for free-

dom. As the American farmers from behind trees and walls kept up a deadly and constant fire until they drove the exhausted "Red-Coats" into Boston, so the Irish Republican army from behind trees and stone walls have practically cleared the country of Black and Tans who now for the most part must confine themselves to the cities.

This is a matter in which we can not be neutral. We must recognize the British Ambassador or the envoy elected by Irish people as representing the latter. In the first instance with due regard for the true facts we cannot speak of the British Ambassador as representing the Irish people in any sense of the word. The British government's courts are practically useless. They are neither recognized, respected, nor obeyed by the Irish people and are unable to enforce a decision when one is made. True enough, England has an army of occupation, but not a government in Ireland to-day. The first essential duty of a government is that it shall protect the innocent. Under present conditions it is the innocent who suffer nearly all the time. It is said, however, that if we recognize the Republic of Ireland we shall be offending a friendly nation and that this action would be a cause for war.

The truth is that the recognition of the Irish Republic would by no means be a cause for war. The most noted authorities on international law deny that such a move by our country would be in any way contrary to the laws of nations, and history proves the truth of their contention. We have always recognized newly established governments both in this continent and in Europe but not once has there been any question about war. How then can we look upon the case of Ireland as an exception to the long-established rule?

It is well to remember when this argument is put forth that there is another nation to be considered. That nation is Ireland. Ireland has been friendly when friends were few and friends were sorely needed. When Washington and his men were suffering at Valley Forge at the darkest hour of the Revolution, a message was sent to Ireland for aid and was answered by a prompt shipment of clothing and the sum of \$716,000. Washington himself was loud in his praise of his Irish soldiers and Franklin, speaking for the Continental Congress, assured the people of Ireland that were the American Revolution successful, means would be found to establish the people of Ireland. Ever since that time Ireland has always been our friend which cannot be said of the other nation some people are so afraid we will offend, even though we act entirely within our rights.

All that the people of Ireland ask is that we speak to them as Irishmen as they address us as Americans. They do not ask that we help them out with men or money but merely to admit the existence of the established fact because to-day the Irish Republic is an established fact in every sense of the word. It has its three departments like our own government, collects taxes, maintains a system of courts which to-day are the only judicial bodies which function to any extent in Ireland. Even the English recognize the Sinn Fein courts when they want an enforceable decision. In fact, when the late Lord Mayor of Cork was arrested, he was presiding at a trial wherein the plaintiff was an English insurance company. Their courts punish crime and are respected and obeyed all over the country. The Irish people ask also that we give our moral support to their cause in accordance with our promises to the world on entering the war.

This matter comes as a test case whereby the whole world will form its just opinion of the sincerity of the United States when entering the war for the cause of Democracy. It is time for the American people to make plain to the world that they meant what they said through their spokesman, Ex-President Wilson, when he declared, "We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts,—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority

to have a voice in their own government; for the rights and liberties of small nations; for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." This is the time when we should make it plain that whoever else may have forgotten, we still remember our promises and that we are glad to-day to demand as American citizens that our government registers protest against the uncivilized tactics of a supposedly civilized government, pay back an old debt, and make good its solemn promises to all the world by recognizing the established Republic of Ireland which we cannot conscientiously or consistently ignore.

JOSEPH O'CONNELL, '21.

OPTIMISM.

"Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement; nothing can be done without hope."

The cheerful man has a creative power which the pessimist never possesses. There is nothing that will so completely sweeten life and lighten its drudgery, nothing that will so effectively ease the jolts in the road, as a sunny, hopeful, optimistic disposition. With the same mental ability, the cheerful thinker has infinitely more power than the despondent, gloomy thinker. Cheerfulness is a perpetual lubricator of the mind; it is the oil of gladness which dispels friction, worries, anxieties, and disagreeable experiences. It is, moreover, the most effectual medicine for longevity that can be named.

The sunny man attracts business success; everybody likes to deal with agreeable, cheerful people. We instinctively shirk from a crabbed, cross, contemptible character, no matter how able he may be.

The great business world to-day is too serious, too dead in earnest. Life in America is strenuous to the point of mental disease. There is a perpetual need of relief from this great tension, and a sunny, cheerful, gracious soul is like an ocean breeze in sultry August, like the coming of a vacation. We welcome it because it gives us at least temporary relief from the strain. Cheerful faced and pleasant voiced clerks can sell more goods, and attract more customers than the saucy or snappy ones. Promoters, organizers of great enterprises must make a business of being agreeable, of harmonizing hostile interests, of winning men's good opinion. Newspapermen depend on making friends to get interviews, to discover facts, and to find news. All doors automatically fly open to the sunny man, and he is invited to enter, while the disagreeable and sarcastic man is turned away or is obliged to force his way in.

The world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness. It needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs encouragers who shall lift and not bear down, who shall encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of the sunny soul who scatters gladness wherever he goes, instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives, and repelled by the gloomy, the morose, the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer and gladness wherever they go. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty, than mere mental accomplishments.

What riches are stored in a sunny soul! What a blessed heritage is such a nature, able to leave its trail of gladness wherever it goes, able to scatter the shadows, and to lighten sorrow-laden hearts, to send cheer into despairing souls. This blessing is not impossible of acquisition, for a cheerful face is but a reflection

of a warm, generous heart. The sunshine does not first appear upon the face, but in the soul. The glad smile that makes the face glow with radiance is but a glimpse of the soul's warmth.

Glad, wholesome people dispel melancholy and anxiety from all those with whom they come in contact, just as the sun drives away darkness. When they enter a roomful of people, where the conversation has been lagging, and where everybody seems bored, they transform the surroundings like the sun bursting through thick, black clouds after a storm. Everybody takes on a joyous spirit from the glad soul just entered; the conversation which dragged before becomes bright and spirited, and the whole atmosphere vibrates with gladness and good cheer.

There is nothing which you could put into your life, except service to others, which would pay you so well as the cultivation of sunshine in your business, professional, and in your social relations. Business will come to you instead of having to be sought, friends will seek you, society will open wide its doors to you. A cheerful disposition is a fund of ready capital, a magnet for the good things of life.

It is perfectly possible for a girl with the least attractive face to make herself beautiful, if she has an honest heart and a sunny disposition. The basis of all real beauty is a kindly, helpful heart. If you hold a love for humanity persistently in your heart, you will make such an impression of harmony, of sweetness, and soul beauty wherever you go, the whole world will welcome you. This, the highest type of beauty, is within the reach of all.

"Catch the sunshine! Don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there!
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right through them! Do not tarry,
Overcome that heaving tide,
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the Other Side."

MARGARET C. COSTELLO.

IMMIGRATION.

One of the most important questions in America to-day is the question of Immigration. It is a vital point concerning all the people of the United States and labor is viewing the situation with alarm, for the threatened influx will not only injure both industry and labor, reduce wages, but will lower our standard of living.

Thousands of immigrants of all nationalities and classes migrate to our shores each year. This migration is due mainly to misery in the home districts of the emigrants. According to statistics it is found that seven out of ten of the immigrants coming to this country are dependents. Nine out of ten of the immigrants settle in our already congested cities, making bad conditions worse. Then again there are hundreds of undesirables such as criminals, anarchists, paupers and Bolsheviks, coming in under the guise of stowaways, or as members of the ship's crew, who desert as soon as they reach port. We have no use for these sorts of immigrants and we must not allow America to be used as a dumping-ground for the undesirables of the earth.

Numerous suggestions have been made for the handling of the coming millions and many bills have been presented before Congress dealing with the question. Some are in favor of shutting down entirely on immigration for a stated period until the country can readjust itself to the new conditions; others would limit it to blood relationship; others approve a percentage basis.

Representative Johnson introduced the Johnson Bill which was not to set up a permanent restrictive policy, but intended merely to protect this country for the next fourteen months from a horde of Europe's most objectionable classes. Such a suspension of immigration is imperative for two reasons: First, the country is now passing through a period of commercial and industrial adjustment which follows every war. Unemployment is widespread and our first concern should be to provide employment for those already here. Secondly, there is grave peril and menace to the safety of American institutions involved in the admission of millions unfamiliar with our government and ideals, who are seeking to escape from the great burdens which the World War has put on their shoulders.

Another bill for the restriction of immigration is the Dillingham Bill, an emergency measure which would temporarily limit the admission of aliens of any nationality to five per cent. of the number of foreign-born persons of that nationality in the United States in 1910. This bill would increase immigration from Northwestern Europe while diminishing the flood from other parts of Europe to one-third. Immigration from Northwestern Europe has made possible much development of America in the last decades, especially in agriculture and in the dairy industry, and it has brought strong, thrifty and work-willing Scandinavians who are the most easily assimilated and thereby the best element in our population.

Many other propositions were made, one, for example, which would create a commission to regulate immigration, making it possible for only the best classes to come in, and distribute the new-comers throughout the States according to the States' needs and the desires of the immigrants. The Commissioners of Immigration proposed to establish immigration outposts at the European ports of departure where entrants to this country would be fully informed of the conditions of entry so that they might not spend everything they have trying to get in if they are ineligible.

Finally a bill which restricts the admission of aliens in any one year to three per cent. of the number of foreign-born of each nationality residing in this country as determined by the Federal Census of 1910 has just been passed by Congress.

This means that if each of the nationalities take advantage of the law and send their full quota of three per cent., the total admitted in any one year would be a million less than were permitted to enter in 1913 or 1914. Several of the nationalities which under the present rulings would be permitted to enter in large numbers are not now sending nor are they likely to send for a number of years immigrants to this country and therefore the number of aliens to be admitted will be greatly reduced.

Of course, there has been much opposition to this bill. The main arguments in favor of unlimited immigration are: First, our country should maintain an open door to the oppressed of all nations as a refuge for seekers of liberty. The second is the economic industrial value of every able bodied man who adds his production to the nation's wealth. The cheaper forms of immigrant labor have at times been of great industrial value especially on the farms where men who work hard at reasonable wages are needed.

But the alien influx before the passage of this law was not self-supporting, and its only result was to reduce American wages and lower American standards of living. The preservation of the American type and the barring of whatever would tend to degrade the character of our national life to the strength of our republi-

can institutions is our present duty. This is not selfishness. It is but the guarding of what is good against anything that would injure it. This restriction of immigration is simply American self-protection.

FLORENCE B. TELLIER.

THE PRESENT DUTY.

“He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.”—H. W. BEECHER.

As we journey through life endeavoring to resist the temptations which beset our path, and striving to perform our daily tasks toward the goal of final success, we little realize the immense importance of a single duty left undone or of a single swerving from the path of right.

Our life is patterned after the fashion of a wonderful tapestry and every day as we place another thread in the tapestry, so every day by the duties we perform we weave the foundations and the threads of our life.

If in the weaving of a tapestry, a single poorly woven or broken thread is not remedied, when the tapestry is completed, it is imperfect and the weaver has perhaps forgotten the cause of the mistake. As with the tapestry, so it is with our lives. Every duty that we leave undone has a certain effect on us, perhaps not at the time, probably not for years, but sooner or later we will realize that those duties that we passed so lightly over have had a vital influence on our lives.

Take for example two boys struggling through their lessons, one doing his work conscientiously, the other letting it slide by day after day with never a thought of the morrow. He may exclaim petulantly, “Of what use is it to do these lessons? They will do me no good.” How often in after life may he have repented those words and longed for the opportunities he let so carelessly slip by.

True, at the time the lessons may have seemed useless and unimportant, but in after life his attention to his early duties may prove a dominant factor in determining whether or not he will be one of life’s successes or failures.

If during his school career his attitude toward his lessons and the activities connected with school life is negligent, then in after life, unless some radical change takes place in his character, he will preserve the same half-hearted disposition toward all forms of labor, and this type of man is not the one who succeeds in the busy marts of Life.

To-day bright, vigorous young men and women are needed to carry on the affairs of the nation, and the energetic person who never lets an opportunity slip by is the one who will always come out on top.

One of the creeds of a person’s life should be “Never shirk a duty,” for in endeavoring to find the easiest way of evading a difficult task, you are harming yourself and no one else. If the young people of to-day would take this to heart, there would be fewer failures to burden the nation. While we attend school we are comparatively sheltered from the sterner side of things, but once we leave the guidance of its protecting hand, we enter the melting pot of Life, where the gold is separated from the dross, and where our true worth is tested.

Then it is that we think regretfully of lost opportunities which can never be

regained, of moments wasted in the pursuit of elusive pleasure, which might have been more profitably spent in honest endeavor.

If we could only

"Each morning see some task begun,
Each evening see its close,"

how much better we should be and how much more we should achieve. But how many of us follow this thought?

And then there comes the final judgment, when we are all weighed in the balance before our Maker. Shall we be found wanting? Not if we remember that "He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause," and strive to perform our duty to ourselves, to our friends, to our country and to God, faithfully and unerringly-

ISABEL I. McGRATH, '21.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The appreciation of all the students is extended to the advertisers in The Oak, Lily and Ivy. It has been through their hearty co-operation that our school paper has been a success.

To the Avery & Woodbury Co., Werber & Rose and all others who helped in any way to make our different school affairs successful we are sincerely grateful.

On November 22, 1920 the Senior Class presented two plays for the benefit of the Milford High School Dramatic Association. Both were successful and netted a considerable amount.

Francis Hannigan after a four weeks' illness with scarlet fever has returned to school in time for graduation.

On January 28 and May 20, 1921 the Senior Class conducted their annual Senior dances in Town Hall. Each of the dances was largely attended and the affairs proved a success both financially as well as socially.

Miss Dorothy Barrus has temporarily succeeded Miss Marcella Dignan who resigned to marry Principal Quirk.

The members of the cast of the play "A Couple of Million" attended in Ashland on March 17, the performance of the same play by the Dramatic Association of the Ashland A. O. H. The trip was made by auto, the chaperones being Misses Ryan and Sutherland of the faculty, and Miss Ada Melvin, one of the grade teachers.

The class of 1921 wishes to express their gratitude and appreciation to Miss Ruby Sutherland for untiring efforts in their behalf. The success of our Senior plays was in no small degree due to her excellent coaching.

On April 7, 1921 the Milford High School Dramatic Association presented the comedy "A Couple of Million" in Milford Opera House to a large and enthusiastic audience. The play was a brilliant success and won worthy praise for the class as well as our Alma Mater.

On Friday evening, April 8, Miss Sutherland entertained the cast at her home. All present had a most enjoyable time, Miss Sutherland proving to be a most charming hostess.

During our Senior year the Milford High School Dramatic Association was formed and we feel confident that the Class of 1921 has very creditably paved the way for future successes along theatrical lines.

The Class of 1921 wishes to express its sincere sympathy to Marion Greeley on the death of her father and also to Miss Birmingham of the faculty on her brother's death.

The work of the orchestra has been most commendable during the past year. We hope that it will continue to progress and wish to thank it for its willing service at the many Senior affairs of this past year.

To Principal and Mrs. Thomas J. Quirk the class of 1921 extend its hearty congratulations and sincere wishes for the future.

ATHLETICS.

During the football season of 1920, Milford High School had the honor of being represented on the field by as fine a squad as ever appeared on the grid-iron. Of course, our team had its ups and downs, as is to be expected in all lines of activity, but in not a single instance did our players fail to reflect glory on the Milford High School as well as on the town in which they lived. Playing, as our boys were, an uphill game, owing to the greater weight which invariably favored their opponents, they won the respect and admiration of all who had the opportunity to witness even one of their many contests. They proved beyond doubt that they possessed all the true qualities of the sportsman, which is the one thing which can make a team really great.

Any group of players can be cheerful, confident, and full of enthusiasm when good fortune is on their side, when defeat is unknown, and the public is loud in its praise and approbation. But such does not make a team. It testifies only to the greater weight, strength, or other material advantage they enjoy over their opponents.

Hard knocks alone prove the true character of a team as well as the individual. When successes have been few and disappointments many, when friends are few, and when the future appears dark and gloomy, then will the false player or group of players give up in discouragement or despair. But as the true sportsman, disappointed but not discouraged, with ammunition and provisions exhausted, at the close of an unsuccessful venture shoulders his empty rifle and returns cheerfully homeward, so the true team, though fortunes be against them, cheerfully depart from the well-fought field, satisfied that they have done their best and determined to try again and fight to a finish.

Such was our team, lesser in weight but greater in spirit than any of its opponents, a team which could smile and push onward in the face of disappointment and defeat, a team in which we feel a just pride and sincerely hope that its record and example may be an inspiration to future athletes.

For our baseball team we can claim only a moderate success. Opening the season with the defeat of Medfield by a score of 21 to 3, we looked forward

to a most successful year. Throughout the school there was considerable talk of winning this game and that and of bringing home coveted pennants. Cheering squads were organized and cheers were written. We were all set for a glorious season.

On Patriot's Day, a day we will long remember, our fortunes suddenly took a decided change for the worse and before we knew what was up, St. Mary's Academy had buried us under their score of nine runs, while we were barely saved from a shut-out by Hannigan who scored on a single by SanClemente after a nice two-bagger into the street. Such things will happen.

Our luck continued to be very poor until on Memorial Day when we played St. Mary's again. The game proved a good one and resulted in a big surprise to all the fans of the town. St. Mary's won by the narrow margin of 6 to 4 as the High School was beginning to stage a come back.

On Monday, June 6, another day we shall not soon forget, we were surprised and delighted to hear the good news that our team was at last playing in its true form and had won from Natick in the latter town. To Wilfred Griffin, our promising young twirler, belongs the credit of pitching one of the best games ever witnessed in Natick in which he held the home-team scoreless, while our husky and reliable backstop, "Ted" Steeves, made single-handed, the lone tally on a home-run clout.

The players:—

MILFORD HIGH

NATICK HIGH

	ab	r	lb	po	a	e
Tighe 3b	4	0	2	1	5	0
O'Connell cf	3	0	0	1	2	0
SanClemente 2b	4	0	1	3	1	0
Steeves c	4	1	1	5	2	0
Rafoery 1b	4	0	1	15	0	1
Hixon ss	3	0	0	0	4	0
Mackay rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Rosenfeld lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Griffin p	3	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	31	1	6	27	18	1

	ab	r	lb	po	a	e
Waters 2b	4	0	1	2	1	0
Lord c	3	0	0	6	1	0
Estey 3b	3	0	1	1	0	0
Dumas cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Hughes 1b	3	0	1	15	1	0
Pine lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Gage rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Connolly ss	3	0	0	1	5	1
Grady p	3	0	0	0	7	1
Totals	28	0	3	27	15	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Milford High	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Home run, Steeves. Stolen base, SanClemente. Sacrifice hits, O'Connell, Hughes. Double play, Griffin to Rafoery. Struck out. by Griffin, 6; by Grady, 6. Time of game, 1 hour, 30 minutes.

OUR BASEBALL TEAM.

Our baseball team, long may it live!
 In victory or defeat;
 For though it's lost a few games, they
 Have made our victories sweet.

“Ted” Steeves, our husky catcher,
Can swing a wicked bat ;
A second Babe Ruth in disguise,
And going strong at that.

For pitchers we weren't lacking,
To them off go our hats ;
They'd win each game if we could steal
The other fellows' bats.

All joking put aside, tho',
Our hurlers were real good ;
For speed and manly beauty
In the foremost rank they stood.

Our pitching ace was Captain Dick
Who throws a speedy drop ;
He's teaching Coveleski how
To make his fast ball hop.

Our next was “Wussie” Griffin,
He pitched a shut-out game ;
When once our stellar infield
Was not asleep or lame.

Mainini makes the enemy
At bat look like poor fishes ;
Although at times a little wild,
He's not what you'd call vicious.

Our infield is composed of stars.
It's worth a million yen ;
Just like the famous Red Sox it
Is made up of four men.

Whenever “Sac” connects, he hits
The ball way o'er the fence ;
With a basket, he'd make Maranville
Resemble thirty cents.

On first and third two veterans,
Ed Tighe and Raftery ;
They know the gentle inside stuff
From A right through to Z.

At shortstop Louis Hixon,
A Junior lad, holds sway ;
He covers lots of ground and takes
A part in every play.

Our outfields we are proud of ;
Sometimes they catch a fly,
And if they don't catch all, at least
They're always there to try.

In left was Hannigan until
The sick list got his number ;
He'd hit the ball if in the bats
They put ten feet of lumber.

And "Tunney" Steeves is there, you bet,
And so is "Chick" Cichetti ;
For catching flies and liners they
Win all kinds of confetti.

O'Connell has an arm like Cobb's
And bats from either side ;
He has the makings of a star
And is the South End's pride.

Our team's complete with Rosenfeld
Who never makes an error ;
He sometimes pitches, when his speed
Makes batters shake with terror.

And now a line about our coach—
To him we owe a lot ;
He showed the players how to hit
And stop the liners hot.

And if behind each player
Our coach could only stand
To stop the balls they sometimes miss,
We'd have a ball team grand.

FRANCIS H. HANNIGAN.

LOOKING FORWARD.

During my eighty-first year I had the privilege to visit again the eastern part of America. Having decided to make the trip, I was uncertain whether to go by air or by one of the latter vehicles which runs on land, in air or in water, according to the whim of the passengers. Thinking that the latter mode would contain more variety, I had almost made up my mind to travel that way, when my companion, who is so very old-fashioned, objected seriously and said he would travel by the old standby and no other. So we started by airplane.

While journeying over Massachusetts, our guide informed us that we were passing over Milford. It was my desire that we visit the High School, the seat of my early educational endeavors. We slowly dropped and came to a standstill at the very door. We alighted. Numerous baby carriages were being pushed up the street toward the school. A boy sitting on the steps followed my curious glance and told me that the Freshmen were now being wheeled to school.

Having entered the building, we were conducted through the halls which were laid with Persian carpet. Mathematics being my favorite study, I desired to visit that class first. We entered a massive room which had all the appearances of a living room. I remarked that there was some mistake but the old white-

haired principal, drying his lips with his handkerchief, said, "No," that this was Mathematics. After we were comfortably seated, he left the room. The members (formerly called students) of this institution were lounging in leather chairs in perfect content. Some four or five electric fans were humming in the corners. Numerous waiters were kept busy constantly carrying ice cream sodas, delicious fruit sundaes and all kinds of refreshments back and forth. One waiter offered me some and on my inquiring the price, he informed me that it was free, served any minute in the day. My thoughts went back to the times when I went to school, when our meagre refreshments at recess were received from the bakery via back yard fences (on the rare occasions possible) or from the ice cream wagon which we hungrily welcomed.

While my thoughts were thus engaged, a very learned looking person entered and asked those present if they wished their lesson tomorrow or next Monday. The answer was unanimous: "Monday." and with that he left the room. Just then a boy near me said he guessed he would go home. He got up and left. Another arose and a few minutes later I looked out the window and saw him driving away in an automobile, much to the amusement of the passers-by. I inquired as to what he was doing with a thing so ancient and was told that it had belonged to his grandfather and was held sacred in the family.

We next visited a French class. It was much the same as the other one. They were translating "Graziella." The books were very peculiar. Between the lines of French was the English translation reducing the work of the pupil to a delightful minimum.

So we went from room to room but only in a few we found classes where they were scheduled. Where there were lessons they were recited by the teacher in lecture form and illustrated by moving pictures, but no response was expected from the pupils.

An interesting discussion was going on in the Geology class. The teacher was saying that a neighboring farmer had dug up on his land the skeleton of some unknown animal. After research, scientists found that the bones were the remains of a domestic animal known as the "horse," once greatly used but which had passed out of date by 1931. Its bones were carried to a museum in Boston.

Leaving the elevator at the second floor, we visited the library in the school. Every reader had his head buried in current magazines. Books seemed to be forgotten. My companion touched me on the shoulder and called my attention to someone speaking to me. I looked up. My companion was sitting across from me looking at me amusedly. My eyes followed the bare floor up to the teacher's desk as the teacher called my name.

"Give the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution and the next time that you are sleepy, stay at home."

I collected enough energy to say, "I don't know them."

My dream faded away. Alas! What a cruel world is this!

LEO E. DICKSON.

HUMOR COLUMN.

Good Jokes are scarce and mighty few,
So don't be mad if the joke's on you.

Wouldn't it be funny if—

Miss Huff did not prepare her lessons?
The Casey twins were not arguing in French?
O'Connell had a sharp pencil in shorthand?
Carroll was not smiling?
Barnard recited every day in German?
F. Rosenfeld kept quiet ten minutes?
Any of the teachers forgot to give home work?
Dickson forgot his "r's"?
Fahey passed a girl without talking to her?
Miss Birmingham forgot to say, "We'll have the talking stopped"?
The Dalrymples got here on time?
Cenedella knew what the exact assignment was?
Mackay ceased entertaining the young ladies?
Miss Morcone ever kept still a whole period?

Miss Dignan in History A: "Miss Rosenfeld who invented the cotton gin?"

Miss Rosenfeld: "Eli Whitney."

Miss Dignan: "Now, Miss Rosenfeld tell me what the cotton gin is used for?"

Miss Rosenfeld: "To grind wheat."

Fahey (in type.): "How many papers did you finish this period?"

O'Connell: "None."

Fahey: "Why don't you take it two periods?"

O'Connell: "Two times nothing is nothing."

Miss Dignan: "Why did the South sue for peace?"

Fahey: "They were discouraged over all the victories they were losing."

Teddy Steeves (on trip to Marblehead, coming in sight of the ocean): "I bet that's a dandy place to skate in the winter."

Wanted: A position for Mackay and SanClemente. Must have working hours from 10 to 4 and one and a half hours for lunch and must be in an office with good looking girls.

Dad: "What's that awful noise?"

Daughter: "That's Don coming in his flivver to take me out."

Dad: "Now I see why Kipling said, 'The dawn comes up like thunder.' "

Customer: "Do you mean to call that a veal cutlet? It's an insult to every calf in the country."

Waiter: "I didn't mean to insult you, sir."

Bill: "What's your hurry?"

Jack: "The chemistry teacher was overcome by gas."

Bill: "Going for a doctor?"

Jack: "Of course not, going for more gas."

Lady: "I found a fish in my milk yesterday."

Milkman: "Er,-er, well you see I can't keep my cow from going swimming."

"Sis won't be able to see you tonight, Mr. Carroll," said her little brother. "She's had a terrible accident."

"Is that so? What happened?"

"All her hair got burned up."

"Good heavens! Was she burned?"

"Naw, she wasn't there, she don't know about it yet."

Teacher: "Where were you yesterday, Johnny Jones?"

Johnny: "Please, mum, I had a toothache."

Teacher: "Has it stopped?"

Johnny: "I don't know."

Teacher: "What do you mean, boy? You don't know if your tooth has stopped aching?"

Johnny: "No, mum, the dentist kept it."

Easily Explained.

Master to colored servant: "How is this Sam? I find a hair in the ice water."

Colored Servant: "A hair in de ice water, sah? Why, it must have got in when I was shaving de ice."

Master: "You are getting entirely too careless, Sam. Yesterday I found a hair in the honey and one in the apple sauce."

Servant: "Why, sah, de hair must have got into de honey from de comb, but I don't know how it got into de apple sauce. De maket man told me dey was Baldwins."

Overheard at Home.

Father: "I wish you wouldn't keep on singing that song on the 'Falling Dew.'"

Mother: "Why not?"

Father: "It always reminds me of the house rent."

THE EDISON QUESTIONNAIRE.

Mr. Edison made a list
Of questions, which he thinks
Are simple, such as, "In what chain
Are there a million links?"

Or, "How long is the ocean?"
And, "Why do rivers flow?"
In what New England state is there
A town named Hayden Rowe?"

He called in his employees,
And was surprised to see
That of a thousand questions they
Could answer less than three.

"Ods death!" he cried, "what ignorance!
Forsooth these men know naught;
Why, would you think it, none could tell
How many make a lot?"

"And yet these all are college men,
I guess that education
Is not what it's cracked up to be,
'Twill ruin yet the nation."

I saw how smart this inventor is
So I says, "I guess that he
Will be able to solve some questions
That long have puzzled me."

So I sent in to Edison
Some questions which I ne'er
Could find the answers to in Hoyle,
Britannica, or anywhere.

I asked, "How can a horse-fly
When it hasn't any wings?"
And, "Since it hasn't any legs,
How is it sulphur springs?"

"Who was it let the fire-escape?
Where did the chicken run?
Why do some teachers flunk you dead
When percent. lacks only one?"

"How often does the tree bark?
I've never heard it. Say,
How is it that the door-steps
'Tho it never moves away?"

“And since it hasn’t any broom,
 How does the chimney-sweep?
 Is it true that Miss Birmingham
 Writes shorthand in her sleep?”

“Have you read all these questions?
 And given them deep thought?
 If so, will you please tell me
 If you’re insane or not?”

FRANCIS H. HANNIGAN.

REUBEN’S RETURN.

Ballad.

Now Reuben Hiram Hopper was
 A chap of high renown;
 His baseball team in Slumberdale
 Beat ev’ry other town.

He won the pennant in the league,
 A hero great was he,
 His friends all told him that he knew
 The game from A to Z.

They had a celebration grand,
 The cider went around;
 And “Rube” got up to make a speech
 Upon a grassy mound.

He said, “My fellow countrymen,
 My pleasure is intense
 To look upon this gathering,
 And see it so immense.

“Now ere I speak I want to say
 A few short words to you
 When I went in to pitch a game
 We’d win, I always knew.

“I hope you know the honors, and
 I really think you do,
 That this here baseball team of mine
 Has brought home here to you.

“Why just the other day when I
 Picked up the ‘Weekly Blow’
 It said in big black letters, ‘Rube
 Has won,’ as you well know.

“Now I am sure that Slumberland
Will soon be on the map,
But if it were not for my team,
'Twould still be in a nap.

“When you have praised this baseball team
You've surely told the truth,
Particularly when you've said
I could strike out Babe Ruth.

“I want to tell you folks, right now
That going off am I
To break into the big league teams.
I bid you all good bye.”

The crowd applauded heartily
The tumult rose and swelled,
“Hurrah,” cried Rube “for Slumberland,”
“Hurrah, for Rube!” they yelled.

Before the air was still again,
Rube Hopper caught the train,
And felt they'd cheer him louder when
He came back home again.

He thought it well to modest be
But his courage didn't lack,
So he went to Philadelphia
To talk with Connie Mack.

He had a stack of papers
Testifying to his class,
Which he took to the city and
To Connie Mack did pass.

The latter took the letters and
Consigned them to the stove.
Then the two got in an auto. To
The baseball field they drove.

Says Con, “You'll have to indicate
To me what you can do.”
And Reuben says to Connie, “I
Can throw a curve or two.

“When the cover's torn a little and
The wind is blowing right
I can throw a curve that vanishes
Out from the batter's sight.”

“Remember, says the manager,
“To show some common sense
And if you talk like that again,
You'll stay outside the fence.”

So Reuben didn't speak again
Until they reached the field;
Then Connie put him in the box
To make the batter yield.

He stepped around quite confident;
The players laughed and grinned.
They hollered, "Got your hay all in?"
To smile did Rube pretend.

The weakest batter on the team
Was sent up to the bat,
And Reuben started "winding up,"
On the bench there 'Connie' sat.

He threw the ball with all his speed.
The laughter was intense;
The batter calmly swung his bat:
The ball sailed o'er the fence.

"Get out of here," cried Connie Mack,
"You've spoiled my afternoon,
And you'll have a sorry story if
You come back very soon."

So it's back agin to Slumberdale
Went Reuben in great haste,
Of big league baseball once for all
"Rube" Hopper's had a taste.

His friends were all surprised, of course,
When he came back to town.
He told them he was back to stay:
At home he'd settle down.

He'd be content with pitching for
The "Apple Blossom Nine."
Concerning the big towns he said,
"No, nevermore for mine."

He told them at the village store,
"They can't play ball in there.
There's not a place like Slumberdale
You can search round anywhere."

"It's great," said Reuben to himself,
"To play ball here at home,
Where folks all think you're wonderful
It doesn't pay to roam."

"Some find success in cities large
And some beyond the sea
But I'm successful here at home—
It's Slumberdale for me."

BALLAD ON BURKE'S SPEECH.

I've heard that silver linings were
 In darkest of all clouds;
That phantom shadows some time would
 Throw off their dismal shrouds.

But lately I've been skeptical,
 My clouds seem inky black;
Since Burke appeared in English A,
 I've been upon the rack.

I've thought of him (I don't say how)
 I've dreamt of him by night;
I've wished him dead a thousand times,
 Before he wrote this blight.

He used up all his energy,
 (Intends to use up ours)
He never knew enough to stop,
 But talked on hours and hours.

If Burke had been considerate,
 And stopped at all to think,
He'd know we wouldn't care to learn
 The words that make us blink.

But no, for on and on he went,
 (Verbosity his guide)
And now forever and amen
 We must his speech abide.

Burke liked his own sonorous voice,
 (I'm glad he did—Aren't you?)
But if he stood in M. H. S.
 We'd get revenge—long due.

That sad, sad morn the book came forth,
 It made the classes blue;
It darkened for us all the day.
 And spread a gloom like glue.

But now, we've served our time and well,
 Our sun shines bright again;
Once more life seems worth living for.
 Burke's Speech? Ah, ne'er again!

To future classes coming in,
 We leave this book with glee;
In hopes they'll do their little bit
 To earn eternity.

With tend'rest joy we lay away
 This book which we have read ;
 But in our minds we'll always keep
 Sad mem'ries of the dead.

MARGARET C. COSTELLO.

THE LAW CLASS.

Ballad.

As we wander out of room fifteen
 To twelve across the hall,
 At 12.15 or thereabouts,
 (We Solons each and all),

Our books we place so carefully
 In desks all very neat,
 And being tired, as oft we are,
 Prepare to take a seat.

If it should not be science day
 But one when law class meets,
 The Freshmen will soon tip-toe in
 And quietly take their seats.

Miss Birmingham will then preside,
 The riot act she reads.
 We take our problems from our books
 And court it then proceeds.

If O'Connell should but once agree
 With the rule of the magistrate,
 We all should think that he was ill,
 Or went to bed too late.

The questions one by one come up,
 And some are soon passed o'er,
 Though others cause some hot disputes,
 And questions from the floor.

The period passes quickly by,
 Then the final bell it rings ;
 The Freshmen green fly out the door
 As if they were on wings.

Advanced assignments then we get,
 And court is now adjourned ;
 And we proceed quite promptly then
 To forget what we have learned.

DAVIS J. CARROLL.

TO THE SPRING.**Sonnet.**

When sombre days are lengthening their course
And winter snow has left us 'till next year,
A lovely spirit flies from out its source,
And all around us signs of spring are near.
The spirit floats to every bush and tree
To wake the flowers from their slumber deep ;
The birds in all their joyous ecstasy
Bring music that fore'er our souls do keep,
With thee, O Spring, the gladsome time of life,
With thee, O Spring, we wend our many ways,
And when we have succeeded in the strife,
Our gratitude is thine for happy days.
For is it not at this time we renew
Our faith and hope, by Spring proclaimed anew?

FLORENCE TELLIER.

TO SPRING.**Sonnet.**

A pussywillow tells you Spring is near,
And as the gentle breeze is wafted by,
And April showers bring unto your ear
The chirp of robbins in the tree nearby,
Your thoughts will turn to bright and happy things ;
And nature in her thousand different ways
Will fill your soul with happiness that clings,
Which all the greatest sorrow e'er allays.
The little seeds are folded, closely lain
Within the earth below your hurrying feet,
And as the earth is warmed by sun and rain,
Lift up their heads in flowers bright and sweet.
Thus Spring reveals a love and hope untold
Of new life even as the flow'rs unfold.

MARION C. HUFF.

DAWN.**Ballad.**

The shadows of the night passed by,
And 'mid a blush of rose
The sun peeped up above the clouds;
A gentle breeze arose.

The zephyr softly passed and woke
Each flower and tree and bird.
And as in answer to this call,
Most joyous sounds were heard.

The birds began to welcome us
With cheery call and song,
Which always fill the heart with joy
And hope the whole day long.

The earth is bathed in sunshine bright
Which glistens on the dew,
And makes a diamond of blade
And flower sprung anew.

Each creature on the earth gives out
A welcome of its own
To dawn, whose warmth and brightness brings
A gladness most unknown.

So may we not be thankful then
And happy for today,
That God has thought of us below
And blessed us in His way?

MARION C. HUFF.

CLASS OF 1921.

Barbadoro, Alma Elizabeth
 Beckett, Evelyn May
 Behrens, Rhoda Kemp
 Bowen, Mildred Agnes
 Bregani, Elvera Frances
 Brown, George Vincent
 Burke, Madeline Helena
 Carr, Mary Agnes
 Carroll, Davis John
 Casey, Margaret Mary
 Casey, Mary Katherine
 Cenedella, Harold James
 Clarridge, Duane Herbert
 Costello, Margaret Cecilia
 Daigle, Rita Mary
 Dalrymple, Gertrude Doris
 Dalrymple, Ethel Margaret
 Dickson, Leo Edward
 Fahey, James Henry
 Greeley, Marion Bernardine

Hannigan, Francis Henry
 Huff, Marion Christine
 Mackay, Richard Thomas
 Mazzarelli, Anna Lucia
 McDermott, Rita Agnes
 McGrath, Isabel Innis
 Morcone, Angelina Grace
 Murphy, Matthias William
 O'Connell, Timothy Joseph
 Ranahan, Lillian Margaret
 Rosenfeld, Fannie Eva
 SanClemente, Paul Francis
 Sherman, Helen Virginia
 Spencer, Gladys Mary
 Steevés, James Milner
 Tellier, Florence Bertha
 Tyndall, Ruth Evelyn
 Wallace, Cecilia Mary
 Warren, Grace Marion

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 Secretary, Madeline H. Burke,

Vice-President, Fannie E. Rosenfeld,
 Treasurer, Duane H. Clarridge.

Class Colors—Purple and Gold.

Class Flower—Jack Rose.

Motto—He Conquers Who Endures.

PROGRAMME.

Overture—The Poet and the Peasant		Suppe
M. H. S. Orchestra, Leo. E. Dickson, Leader		
Entrance of Senior Class escorted by Junior Class		
March—Soldiers of the Air		Fulton
M. H. S. Orchestra		
Away to the Woods		Wilber
M. H. S. Glee Club		
Salutatory—The Poetry of the War		
Marion Christine Huff		
Aloha Oe (Farewell to Thee)		
Senior Glee Club		
Class History		
Francis Henry Hannigan		
The Day is Gone		Lang
Mildred Agnes Bowen		
Class Prophecy		
Davis John Carroll		
The Carnival Chorus		Jakobowski
M. H. S. Glee Club		
Presentation of Class Gift		
Paul Francis SanClemente, President Class of '21		
Acceptance of Class Gift		
Henry Donald Barbadoro, President Class of '22		
Serenade		Titl
Leo E. Dickson, '21, Flutist	John N. Julian, '23, Violinist	
Alma E. Barbadoro, '21, Pianist		



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Rita Mary Daigle

Class Ode

Presentation of Diplomas

George E. Stacy, Chairman of School Committee

March—General Pershing's March

Vandersloot

M. H. S. Orchestra

CLASS ODE.

Tune—Good Luck March.

Forth to life we go ; scarce the way we know,
 As we leave our dear old Milford High,
 Sad our parting tears, gone the happy years ;
 School days past, new ways now we must try.
 We will enter life, well prepared for the strife ;
 Our kind teachers have labored long,
 In success we trust, and to win we must,
 For in knowledge we're girded strong.

Chorus :

Farewell, school days, as on we go,
 May success our pathway strew ;
 We'll know you're a friend, as our ways we wend,
 Farewell, Alma Mater true !

Now our life awaits with its wide open gates,
 For it's now we must answer its call,
 With ambitions high, life's ideals we'll try,
 On our valor may no evil fall !
 It is for the right that we will fight ;
 We are strong, and we will win !
 With our spirits high, we will do or die,
 Nor e'er shrink from the battle's din.

Now before we part, courage fill each heart,
For we all must go forward alone,
We must work to the end, our class to defend,
And we must conquer, yes, every one.
Whate'er we're told of the glittering gold,
Which so often does crown success,
It is not alone the gold we've won
But fair honor our efforts will bless.

RUTH EVELYN TYNDALL.



May Catharine Mackey

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THE OAK, LILY AND IVY

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TRUE HAPPINESS.

The biggest thing in the life of every human individual is happiness. It is the goal of all ambitions, the object of all endeavor. Complete happiness is that desirable something for which each one of us, rich or poor, powerful or insignificant, proud or humble, seeks in an endless quest, and which, because of its intangibility and our own stupidity, few of us find. Seldom do we seek it consciously, never as a definite object, yet, in the final analysis, it is for happiness that we live and die. In endless toil we pursue it, ardently yet blindly, earnestly yet despairingly. Material success comes; wealth, position, power, homage, yet it leaves us unsatisfied, with a conviction that something is lacking. And the conviction is not unfounded. Something is lacking. But it is in ourselves that the defect lies, not in fate or the "divinity that shapes our ends." For true happiness is merely contentment with whatever we possess of material comforts and spiritual blessings, great or small. The capacity for happiness lies within each one of us and even as we pursue it in blind haste, it is waiting to be enjoyed.

Happiness is a state of mind, the accompaniment of a courageous spirit—the spirit of optimism—and the natural consequence of an intelligent outlook on life. The person keen enough to see and appreciate the good things of life, and strong enough to forget or ignore the unpleasant things, thus deriving the full measure of happiness intended for all of us, is called an optimist. In this world we meet too few real optimists, too few people with courage enough to smile when others frown, and fight on with dauntless spirit when others surrender in despair. By an optimist I do not mean the offensive individual who rises with the songsters and rouses the household with boisterous melody. He is merely a healthy lunatic. Nor do I mean the man who predicts fair weather when the weather man's report and every visible natural sign indicates approaching rain. He is a fool. Nor yet do I mean the type of person who displays a perpetual simper to friend and enemy alike in affluence or affliction. He is either too small or too timid to assert himself.

Your real optimist is the man who, knowing that trouble is coming, has the courage to face it with a smile and faith in the ultimate triumph of Right. Your true optimist is religious. He may not be demonstrative about it, but he believes

and trusts in a Supreme Being, all powerful, just, and generous or he could not have such faith.

He is generous and kindly as his conscience and his intelligence direct him to be. For not only would he lose the happiness which he has if he failed to be, but he realizes that through unselfish service he is able to increase not only the pleasure of his friends but of himself. By his attentions he makes himself attractive, by his loving thoughtfulness he makes himself lovable. He holds the key to the secret of success, since true success is, after all, merely complete happiness.

Perhaps the most notable example of the optimist in current literature is Mark Sabre, the leading character in A. S. M. Hutchinson's successful novel "If Winter Comes." The keynote of his philosophy of life, his deathless faith, his unquenchable optimism, may be found in those lines wherein he studies the infinite workings of Nature and finds in them the reflection of his own courageous ideals. By these lines optimism is pictured in its truest sense, as it manifests itself in joyous spirits and courageous deeds.

"Nature was to him in October, and not in Spring, poignantly suggestive, deeply mysterious in her intense and visible occupation.—She spoke to him of preparation for winter, and beyond winter with ineffable assurance for Spring, bring winter what it might.—She packed down. She did not pack up, which is confusion, flight, abandonment. She packed down, which is resolve, resistance, husbandry of power to build and burst again.—Mankind, frail parasite of doubt seeking ever for a sign, conceives no certainty but the enormous certitude of uncertainty. A sign!—October spoke to Sabre of Nature's sublime imperviousness to doubt; of her enormous certainty, old as creation, based in the sure foundation of the world."

That is the philosophy of the true optimist, the person who in the face of every conceivable misfortune is able to ask, in the words of Shelley:

"—O Wind, If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

L. M. CALKIN, '22.

SALUTATORY.

As a representative of the Class of 1922, I wish to extend to you all a most cordial and hearty welcome. To you, dear teachers, parents, and friends, we owe a large measure of the success which we have attained during our four years in the Milford High School, and during that time labor and pleasure have been blended together most happily. I feel confident that it is with a pang of sincere regret that we bid farewell to our Alma Mater and to those surroundings to which we have become so endeared during the past four years.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

To-day more than ever before, the universal appeal of the drama is manifested by the vast throngs of theatre-goers. Never before in the history of drama has there been such a demand for good plays. Despite the efforts of so-called "reformers" and "purifiers of the theatre" the general outlook is exceedingly favorable.

Instead of "corrupting the morals" of the public, the modern drama has effected many reforms through its influence on public opinion. For example, it is inevitable that after thousands of people have seen a drama depicting deplorable

labor conditions such an impression will be made on their minds that immediately strenuous efforts will be made to better those conditions and to alleviate the burdens of the laborer.

Though many modern plays have been written in prose, the drama is historically classified as a department of poetry, side by side with the epic and lyric.

It is the action in a drama which distinguishes it from simple dialogue wherein the persons are merely mouth-pieces for the expression of ideas. A drama, therefore, is an exhibition of human types, bringing into play every emotion which can be objectively expressed, whether by word, gesture, or play of feature.

The classic departments of the drama are tragedy and comedy. The essential difference has been said to lie in the fact that a tragedy has a sad ending, while comedy ends happily; but this is far from expressing the real difference. Tragedy deals in a serious way with serious themes, especially the deeper sufferings of humanity. Comedy exploits the follies and absurdities of the ridiculous and base. While all drama is intended to entertain, tragedy does it through the excitement of sympathy, comedy through the excitement of mirth.

The element of mimicry, which is fundamental in the acted drama, is, of course, a part of human nature, and is doubtless to be found among all peoples. In many forms of literature, too, the dramatic tendency appears. Thus the Old Testament contains instances of dramatic dialogue, as in the Book of Job, and of the dramatic lyric as in the Song of Solomon. This is to be distinguished, however, from completely developed drama, the history of which begins in Greece.

The drama which flowered in the latter part of the sixteenth century "was not a new and sudden birth, but came rather as the natural outgrowth of centuries of crude and humble plays." In the very beginning, these had been closely related to the service of the church; in fact, they had been a means of religious instruction rather than a form of amusement. The instinct to act out a story had existed from the childhood of the race. With the earliest telling of legends and folk tales by minstrels and bards there had been occasion for dramatic recital, dialogue, and action. For many centuries the solemn mysteries and the quaint old miracle plays had been in existence. Throughout the Middle Ages bands of strolling players had wandered over Europe.

Five or six hundred years before Christ the God Dionysus, or Bacchus, was worshipped in Greece at country festivals. These actors were generally clad in goatskins, hence our word "tragedy," from the Greek "tragos," a goat, and "tragodia," a goat-song. From these simple beginnings sprang the great drama of Greece, which was given to the world through the genius of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. In similar fashion, "comedy," from "comus," a band of revellers, and "ode," a song, developed from the ruder, more rustic elements in the worship of the same god, although the religious element did not persist as long in this as in its greater and more serious cousin, tragedy.

In England, more than eighteen hundred years later, the beginnings of the drama were again closely connected with worship. Few of the common people could read, so the only effective method of teaching their congregations the stories of the Bible was the use of objects and pictures by the priests. Later they added movement, action, and talk to their picture lessons. It has been said that it was but a step from the impressive and beautiful service of the Mass to a dramatic presentation, in simpler form, of the most solemn scenes in religious history. "In this manner the people not only *heard* the story of the Adoration of the Magi and of the Marriage in Cana, but *saw* the story in tableau. In course of time the persons in these tableaux spoke and moved, and then it was but a logical step to the dramatic representation by the priests before the altar of the striking and significant events in the life of Christ."

Thus in the services of the church at Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter

were laid the foundations of our modern drama. These earliest performances, called Mysteries, dealt wholly with Bible stories, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, and with the life of Christ; but as they became more popular, lives of saints were used for dramatic material in the miracle plays of a century later. The priests and choir-boys were the actors. The object of these plays continued to be largely religious instruction, but there were opportunities for a good deal of grotesque amusement in the Miracle plays. Incidents in the lives of saints were not always serious. The Devil became more or less of a comic character, and gradually the religious element declined.

When the drama lost favor with the Church, it was taken up by the trade-guilds, which by the fifteenth century had developed elaborate and systematic methods of presenting them. Crowds gathered to witness again "the drama of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden, of Noah, the flood and the ark, of Pilate and Herod, or one of the numberless other stories with which they had been familiar from childhood."

The mysteries and miracle plays were followed by the moralities in which abstract qualities such as Pleasure, Slander, Rage, Perseverance, and the "Seven Deadly Sins" took the place of characters from the Bible. This was a long stride forward and consequently the field of subjects was greatly enlarged. From the eagerness and enthusiasm displayed, it is evident that there was inborn in the hearts of the people a love of acting which sooner or later would develop a more finished and artistic drama.

The earliest specimen of English drama now extant is a comedy, "Ralph Royster Doyster," written by Nicholas Udall probably between 1534 and 1541 for the Christmas entertainment at Eton, of which Udall at that time was head master. It was printed anonymously in 1566, and Udall's name was first connected with it about 1820. It is noteworthy as the first English comedy, "its humorous and life-like characters far surpassing the wooden figures of the moralities, and even the personages of Heywood's farces."

It is an amusing tale of Ralph Royster Doyster's love affair with Dame Custance, a widow. Ralph is encouraged by his friend, Mathewe Merygreeke, but is utterly repulsed by the lady in question, who is already betrothed to Gawyn Goodlucke. The real humor of the story lies in a letter which was written by Ralph to his lady-love. When the letter was read to Dame Custance, it read:—

"Sweete mistresse where as I loue you nothing at all,
 Regarding your substance and riches chiefe of all,
 For your personage, beautie, demeanour and wit,
 I commende me vnto you neuer a whit.
 Sorie to heare report of your good welfare.
 For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
 That ye be worthie fauour of no liuing man,
 To be abhorred of euey honest man.
 To be taken for a woman enclined to vice.
 Nothing at all to Vertue gyuing hir due price.
 Wherefore concerning mariage, ye are thought
 Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.
 And now by these presents I do you aduertise
 That I am minded to marrie you in no wise.
 For your goodes and substance, I coulde bee content
 To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to bee my wyfe,
 Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my lyfe,
 I will keepe ye ryght well, from good rayment and fare,
 Ye shall not be kepte but in sorrowe and care.

Ye shall in no wyse lyue at your owne libertie,
 Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall neuer please me,
 But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde,
 When ye are sory, I will be very gladde."

This seems an extraordinary letter for a man to send to the lady he desires to make his wife, but Royster Doyster did not intend the letter to be interpreted in the manner just read. What he really desired to say was:—

"Sweete mistresse, where as I loue you, nothing at all,
 Regarding your richesse and substance: chiefe of all
 For your personage, beautie, demeanour and witte
 I commende me vnto you: Neuere a whitte
 Sory to heare reporte of your good welfare.
 For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
 That ye be worthie fauor: Of no liuing man
 To be abhorred: of euery honest man
 To be taken for a woman enclined to vice
 Nothing at all: to vertue giuing hir due price.
 Wherefore concerning mariage, ye are thought
 Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.
 And nowe by these presents I doe you aduertise,
 That I am minded to marrie you: In no wyse
 For your goodes and substance: I can be content
 To take you as you are: yf ye will be my wife,
 Ye shall be assured for the time of my life,
 I wyll keepe you right well: from good rayment and fare,
 Ye shall not be kept: but in sorrowe and care
 Ye shall in no wyse lyue: at your owne libertie,
 Doe and say what ye lust: ye shall neuer please me
 But when ye are merrie: I will bee all sadde
 When ye are sorie: I wyll be very gladde
 When ye seeke your heartes ease."

Regarding this comedy, John Payne Collier says, "The plot is amusing and well-constructed, with an agreeable intermixture of serious and comic dialogue, having a variety of character to which no other piece of a similar date can make any pretension. When we recollect that it was perhaps written in the reign of Henry VIII, we ought to look upon it as a masterly production."

The first English tragedy of which we have any knowledge is "Gorbuduc or Ferrex and Porrex," written by Norton and Sackville. The plot is drawn from Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of Britain," and relates the efforts of Gorbuduc, king of Britain, to divide his dominions between his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. A fierce quarrel ensues between the princes which ends in their deaths and in the deaths of their father and mother, and leaves the land a prey to civil war. The moral of the piece, as indicated in the "dumme shew" preceding the first act, is "that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force, but being divided is easily destroyed," commended itself to political circles where great anxiety prevailed at the date of its representation regarding the succession to the throne.

Charles Lamb says: "The style of this old play is stiff and cumbersome, like the dresses of its time. There may be flesh and blood underneath, but we cannot get at it." Sir Philip Sidney, however, praised it for its morality. To our modern viewpoint the lengthy speeches in blank verse are somewhat tire-

some and yet the tragedy, all of whose dramatis personae die before the final curtain, is highly interesting to the student of dramatic history.

The first English theatre was not built until 1576, when Shakespeare was a boy of twelve. What a contrast to our theatres of the twentieth century! When we think of the uncomfortable benches, the flat bare earth of the pit, the lack of scenery, footlights, and drop curtains, when we think of the shrill voices of boys piping the women's parts, and of mist and rain falling on spectators' heads, we are inclined to pity the playgoer of Elizabethan times. Yet he needs no pity. To him the theatre of his day was sufficient. The drama enacted there was a source of intense and genuine pleasure. His keen enthusiasm; his fresh youthful eagerness; above all, his highly imaginative power, far greater than ours to-day,—gave him an ability to understand and enjoy the poetry and dramatic force of Shakespeare's works, which we, with all the improvements and conveniences of our palatial theatres, do not always equal. Crude, simple, coarse as they now seem to us, we can look back only with admiration upon these first theatres, for in them "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth" were received with acclamations of joy and wonder. In them the genius of Shakespeare was recognized and given the foremost place in the drama of England which now, after three centuries have passed, it still holds in the theatres and in the literature of all the world.

ELIZABETH ERICKSON, '22.

CLASS HISTORY 1922.

The history of the class of 1922 is one that we may well be proud of and may truly serve as an example for future classes to emulate. Although we have accomplished much, our achievements have been somewhat overshadowed by the great events which have taken place in the world since September, 1918. We have seen the mighty and supposedly invincible German hordes forced to lower their sword of autocracy. We have since witnessed the slow solution of the many problems of reconstruction.

Like the nations of the world *we* have met with many responsibilities and trials, but at last we are able to stand forth in the realization of work well done.

Ever since that eventful September morning in the fall of 1918 until this evening, our days in Milford High School have each one been marked with a true sincerity of purpose. For four years we have studied and endeavored to raise the scholastic standing of our school. In scholastic and athletic fields we have proven that we are not in arrears to any class that have preceded us. Whether or not we have surpassed all others, we have tried to practice the code of honor and fairness for which the students of Milford High School have always been famed. The first three years of our curriculum were passed in the usual manner. How we envied the superior seniors who dared transgress the iron-clad laws of the school!

In the course of our attendance in Milford High we have endeavored to develop those qualities that once enabled our forefathers to defy and throw off the British yoke, and with which every true American patriot is endowed.

On the athletic field as well as in the classroom, we have proved that ours is a class in which we may well take great pride. All of our strivings have been for the enhancement of the prestige of our Alma Mater.

When we attained the dignity of Seniors, we assumed the responsibility of the leaders in the school's social life.

We gave two small dances in the Assembly Hall in November and February

for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Both of these affairs gave much pleasure to the school and likewise realized a substantial sum. In May the annual Senior Hop took place in the Town Hall, and was a splendid social success.

In March we organized a dramatic society, composed of all of the members of the Senior class, known as the "Milford High School Dramatic Society." This club produced the play "A Lion Among Ladies" in the High School Assembly Hall which was an artistic and financial success. Miss Ruby F. Sutherland, teacher of Oratory in the High School was in charge of this production, and it is to her that we extend our most heartfelt appreciation for the very valuable assistance which she has rendered. The receipts of this production and the proceeds of the May Hop have been donated to the school for the purpose of adding a third plate to the Bronze Honor Roll, commemorating the students of the School who served in the World War.

But all of these social activities are of secondary importance, however, when we realize the scholastic benefits we have received from our four years of effort.

To-night as we stand here, with the future spreading before us on the horizon, can we feel anything but confident that we shall meet success in life as we have in our Alma Mater? What training can have a deeper or a greater influence on our lives than that which we have received during the last four years? The loyalty and class spirit, the lifelong friendships that we have formed will always be a source of inspiration and assistance to us in future trials.

Let us pause a moment in our parting to express a due appreciation to our instructors who have labored so consistently and earnestly for this triumph of to-night—graduation.

In after years let us always strive to bring credit not only to our teachers and our class, but to our Alma Mater. Let us always remember our inspiring motto—"Virtue Alone Ennobles."

WALTER WALL, '22.

CLASS PROPHECY.

A prophecy, says the dictionary, is a prediction of something to take place in the future, especially a prediction by divine inspiration.

That the dictionary is absolutely correct in this definition I realized after many days of fruitless invocation had failed to supply me with the necessary supernatural knowledge to visualize the future of my classmates. In chagrin at my failure, the thought of the ease with which the famous oracles of ancient times answered the most difficult of questions, flashed through my mind. If only I might speak with them and implore aid in the name of my brotherhood in the Omnipotent Order of Oracles! As a drowning man clutches at a straw, I grasped this last idea in the presumptive hope that necessity would surmount the impossible, and enable me to fulfill my official duties for the class of 1922.

The possibilities of telepathy, the ouija board, and automatic writing were in turn exhausted, and it was in desperation that I conceived the project of broadcasting my appeal by radio. Therefore, that very night from the powerful sending station at the Bellingham Navy Yard, my plaintive, despairing voice passed through the ether in the slim, slim chance that it would be heard and answered.

And yet, truthfully has it been said that miracles never cease, for in mingled fear and ecstasy, I heard, like the swelling of the whistling wind, a voice respond, "Ask and I will answer"—and I asked.

It was the Delphic Oracle speaking and joyfully realizing that my troubles were over, I grasped my list of names and a pencil and inquired as to what the

future held for myself and my classmates. Some of the replies were surprising, some were disheartening, and some the logical conclusion of present tendencies. However, I will give them to you without fear or favor exactly as the prophetic forms appeared and as the oracle delivered its verdict to me.

Because of my interest in what the future held in store for my classmate, Bradley Ford, I first propounded his name. Out of the void came the answer: "The man to the moment is born. As President of the Purity League, your friend fulfills his destiny." It rather looks as though congratulations were in order for Bradley.

Without interruption came question and answer, and I learned that the future was indeed rosy for many of us. The Muse Terpsichore will smile upon Clifton Jeffery, and having popularized the "Dance of Bacchus" with his partner Ruth Demerse, he will retire as instructor of the "Yankeeland Ballet."

Helen Staples and Evelyn Saunders are shortly to embark on a career as solicitors for a home for aged "finale hoppers." This profession of mercy will be inspired by the desire to see Henry Barbadoro comfortably settled for life among congenial companions.

The Oracle then described to me various apparitions which took shape at my announcement of each name.

"A book is slowly forming out of the misty atmosphere and with increasing rapidity the title and author's name become discernible. 'An Examination into the Tendencies and Characteristics of the Reds' by Catherine Battles."

"Walter Wall will edit a new form of dictionary much employed by the coming generation entitled 'The Flapper's Interpretation of the English Language.' "

"In the dense, matted jungles of a little South American republic, surrounded by dark, fierce-looking native revolutionists stands the new Liberator. Nothing but his fair hair and nonchalant smile, as he harangues these enthusiastic patriots, will identify him as the once harmless George Feeley."

Such astounding answers did I receive that in my eagerness to know the future I read to the Oracle my complete list, and reply on reply came back in rapid succession.

"Behind a barred ticket window in a large railway terminal the 'Ask-Me Man' with a cigarette between his lips answers a dozen questions in a dozen different languages without missing a puff. Between questions he finds time to admire an attractively gowned woman who is easily recognized as a leading Fifth Avenue designer. Imagine their mutual astonishment when they recognize each other as Mabel Anderson and Edward Lord.

"Catherine Carroll acting as campaign manager for the far-famed bright light in political life, Margaret Condon, leaves politics for a career on the stage where she acquires great success as a farcical interpreter of Burke's Speech.

"In a disreputable dive far below the surface of the street in a certain section of Greenwich Village, New York's Bohemia, sits a man with long unkempt hair, drinking red lemonade, with an expression of abstract indifference on his unshaven face. The reason for his intellectual degradation is that while at Yale College he received but an average of 99 and 9-10 per cent. while his ambition was to attain that impossible mark of the perfect scholar, 100. That man is Nicholas Mastroianni. Great credit must be accorded him, however, for the future announces that he will emerge from his disgrace to become a Doctor of Philosophy at Yale.

"Leonard King and Irving Rosenfeld, logically following out their present tendencies, are evangelist and orator respectively. King's stentorian tones have many times thrilled the sixth period English Class during the past year, and many have predicted a bright future in oratory for him.

"Hindu philosophy with its insistence upon hours of silent self-examination

will retain its interest for the American people for many years, through the enthusiasm of its many disciples and devotees. Among them will be remembered Grace Broughey and Donna Adams." It does not require much energy to remember how Grace used to sit a whole period without talking to Miss Kirby. Therefore it is only natural that she should carry through that philosophy of the dreamer to a higher degree of perfection.

At this point the oracle became quite friendly. Realizing that I was entirely incompetent to compete with it in any manner, it disregarded all professional jealousy and the answers lost the abruptness that was their characteristic heretofore. After a friendly chat during which I received many points on the business, the oracle continued:

" 'The play's the thing!' Never will this quotation be so convincingly demonstrated as by Elizabeth Erickson's dramas which will surpass all but those of Shakespeare. The High School edition of these plays, edited by Clara Cade, will win deserving recognition among educators."

Finding that three of my classmates would find recognition in advancing the English of the times, I asked the Oracle if any of the others would be so fortunate. The reply was as follows:

"Lloyd Dillon and Viola Nelson will incorporate as a firm and together will deliver delirious derelicts from the clutches of English professors by their voluminous writings on 'Milton's Poems, Explained.' " I insisted upon knowing what the Oracle meant by "incorporate as a firm," but received no satisfaction from that source. It can be but taken literally, for Dillon doesn't approve of bobbed hair.

With all the sordidness of life it is always refreshing to encounter those whose lives are pledged to rendering mankind's struggle for existence less stern. Quoting the Oracle, "Alice Hardiman and Grace Moran will train for nurses and find their reward in the smiles and good wishes of those restored to health by their kindly care."

The Oracle then went on to relate how in the year 1944 a new magazine will be originated called "The Century." It will be printed only once every hundred years but will contain all literary works of value for the century previous. The first editor of this magnificent volume will be Leslie Calkin, our distinguished editor in-chief of our own annual booklet, "The Oak, Lily and Ivy." Not only are we conspicuous in having a male member of our class represented in this marvel of the ages but one of the opposite sex also takes a distinctive part. The title of her essay will be "The Fancies of a Flirtatious Flapper," written by that eminent member of our class, Annie Anderson.

The Oracle once more went on to say: "Adherence to an ideal brings its own reward. One of your classmates who has original ideas on education and who realizes that preparation for life requires something more than parrot-like command of worn book-knowledge, will soon prove his theories. As headmaster of an exclusive prep school, Edward Werber will send hundreds of boys out into the world equipped with the requisites of success."

The Delphic Oracle then, realizing that I was taking life too easy as a prophet, spoke a few Greek words that came over the radio phone in a white mist which when inhaled put me slowly to sleep. I slept soundly and but for the Oracle's tremendous voice sounding over the radio phone an hour later, I should have slept forever. During my sleep the Oracle exercised his prophetic influence over me and I dreamed of the future of some of my classmates. I shall describe them to you as the ghost-like forms appeared before me.

First, I saw a crowded circus tent. The vast audience held their breath in suspense while a fairy-like figure appeared at the utmost top of the big tent. Slowly she started on her perilous journey down that steel wire strung at an angle

of 45 degrees to a height of 60 feet. She slipped, the audience gasped. Recovering her foot-hold she literally ran down that dangerous incline to stand once more on terra firma and amid tremendous applause, Helen Gilroy bowed herself to her dressing-room.

The ghost-like figures disappeared and others took form in their place. This time the scene was laid in The Hippodrome Theatre in New York City and on the stage were two sprightly ballet dancers. As the act finished amid thundering applause, Gertrude Kirsner and Della Kurlansky gave their good-night bow to the clamouring throng.

In a large room occupied by small children sits a familiar figure with a book in her hand impressing the Golden Rule upon her young audience. Because of her love for children Ruth Edwards has acquired a great success as a Kindergarten teacher.

Once more the misty scenes were lost to sight and I found myself looking at a scene in the Governor's office where Doris Kinney was taking dictation from the head of the state herself, Dorothy Wood.

At about this time I was awakened by the voice of the Oracle, which spoke to me in conversational tone:

"With the entrance of women into the business field, men of all professions will find competition. A modern barber shop will one day be opened on Main Street with Miriam Kirby and Doris Nourse wielding the razors and shears. Miss Kirby assures all victims that they will be kept interested in her Topics of the Day.

"Business and artistic ability are indeed a rare combination, but with the advent of Holmes' Revised Algebra combined with his ability to sell the same, he will be assured of success.

"Another woman to achieve success in what has been a man's field will be Irene Collins. After intensive preparation as a bacteriologist her Pure Food Column in the New York Tribune will be one of the features of the paper.

"Francis Wall will acquire great fame as a dramatic critic of the comedies shortly to appear at Milford Opera House."

After this last prophecy the Oracle shouted in announcer style: "Terrible Tenny, the perfect man," and continued in what appeared to be the record of the champion bantam weight pugilist of the world. It sounded like a war-time casualty list and when at the end the words, "Terrible Tenny will be the ring name of Donald Barnard," reached my ears, I swooned and knew no more until I woke to find a doctor forcing a nauseating liquid to my lips and murmuring "Just a brain storm," to the ambulance driver by his side.

HERBERT GRAYSON, '22.

FOUR GREAT TRAGEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

There is no writer in all literature who is better known than Shakespeare, whose great dramas will live forever in the minds of a grateful people. Unlike many other great writers Shakespeare was greatly revered and honored by his contemporaries. He was held in high esteem by Queen Elizabeth, and his plays were the delight of her court.

Nowhere in the history of literature do we find his peer in the understanding of human nature, for he ranks alone. His interpretation of life was so penetrating that his works to-day teach their moral lesson with the same force and power as in the days of good Queen Bess. His achievements are eternal, and we may well call him "the immortal Shakespeare." Through his masterful intel-

lect he was able to depict with equal skill all classes of society from the highest to the lowest in every age and country.

His earliest writings were on the lesser themes of comedy and history and it was not until the latter part of his life that he turned his attention to the more profound subjects which are found in his tragedies, the products of his knowledge, study, and experience. In 1602 "Hamlet" appeared and within the next few years we find that he wrote "Macbeth," "Othello," and "King Lear."

Shakespeare's style cannot be compared to that of any other writer as it occupies a place of its own in the literature of the world, and the only way that we can describe it is by the term "Shakespearean." His dramas are as forceful to-day as they were three hundred years ago. The moral of each of his tragedies can well be adapted to our own lives, for who among us cannot profit by the lessons of "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," each of which leaves its lasting imprint upon our minds?

With "Julius Caesar" begins Shakespeare's great tragedies, that "series of spectacles of the pity and terror of human sin without parallel in the modern world." His next great tragedy was "Hamlet," the idea of which he probably conceived from an old Scandinavian folk tale. But whatever the origin, we do know that Shakespeare developed the tale and presented it in a manner well suited to his great genius. "Hamlet" is a romantic tragedy with the interest centered around Hamlet, the son of the late King of Denmark, and upon whom rests the avenging of the "foul and most unnatural murder" of his father. The task before him is a stupendous one which requires all his skill and training to work out in a way that will leave him guiltless. Goethe calls the following the key to Hamlet's whole procedure:

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Hamlet's cleverness is displayed in the manner of seeking his revenge and in his assumed madness while assuring himself of the guilt of his uncle and step-father. One of the most commendable features of Hamlet's character is that in spite of the critical situation in which he is placed, he is at all times free from self-pity. He bears all pain and anguish with a smile, as it is his sole desire to revenge his father's murder.

The reason for the great appeal of this drama is that in "Hamlet" we find the same sufferings and anguish that takes place in the lives of all men. How many disappointed souls have in time of trouble re-echoed the sentiments and philosophy we read in Hamlet's familiar soliloquy:

"To be, or not to be,—that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them."

"Hamlet" is not the finest of Shakespeare's tragedies, but in it we do find that he reveals the "inmost state of his mighty soul." All of the characters produce the effect the author intended, from the appearance of the ghost in the first act to the very end. The fate of poor Ophelia arouses our sympathy at all times for what could be more pathetic than her madness and her pitiful death through accidental drowning?

"Hamlet" has perhaps the greatest moral scope of any of Shakespeare's tragedies as it combines the greatest strength and diversity of powers, for in it we find condensed the whole truth of life. In no other dramatic work can we find more display of passion and greater emphasis upon a moral lesson than in this great masterpiece of Shakespeare.

Another great tragedy is "Othello," which, though it may be inferior in compass and reach of thought to "Hamlet," surpasses it in that it better arouses the sympathies of mankind because of its domestic character. The original story is to be found in the Italian, but the characterizations, the passion, pathos, and poetry are all Shakespeare's own.

Othello the Moor is the possessor of a noble nature but his sense of fairness is lulled to sleep at first by his jealousy and little by little he is urged to commit the murder of his beautiful wife through the subtle villiany of Iago. His love for "Desdemona" has been so tender that he considers her honor above everything else and Iago's almost superhuman art convinces him of his wife's guilt.

Desdemona herself is one of Shakespeare's loveliest characters both in beauty and virtue. Her undying love for her husband overshadows everything else in her life. Iago's villainy makes no impression on her, for her life is like a quiet stream:

"In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
Do hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them."

In spite of her gentleness, Desdemona is heroic in that she is willing to die, if it is the desire of her husband. Nothing has ever been written in poetry more pathetic than the scene preceding her death, and the very pathos of it should enable us to see clearly the horror and destruction resulting from jealousy.

"Othello" is a work of art. The sufferings of Desdemona and Othello are so intense that we cannot help but pity them and as Coleridge has asked, "As the curtain drops, which do we pity most?"

"Macbeth" is a tragedy of human life dealing with the conflicts of the soul in which Macbeth deliberately chooses the evil course and thereby suffers the terrible consequences of soul destruction. Macbeth, like many other great men desired fame and honor and was led by the prophecies of the witches to commit crime and thus bring about his own ruin.

The three witches in the desert place in thunder, lightning and storm strike the keynote of the evil suggestion of the play in "Fair is foul and foul is fair." Macbeth's aspirations are truly foul, as we can see when he voices his sentiments in:

"Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires."

His gradual punishment is brought about by the torment of his conscience. He is robbed of "the innocent sleep," that "balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course." His mind is "full of scorpions" and he has no peace. He realizes the folly of his course when he sees his friends falling away from him and in place of "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," he has

"Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

Lady Macbeth is her husband's accomplice in crime. She spurs him on when he shrinks from the murder of the old king. Her suffering is as intense as that of her husband for she enjoys no rest, and in the sleep-walking scene she reveals her part in the crime. Macbeth's realization of the littleness of our lives is revealed in the well-known lines:

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour on the stage
And then is heard no more."

"Macbeth" presents a forceful warning as to the consequences of crime and the folly of too great ambition. In it Shakespeare reveals the process by which the thought of crime penetrates a virtuous soul and causes its destruction. The

lesson of this great drama teaches us the exact equality between sin and its retribution.

One of the very greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies is "King Lear." This drama has often been criticized for its improbabilities in the depiction of character, but we must remember that the scene is laid at a time when crimes were more common than virtue. The characters of Goneril and Regan are so base that it is almost impossible to find a commendable feature about them. They seem to be without feeling and we find that they even lack a sisterly love as well as any respect for their aged father.

The old King Lear is pictured as broken down by the will of his two cruel daughters. As time goes on, he becomes more and more infirm and in Goneril and Regan this arouses a feeling of gladness as they anticipate their inheritance. But in the fair Cordelia, her father's infirmities arouse a feeling of pity mingled with respect. "I loved her most, and thought to set my rest in her kind-nursery," is the way he expresses his preference for his youngest daughter. Most pathetic is his insanity, which is so pitiable that it seems impossible that Goneril and Regan are not aroused to sympathy. Cordelia is so sweet a character that she scorns to lie to her father and when he perceives the ingratitude of her sisters, she determines to tell the truth. There is no doubt in our minds as to her love for her father.

"King Lear" may be termed Shakespeare's greatest masterpiece and has been called the most nearly perfect specimen of dramatic poetry in the world. One of the most moving scenes is that in which Edgar and the eyeless Gloucester are pictured as the latter imagines himself ascending the cliff of Dover and leaping from it. The madness of the old King in the terror and ferocity of the storm mingled with the pretended madness of Edgar presents a scene we shall long remember. It is in "King Lear" that Shakespeare attains the summit of his tragic powers, for where could we find the lesson of filial duty more forcefully presented than in "King Lear?"

It is difficult to determine to an exact degree the relative merits of "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "King Lear." Each has many points which we admire and which we find in no other. Some may have a preference for a certain one of these tragedies but in my opinion they are all imperishable masterpieces, the work of the world's greatest dramatist—the immortal Shakespeare.

* * * *

Fellow classmates of 1922: To-night as we stand on the threshold of life we are conscious of the fact that this is perhaps our last gathering as the class of 1922. Our hearts overflow with inexpressible joy and satisfaction when we consider the rewards of our four happy years in the Milford High School. Happily engrossed as we have been in our many social events and above all in our studies, we have found our school life filled with joy. Our cares have been so light that we scarce feel the pressure of them to-night as we stand eager and expectant waiting for what to-morrow has in store for each one of us.

It is fitting that we should as a class extend to our teachers who have so earnestly and faithfully labored in our behalf our sincerest thanks for their guidance along the paths of learning.

Fellow-classmates, to-night our future lies before us bringing with it countless opportunities for success which we hope will crown our achievements. To-night our paths separate, some of us to continue our education in higher institutions and others to take up our duties in the business world, but wherever we go let us always remember our class motto "Virtue alone ennobles." In so doing we will remain ever faithful to ourselves and our dear Alma Mater.

Teachers, undergraduates, and class-mates of 1922, I bid you a sincere and sorrowful farewell.

DOROTHY M. WOOD, '22.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

Most important of all courses taught in an American school is that one which embraces the study of our own language. Other studies are interesting, some are important, a few are essential to the success of certain students. But none concerns us as a whole so intimately; the benefits of none are so inseparably identified with our daily life, at work and in play; upon no other does our future success and happiness depend so largely as the study of English.

It is important because it has a part in every phase of our daily intercourse. In business the ability to say the right thing at the right time in the right way, to express oneself clearly and concisely, to speak briefly yet forcibly and adequately, to have, in short, an absolute mastery of the English language is an advantage unparalleled. It is, in fact, not only an asset but an essential to complete and lasting commercial success.

Moreover, in our social intercourse it has an important place and is as necessary to success in society as in business. The ability to express one's views clearly and intelligently gives one an advantage immediately apparent over one's intimates. It gives one an influence which no other accomplishment could provide, an assurance which mere physical strength could not make possible. It is an instrument of power than which no other is more effective or more accessible for instant use.

To a college student, or rather to the type of student who usually takes a college course, the study of English is desirable not only for its usefulness, but for its interest. To them the study of English as it takes in the classic writings of the Immortals is a pastime. For it opens to them the well-springs of Wisdom. It gives them the key which will open a vault containing the learning of the ages, as applicable to our present problems as to those of their contemporary readers. The work of such writers as Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Goldsmith, Johnson, Bacon, and Chaucer, to mention only a few of England's greatest, is literature of incomparable purity, incomputable strength, and everlasting value to mankind. Through the medium of their fertile brains we see deeply into the mysteries of life, we see beauties heretofore unnoticed, and truths undreamed of until now. By a study of their philosophy we find the gold of life and learn to escape the taint which comes with the dross. It is through them that our minds develop, gaining strength and breadth.

Furthermore there is a pleasure in the study of English which comes with the gratification of the aesthetic sense. For there is a beauty in the English language when properly and sympathetically employed such as is found in no other tongue. Made up, as it is, of the best of several languages, with its Anglo-Saxon foundation plus the graces of the Latin tongues, it has the dignity and sonorous strength of the first, combined with the smoothness and liquid beauty of the second. It is a beautiful language to read, a beautiful language to listen to, and an even more beautiful language to be able to speak correctly. Replete as it is with synonyms, it gives one unlimited range of expression, allowing a smooth, musical diction at all times. It is a language to be proud of, to boast about, to learn thoroughly and use accurately. It is our language, the language of our fathers, and destined to be the language of our children's children. Therefore it is our duty, and should be our pleasure, to preserve it that it may become a splendid inheritance to our descendants in all its masterly strength and flawless beauty.

L. M. CALKIN, '22.

THE VALUE OF ENGLISH TO A COMMERCIAL STUDENT.

It seems somewhat difficult to ascertain the exact value of English to the High School student, but it is without doubt the most important and the one indispensable study of his entire curriculum. This is doubly true of the commercial student, for without English he would never achieve success, or for that matter be even tolerated in the business world.

English enters into the everyday lives of all students no matter what line of work they follow. In truth it forms the basis of all other lessons and is the one subject which is required by all schools and colleges.

Without English our study of stenography would be of little avail for without a fair knowledge of English it would be difficult to take dictation and impossible to transcribe our notes. Here spelling, a knowledge of punctuation, and grammar are indispensable. We could not hope to perform our duties without a certain knowledge of this vast and very valuable subject.

In fact it seems to me that English in itself could be termed an education. Its scope is unlimited and comprises almost everything one would need to know. A knowledge of English is absolutely necessary to the young man or woman who endeavors to earn his or her own livelihood for it is certain that there is no room for the ignorant in the business office in this day of great efficiency.

In addition to its great value the study of English is a great pleasure and it is a subject so vast that it would require much more than a life time to exhaust the great stores of literature. It is so valuable that as we increase our knowledge of English just so much do we increase our usefulness in this world.

Without the study of English we are robbed of a great part of life's pleasures for it is, indeed, unfortunate and very embarrassing for a man to find himself unable to give proper voice to his sentiments and thoughts. The man who can not tell others of his convictions will never be of influence in this world. For these reasons I feel amply justified in feeling that English is, indeed, an indispensable study in the commercial student's course.

DOROTHY WOOD, '22.

TO THE MOON—A Sonnet.

The red sun dips, the lengthening shadows grow,
 And darkness spreads her mantle o'er the earth;
 While through the tall unshielding trees that blow,
 There gleams a lovely pearl of priceless worth.
 Now swiftly through a violet cloud she glides
 Hastening forth upon her nightly quest,
 Bowing to the stars as on she rides
 For new adventure, with light heaven-blest.
 And many mortals on the earth below
 Gaze at the marvel with uplifted eyes,
 Which God has given us for light aglow,
 For close at hand our costly treasure lies.
 But soon she drifts away like poet's dreams
 To follow enchanted trails blazed by her beams.

ALICE K. HARDIMAN, '22.

A PLEA FOR THE TOILERS—A Ballad.

The glorious sun his destined course
Pursues from day to day;
Far from the haunts and dens of men
Who slave, then pass away.

Fair nature, in her changing garb
That each new season brings,
Refreshes not Man's fevered brow
Nor soothes his sorrowings.

From morn till night in dull routine
The toilers slave away,
Regretting to have ever seen
The dawning light of day.

Far, far below, in darkest night
Men labor underground,
Unconscious of all light or voice
Except their soul's sad sound.

O foolish man, you've always feared
The frights of darkest hell;
And here on earth, in fouler place,
You, self-imposed, dwell.

But let me leave this sadd'ning sight
And seek some other place
Where Life, in slower strides mayhap,
Keeps up her steady pace.

Behold the cities, rich and strong,
Self-centered in their power,
Unconscious that their life, with Time,
Is but a fleeting hour.

Within their bounds, in brazen pride,
Large sweatshops rear their wall,
Whose stalls to many mortals are
A cradle, home, and pall.

Here women toil and children weep
Beneath the lash of men
Who, like wolves among the sheep,
Tread the path of sin.

And many youths and maidens fair,
Beneath the sway of power,
Do pine away in Slavery's chains
And perish in their flower.

While in abodes of wealth and pomp,
Where loathful lewdness reigns,
In pampered luxury and ease
The wolves enjoy their gains.

O Man, were you endowed by God
 With genius unconfined
 To grind and sweat for Satan's slaves?
 Were you for that designed?

Then break asunder all the chains,
 And make the abusers give
 The sacred right by none denied:
 The right of man to live!

NICHOLAS MASTROIANNI.

A VIOLET—A Sonnet.

Beside the babbling brook alone it stood,
 A violet with head turned toward the sun;
 And nodding in the wind its purple hood
 Rocked back and forth with glee, for this was fun!
 A carefree schoolboy hap't to pass that way
 In quest of wild flow'rs from the shaded wood:
 His glance at once fell on the blossom gay.
 He quickly made his way to where it stood,
 There with unthinking hands the flow'r he took,
 And left the once proud plant alone to mourn,
 And lie enclosed within that sheltered nook
 With ne'er a bud its beauty to adorn.
 It still remains with leaves turned toward the sun
 Regretful of the deed the boy had done.

DORIS KINNEY.

SONNET TO MILTON.

O noble bard, within whose feeling breast
 Once burned the flame of Genius great, divine,
 All mankind kneels before your honored shrine
 In silent tribute of respect. The blest
 And happy spirits join, at God's request,
 In heavenly harmony. The spheres combine
 Their music in your praise, while you recline
 On beds of asphodels in blessed rest.

Majestic singer in that great triad
 That sung the glorious epics of Man's deeds,
 Your song ascends in lofty grandeur free
 To heights sublime in solemn accents sad;
 Now far away, and softly, it recedes,
 And now it bursts in blissful ecstasy.

NICHOLAS MASTROIANNI.

THE COURAGE OF MILTON.

The popular misconception of a poet that prevails among a great many unthinking young people is that he is a weakling who spends all his time writing poetry to celebrate the beauties of nature. A poet is seldom thought of as being a strong energetic man entering into political affairs and discussing the current topics of the day. He is more frequently thought of as writing on indefinitely about the moon or the stars and having no connection with practical affairs.

One of the best examples that can be given of the courage and strength of a poet is found in the life of John Milton, the great English writer who became totally blind before he was forty-five years of age. Of all the ills that befall mankind, blindness, it seems to me, is the very worst affliction. A person may become deaf and yet enjoy life, or he may even be deprived of the power to move about from place to place, yet he can still see and enjoy the beautiful works of God.

But consider what a terrible deprivation of joy the loss of sight must bring to anyone, especially to a man with the keen sensibilities of Milton. All earthly beauties are forever enclosed in darkness and the only way of obtaining a view of them is through the power of the imagination. Yet it is in this sorrowful condition at early middle age we find John Milton, the last of the Elizabethans. Through excessive reading in early years and later devotion to his patriotic duty as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, he lost his entire vision and was forced to do all his greatest work through dictation.

Many people when afflicted with one thing or another give up in despair and mourn continually over their troubles. This was not so with Milton. Even after he had lost his eye sight, he was happy and contented and praised his Creator for all the blessings bestowed on him. All his writings had to be dictated to a secretary and near the end of his life he set about the writing of the great poem he had in mind long before when he spoke of his wish to write some day a work of literature which the world "would not willingly let die." And so he gave to the world "Paradise Lost."

What more beautiful expression can be found of heroic endurance of a tremendous burden combined with an undying faith in God than in the following sonnet of the blind poet?

"ON HIS BLINDNESS."

When I consider how my light is spent
 'Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve there with my Maker and present
 My true account lest He returning chide:
 "Doth God exact day labor light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But patience to prevent
 That murmur soon replies: "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who
 Best bare His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
 Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

THOUGHTS FOR THE FUTURE.

“And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time.”

The road of Life lies before us now. Some may find it hard, others may find it easy. Some may anticipate college joys, some may find new surroundings and new friends, and some may forget for a time the days at Milford High School in their striving for success.

Success in itself is a wonderful thing and it brings a pleasant feeling of satisfaction to realize that we have accomplished something worthy of our time. Success may come early in life or it may come late. Some may never find it in this world. The word success is capable of so many different interpretations that it is often hard to recognize it when it comes. Some are content to call a wealthy person successful; others may apply the name to a man who has acquired fame. They may both be successful in the eyes of the world, but the only real success is that of character.

Every task that is given to us to do should be done in the most thorough, the most conscientious manner. To some a piece of work well done means more time to acquire more money. Some attempt to get the work done quickly in order to earn money. If your work is done honestly, it will bring greatness to you in your own mind through the completion of a task sincerely performed.

With our work, our play, our sorrows, our pleasures, our gains, our losses, does not Life seem at times like a wonderfully big game of cards with Fate dealing them out? To some people Fate appears cruelly blind because of the way in which she imposes heavy burdens and trials. But we all realize sooner or later that every care and every pain has been laid upon us by the Creator whose purpose may for the moment seem unjust, but which in the end will be revealed to us as one of Divine wisdom. Our responsibilities are sent to test us and bring out our better qualities. “Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

At the end of all our struggles comes Death. If we do not leave footprints that are worthy of the high pains which should have characterized our efforts, should they not be erased by the waves of Time? Is it not pathetic for us to leave footprints behind that will remain but are unworthy of imitation?

Our paths have been pointed out to us by the teachings of God. He has shown us the straight way and has sought to make us understand that Success before the world means nothing unless it is Success in His sight.

“Our Heroes,” by Denis A. McCarthy, will show what our thoughts for the future should be:

“Let’s do our duty, each one as he should,
And, lacking greatness, let’s at least be good.

“Oh, there are seeds of kindness to be sown,
In hearts that never have such kindness known.

“And words of gentleness and actions true,
Are always possible for me and you.

“ ’Tis true these seem of little worth, because
They do not win for us the world’s applause.

“But noble actions are not judged by size,
The great intent the action magnifies.

“And though our names the world may never fill,
The ear of God may find them sweeter still.”

With these words in mind let us go forth, remembering our class motto, that
“Virtue Alone Ennobles.”

VIOLA NELSON, '22.

SPRING—A Ballad.

What rapture thrills within our hearts
To greet the fragrant Spring!
All sadness melts away from view,
When birds so gladly sing.

The world awakes as if from sleep,
All thought of Winter past,
And revels in the joyous sight
Of heavenly Spring at last.

The fields and meadows gay with flowers
Are spread in bright array.
The budding trees commence to show
Their beauty to the day.

The gay lark revels in the clouds,
The blackbird haunts the hills,
The joy of Spring is here at last
To banish care and ills.

Such beauty cannot be surpassed,
And so we gladly sing,
And let our hearts be radiant with
The sunshine of the Spring.

KATHERINE CARROLL.

TO THE DAWN—A Sonnet.

A maiden young and fair and true art thou,
O Dawn! With thee begins both day and life;
Thou bring'st a wondrous message to us now,
And with thee smiles and joy to banish strife.
Thou art the fairest goddess ever seen.
Thou callest living things to work and play;
The flowers wake and bloom in meadows green,
And then we know that thou hast brought fair Day.
But thou art fairer than the sweetest song.
Thou bring'st the sun to cheer a weary land,
Thy gentle healing touch will soothe the wrong
That yesterday wrought with his ruthless hand.
The Day is wondrous fair; the Night brings rest
But in all truth, O Dawn! I love thee best.

DOROTHY WOOD.

THE SOUL OF A PRAYER—A Sonnet.

The everlasting glory known through prayer
 Is endless, boundless faith in every heart
 That gives its very soul to God's kind care.
 For who knows not that life is but a part
 In which we each and every one must act
 Not knowing when or where it all will end?
 But He who saw what human life has lacked
 Bestowed a gift for which the world will bend,
 A prayer by which a man may place his soul
 In heaven's lofty sphere to brightly shine,
 And claim to all that it had reached its goal
 Among the hearts that had remained divine.
 A humble prayer at the Master's shrine addressed
 Will win in heaven our eternal rest.

MARGARET CONDON.

TO WOMAN—A Sonnet.

Her hair: Water under the summer stars;
 A soft, dark, brooding cloud upon the sea.
 Her eyes: Twilight: the music of guitars;
 Black jewels set in snowy ivory.
 Her lips: Twin petals of a scarlet rose;
 Rich, sparkling wine; the fragrance of rare musk.
 Her teeth: Unblemished pearls in lustrous rows;
 Pale lilies gleaming through the velvet dusk.
 Her laugh: Faint chimes that in the evening ring;
 A rippling brook whose banks in Spring o'erflow.
 Her heart: A bird whose pleasure is to sing;
 A smooth, white patch of trackless, spotless snow.
 Herself: A creature whose light feet have trod
 On men. And yet, the perfect work of God.

L. M. CALKIN.

THE DAY—A Sonnet.

Again the day breaks forth from mists of night,
 The morning sun appears to shed its rays,
 The glorious light reflects on hills and bays,
 And fills the weary earth with sunshine bright.
 Another day is here to greet our sight,
 To lend its heavenly beauty to our gaze,
 Our daily tasks, and heavy burdens raise
 Up from our weakening shoulders by its might.
 So thus has dawned another joyful day;
 The sunshine bright effaces care and ills,

And so our daily routine we pursue ;
 Tis wrong to let it slip unused away.
 When rightly spent, our time the task fulfills,
 And brings to us each day contentment true.

KATHERINE CARROLL.

WANDERING—A Ballad.

I like to wander down the lane
 Beside the limpid stream,
 And listen to the birds on high
 As I linger on and dream.

To dream of things that have gone by
 And things that are to be,
 To know there is a better life
 Out there beyond the sea.

I like to wander in the woods
 And watch with joyful glee
 The wondrous works that are performed
 For folks like you and me.

I like to wander in the dell
 Beside the silent mill,
 And then recall those joyful hours
 Where now is all so still.

To think of childhood days once more,
 The playmates of that time,
 When worry was unknown to us
 And life was just a rhyme.

Those days have passed and gone from us
 And we must wander on,
 Until the trumpet's sound is heard
 On that celestial dawn.

DORIS KINNEY.

THE VOICE OF SPRING A Ballad.

The voice of spring is calling me,
 To join her in her play.
 "Come, join me in my revelry,
 And laugh the live-long day.

"O, Come with me, where lands are bright,
 And flowers ever bloom,
 Where mock-birds trill, and song-birds thrill,
 And where there is no gloom.

“Where April showers cool the air
And May flowers spring anew;
Where zephyrs sweet with perfume rare,
Wave 'neath the skies so blue.

“Where trees and flowers laugh with joy,
And babbling brooklets flow;
Where shady trees, and gentians blue
In grassy meadows grow.

“Where modest violets hang their heads,
Where flowers rare are found;
And where the spell of tranquil calm
Prolongs each joyful sound.

“Where days are long, and nights are cool,
Where little children play;
Where man meets man on equal ground,
And cares are cast away.

“Where happiness and joy greet all,
Where everything is fair.
Come, join me in my revelry
And I will take you there.”

The voice of spring is calling me,
Through every living thing.
Hark to the merry shouts of youth,
How sweet the song birds sing!

The spell of Spring has captured me,
We joined her in her play.
I've found the path to happiness,
And laugh the live-long day!

CLARA CADE.

PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance is the keystone in the arch of success. Without it the arch will crumble to ruin.

Life is but a prolonged struggle to attain success and he who perseveres reaches the goal. In every department of life, from the humblest toiler to the highest posts of honor in affairs of state, the same method of arriving at a predetermined object is employed. The worker of the soil realizes that only careful tilling and caring for the seed will insure a crop, and with this end in view toils unremittingly until at harvest time he is rewarded by reaping the fruits of his labors. The diplomat, in his game of wit and cunning and with entire states for stakes, follows a policy of steadiness and tenacity, knowing that to be his only hope of bringing about his opponent's defeat and the attainment of his ends.

History is but a collection of accounts in the life of the human race and these accounts are divided under two headings: success and failure. In the

accounts of success may be recognized the eternal story of perseverance and steadfastness of purpose overcoming all obstacles to a final triumph. In the accounts of failure it is the tale of lack of perseverance with the attendant result of total failure of years of labor and sacrifice which otherwise might have gone down in history as years of success and momentous events.

Napoleon crossed the Alps in mid-winter, and that crossing opened the way for his mastery of Europe. No other man before his time had crossed them, because each man who had attempted it had the word "Can't" before him, and before that word all perseverance and power of purpose melts away. But Napoleon knew no "Can't." He knew that he must succeed and cross the Alps, or forever lose that one chance that men call Opportunity. Opportunity knocked, he answered, and through it he attained heights undreamed of even in the wildest dreams of his Corsican youth.

Washington manned the ship of state of the United States during a crucial period. He commanded the American colonists through a rebellion against existing theories of government and only his perseverance made possible the success of a rebellion which then took on the name of revolution. We Americans shudder when we read history and learn that "A determined move by General Howe from New York to the Delaware might have easily overwhelmed the remnants of Washington's army and put an end then and there to the American Revolution" and the ideals of a people that aimed at the liberation of the human race from the chains of oppressing tyrants. But Howe failed to persevere and make a "determined move," and history records another case of success brought about by a failure of perseverance on the opposing side. Such a failure proved a blessing to an oppressed people but an irreparable loss to an empire. History records many other incidents of a similar nature.

We may not aspire to historical fame but that same steadfastness of purpose and firmness of character must be exhibited in our daily life. The twentieth century is a century of progress and each individual's rating is based upon his ability. Perseverance has always been rewarded with success and to-day the opportunity of attaining the goal of one's ambitions is better than ever.

Like the spider in the tale let us spin our web and if misfortune befalls our undertakings, let us not lose courage but persevere to their final completion. In small duties as well as important ones let that air of interest and tenacity prevail.

Above all things "Can't" must be struck out of our vocabulary. No task is too difficult for human mastery if entered into in the proper spirit. The individual who allows any ordinary obstacle to intervene in the execution of a duty is creating for himself an obstacle to the future development of his career.

Let each individual work in the living present and with that earnestness and steadfastness of aim that when his opportunity arrives he may say in absolute confidence: "I have labored earnestly towards the fulfillment of my duties and can now assume responsibility in the greater task of serving mankind."

NICHOLAS A. MASTROIANNI, '22.

**"PYGMIES ARE PYGMIES STILL, THOUGH
PERCHED ON ALPS."**

—YOUNG.

One of the apparent essentials to success in life, acquired forcefully or secretly, is influence. The average man is human enough to desire the recognition of his associates, to be a man of the world, and to hold a responsible position.

Unfortunately, however, the moral issue is often totally discarded in this scramble for power, and frequently ends in the ruin of the character as well as the loss of position. Let us consider for a moment the essential qualities of a true man.

Every man has two duties as a true citizen to perform. His first and foremost duty is to himself and to his immediate family. Until he has successfully accomplished this, he can have no hopes of fulfilling the second, that to his State. His duty to himself includes a score of seemingly trivial tasks, which in themselves are unimportant, but which when put together, form the responsibility of each man's life. The first duty prepares him for the second, his duty to the State.

Doing one's duty to the State does not necessarily imply holding a responsible governmental position. It is often those at home who do the most good by keeping peace and order, and by willingly obeying the law. There must be some one to occupy the high positions, however, and this is a source of all political combats. Personal prejudices are allowed to become a determining element, and consequently there is often seen great incompetency, both moral and mental.

One person may be mentioned who will be recognized throughout the world as a man who held a very responsible position with an unscrupulous disregard for morality. This is the Ex-Kaiser of Germany. Not content with his nation's acquisitions, he sought more power, and being unable to secure it legally, he took to unlawful measures. In his great desire for universal power, he discarded all thoughts of justice, and his downfall was only a matter of time.

This truth applies not only to political ambitions, but to every position in life, be it social, moral, or governmental. Each has his own place in the world, and merely because another has more influence, recognition, and money, it is not necessary for the average man to yearn for them. He must remember this: In the eyes of only a few is a man judged by his position, and those few are the most undesirable associates one could have. They are a hindrance to the progress of the government, and a menace to the character. A man is really judged by his moral strength and ideals, and his ambitions. He is judged, too, by those who are competent of judging wisely, and who credit him for his real value.

He who tries to live a good and righteous life will reap the benefits of it; while he whose ambitions are only for the earthly fame, will soon realize that the world is but an empty space after all.

"He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy the bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

The crown of life is the reward of virtue. It is bestowed upon mortals, only when the earthly temptations have been overcome, and heavenly inspirations have been allowed to guide the soul. It is the greatest of God's gifts, far greater than the earthly liberties, and its price is dear. It can be had for no ordinary price, but for a life of virtuous living, a due reverence for God and his creations, and for a continuous struggle against the evils in one's path.

"Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
High above this spherical clime.
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

The desire for social recognition has often been the cause of many a wrecked life, unscrupulous methods being constantly employed in order to be known in

“society”; for the possession of wealth seems to raise an individual to the highest plane in the eyes of the ordinary man.

You no doubt have some particular person in mind whom you admire, even though his social position be the least desirable. It is the noble spirit in which this individual acts for the benefit of his associates that attracts you. It is his kind way, his thoughtfulness, his high ideals, and his trust in God that prompts you to become further acquainted with him.

It can be truthfully said then, that the one essential to every man's success, is a high moral standard, a desire for honest reward, and a position fitted to his competency. High positions do not make the man. Instead they tend to weaken the character, if acquired or maintained by unfair means. The position in life which counts is the position one holds in the esteem and respect of those who seek the approbation of God.

CLARA E. CADE, '22.

THE FATE OF FAME—A Ballad.

A stretch of sand, so white and smooth,
 Called me to come and play,
 So there the Destiny of Life,
 Upon the sand I made.

The course when traced reached forth to Fame,
 The road was straight and clear,
 The course seemed oh! so very short,
 And Fame was very near.

And then the waves, forgetting us,
 Their daily work began—
 And to our feet came crawling in,
 On that still and smooth, white sand.

For hours or more the waves came in,
 God's wondrous powers perform,
 And spread upon the smooth, white sand,
 My footprints all were gone.

Then slowly with a sullen roar,
 The waves go back again,
 And there before my watching eyes,
 The sand once more did reign.

I hastened from my sheltered nook,
 To find how Fame did fare;
 But what a vision met my eyes—
 The sand was smooth and bare.

The waves had treated Fame too hard,
 I thought in sad alarm,
 So further up upon the beach,
 I sketched her, far from harm.

That night in flaming harmony,
The golden sun went down,
And there and then I made a vow,
To have Fame for my own.

But when the sun came up next morn,
The waves, as oft before,
Had come and washed away my Fame,
The sand was clear once more.

I sometimes wonder if real Fame
Is like the one I drew,
So near, and yet so hard to keep,
And if it's really true.

VIOLA NELSON,

THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE SEA—A Ballad.

One night I chanced to pass the sea
Where gentle waters flowed,
And o'er my head in playful rings
The soft, calm breezes blowed.

I stopped to hear the sea's low song,
Weird and sweet and gay,
And soon my eyes were firmly fixed
Where shining waters lay.

The gentle Naiads sang to me,
My mortal senses slept.
And soon I seemed borne far away
Where ripples softly crept.

The moonlight played along the waves
Which sparkled here and there,
Like stars that fell from heaven's sphere
To free the world from care.

Before my eyes, from dark blue waves
Appeared a siren fair
Who sat and combed entrancing locks
Of sunny golden hair.

No peacock feathers could compare
With that fair maiden's gown;
No bird of paradise could gain
Such marvelous renown.

This sea-maid's song would charm a king
To dare the roaring sea,
Through storm and strife through all his life
Just near her eyes to be.

She sang of castles far below
All made of precious shells,
And towers where the seamaias hear
The ocean's tinkling bells.

The mermaids danced and played all day
In Neptune's jeweled home,
And few have ever cared away
From his kind love to roam.

The siren called me to this place
Below the sun-kissed waves,
To where I might remain the queen
In dewy shell-shaped caves.

Soon she arose from moss green rocks
And beckoned me to tread
The mazelike dance along the sea
Where'ere her fancy led.

With nimble grace she skipped and posed
On golden sandalled feet,
From rock to rock she danced along
In silent, swift retreat.

I safely passed the last rough rock,
When across my view a star
Shot forth from heaven's dusky sky
As if my steps to bar.

My gaze was drawn from those blue eyes
To flaming torches bright
Which broke the spell. The siren then
Was lost far from my sight.

I thank the star that saved my life
From that bewitching sea,
And pray that ne'er again the like
Of that fair nymph I'll see.

MARGARET CONDON, '22.

ATHLETICS.

Our gridiron squad during the season of 1921 was one which we shall long remember proudly. Our admiration for it was in no degree lessened by the several reverses which rendered futile the hopes we had of winning the Midland League Pennant in the first year of the League's renewed existence. For we realize that Milford High was represented by a squad of fighters and sportsmen, by men game to the core, who fought against odds to uphold her honor.

Though alibis, like comparisons, are odious, and seldom reconcilable to the spirit of true sportsmanship, it is only just that some things should be mentioned to explain the defeats which disappointed but never discouraged our team. In the first place they were considerably outweighed in every unsuccessful contest. In the second place we won every game in which we had our regular squad and it is to the injuries received by several players in two big contests that we may attribute our several defeats.

The game in which the most serious injuries were received and which, in view of those injuries and the substitutions made necessary, we are most proud of winning, was the game with Mansfield High on October 15. Mansfield was represented by a team which outweighed ours fully 15 pounds to the man. In the first few minutes of play the visitors began a steady march down the field. So savage was their assault and so ponderous was their weight advantage that Griffin, Steeves, and Duggan were forced to retire from the game because of injuries. Steeves was unconscious several minutes, Griffin wrenched the ligaments in his neck so severely that he was unable to play again for several weeks, and Duggan was unable to play again during the season, being internally injured. So without the services of both our half-backs and a first-string guard, our team was scored on in the first quarter and the score stood Mansfield 7, Milford 0.

But then the sporting spirit of our team manifested itself. They tightened up so effectively that the visitors were unable to score again during the game. In the third quarter, in an exchange of punts Milford gained. Tighe punted to the Mansfield quarterback who fumbled but finally recovered the ball behind the goalposts. Marcovitz tackled him there and we scored two points on a safety.

Within five minutes of the close of the last quarter "Teddy" Steeves, with a wonderful display of courage and loyalty, persuaded Coach Berry that he had recovered from the effects of his injuries, and took his place again. Carrying the ball repeatedly, in a march we can never forget, he gained yard after yard, and finally tore through the opposing line for a touchdown with but two minutes to play. Since we were unsuccessful in an attempt to kick the goal, the game ended with a score of 8—7 in our favor. Certainly no more thrilling contest has ever been seen in Milford, and the calibre of our opponents may be realized when one remembers that on the Saturday previous they defeated Attleboro High 53—0, on the following Saturday they won from Dedham 7—6, and subsequently they defeated Taunton 39—0.

We feel that we have reason to be proud of our baseball team, also, for, although they did not capture the coveted pennant, they did win those games which most of us regarded as most important. Our ancient rivals, St. Mary's Academy and Framingham High, were each defeated in two games by our team, and this gave us more satisfaction than any other victories could have. We were seriously handicapped throughout the season by a scarcity of pitching material. Griffin, who has been our main standby in this department, developed a sore arm which finally compelled him to give up pitching entirely and play in the outfield. Although Safstrom was able to fill his place very capably, he was naturally unable to bear the pitcher's burdens in every game successfully.

Perhaps the most exciting game of the season was the second contest with Framingham High. After being defeated with a score of 5—0 by us in the previous game, they came to Milford on June 7th determined to make us fight for a second victory, which they certainly did. Our first score came in the second inning when Steeves, coming to bat first, singled and stole second. Hixon grounded to first, sending him to third, and he scored when Visconti sent a grounder to the pitcher. Again in the fourth inning we scored when Rosenfeld, who was granted a base on balls, went to second on an error by the catcher, was sent to third on a passed ball, and was scored by Steeves' beautiful sacrifice.

Framingham did not score until the sixth, as up to that inning they had been able to make only two hits and only one man reached third. The first man up got on through an error, and was sent to second by a single from the next batter. Then Murphy, the visiting catcher, uncorked the hit which seemed destined to win for his team. It was a long double which scored the first of his team-mates, and the second scored on a passed ball. Then, although the next three men went out in order and the visitors did not make another hit during the game, Murphy brought in the third run and placed his team in the lead.

When the last of the eighth came, things were looking bad for us when the first two men up got out. But Captain Tighe, who came next, singled as did Griffin following him. Tighe stole second, and was sent home by Griffin's hit, tying the score.

In the pitching duel which followed Safstrom had all the advantage, but, although Raftery hit safely in the ninth, it was not until the last of the eleventh that we scored again. In this inning Tighe led off again with a single, stole second, was sacrificed to third by Griffin, and came home when O'Connell hit safely. Thus the game was won by a score of 4—3 in a wonderful finish.

There are, of course, many other games which might be described, some of them defeats, but we have described the most glowing of our victories, and none of our friends, we are sure, would care to hear of our reverses, so we give the batting averages of the team up to June 7th, letting them speak for themselves:

	A. B.	R.	H.	Average
Tighe	71	23	31	.437
Steeves	68	12	24	.353
Rosenfeld	69	13	23	.333
Werber	15	4	5	.333
Griffin	48	13	15	.313
Raftery	56	9	17	.304
Hixon	64	8	19	.297
O'Connell	65	12	18	.276
Safstrom	36	3	7	.194
Visconti	53	8	10	.189

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Our football team, beyond a doubt,
This annum just gone by,
Was just as fine as e'er turned out
To fight for Milford High.

We must admit that now and then
They suffered some defeat;
But that, you'll wager all your yen,
Made victories more sweet.

"Hub" Grayson was the captain and
The leader of the pack;
He threw a "pass" from either hand,
Or rushed the ball way back.

Eddie Tighe was our quarterback,
Like Barkis, he was "willin' "
His brains in planning each attack
Were praised by Bo MacMillan.

Our halfbacks, you will all confess,
Were worthy of esteem.
Without this clever pair, I guess,
We would have had no team.

With "Wus" in left and "Ted" in right
For touchdowns we could hope;
To keep these lads out of the fight
Would take a ten foot rope.

Our center was a sturdy star,
The boys all call him "Jigger;"
Each team we played from near and far
Thanked God he was no bigger.

Beside him played a Senior chap,
A mountain of a guard;
The visitors all took a nap
When "Jumbo" hit them hard.

On t'other side Paul Duggan shone
Until the Mansfield game;
But since he broke his funny bone
He's never been the same.

His place was filled by diff'rent "subs,"
But mostly by John Binney;
He made the enemy look like dubs,
When supported by Mainini.

When "Fingo" started in to speak,
 He made the fellows laugh;
 But then he showed himself each week
 A tackle and a half.

Our left end Marcovitch was great,
 He had a fiery "dome;"
 And lots of trouble he'd create,
 Each time a "pass" was thrown.

At right end Tuttle did hold sway
 In nearly every game;
 He took a part in every play,
 And won a lot of fame.

"Clare" Safstrom was another man,
 In offence he was vicious;
 Although an A-1 football man,
 He's better when he pitches.

"Morell" was still another boy
 Who showed the proper stuff.
 When he played, we were filled with joy—
 And so was "Pete"—'sno bluff.

"Ed" Werber and "Nate" Rosenfield,
 Did nifty work at times;
 But often when a game was held,
 They graced the old side-lines.

Henry "Barb" with his friend "Julie"
 Worked daily with the rest;
 To have this pair, I'll tell you truly,
 Our football team felt blessed.

Now last of all, but less than none,
 I wish you all to note
 "Frank" Barry who has often won
 The gratitude we vote.

He worked hard coaching every day,
 Just one thing we regret;
 If each position he could play,
 We'd lose no games you bet.

Oh yes, it was a noble team
 Quite worthy of renown:
 No doubt the fastest High School team
 Of any in the town!

That their schoolmates perceived their fame
 Was very often shown;
 Whenever we put on a game
 They all would stay at home!

OUR BASEBALL NIINE.

We've had a "playing" nine this year
That's won itself a name,
And so I think in simple rhyme
I'll write about its fame.

The team is made up of nine men,
As all baseball teams are,
With worthy "subs" set in between
That often chance to star.

Our worthy catcher is "Ted" Steeves,
An athlete strong and true,
And just to see him catch and hit
Makes our opponents blue.

Young Safstrom is our pitcher strong
And oh, the ball he throws!
As soon as he starts "winding up,"
Dismay o'ertakes our foes.

At first we have a quiet chap:
"Spit" Raftery is his name.
The scores of throws to first he's caught
Has saved us many a game.

Visconti covers second base,
He looks a bit too small,
But then he's good in making stops,
As well as hit the ball.

Young Hixon is our good shortstop,
He does the best he can;
And with his many brilliant stops
Oft foils the batter's plan.

Third base is watched by Captain Tighe,
A terror running bases,
When gloom hangs o'er, and all is doubt,
The players' hopes he braces.

O'er right field "Wussy" Griffin reigns:
A baseball hero's he:
He'd do much more than catching flies
The ladies' smile to see.

In center field "Nate" Rosenfeld
Towards home-plate has his eye;
And when he ever hits the ball,
You ought to see it fly.

O'Connell's monarch of left field
To him much praise is due,
The way he spoils those fine home runs,
Makes all the hitters blue.

And now a word about the "subs";
They've won some honor too;
And when the stars do take a rest,
They push the team right through.

A little pitcher's Davoren;
He's only in the making,
While Werber and young Turner oft
Set the opposers aching.

D'Agostino and Julian are
Right there to join the fray.
With such a list of worthy "subs,"
To win is just child's play.

And here's a word about the coach,
His name is Mr. Berry;
He often scolds the baseball team,
And yet at heart he's merry.

If games were won by coaches' thoughts,
Right here I'd bet a pie
That every game upon the field
Would go to Milford High!

NICHOLAS MASTROIANNI, '22.

HUMOR COLUMN.

The fellow who laughs when he's joked about,
 Is the fellow who's square and true;
 Somebody's bound to be joked about,
 So don't get mad if it's *you*.

Wouldn't it be funny if:—

Miss Wood did not prepare her lessons?
 Miss Cade were on time?
 Dillon did not laugh the 5th period?
 Miss Kurlansky were not whispering when Miss Ford came in the room?
 Miss Ford forgot to say "The Athletic Dues are due to-day"?
 Barbadoro agreed with Miss Comba the 3rd period?
 Miss Staples should lose the art of bluffing the French translation?
 Jeffry should fail to receive at least one note a day?
 Barnard, Holmes and F. Wall should forget to go over to Hopedale?
 King should forget and talk to a girl?
 The sixth period "Whispering Trio" vowed silence?
 Feeley made an attempt at seriousness?
 The Senior American History Class failed to argue?
 Miss Erickson or Miss Wood could be once accused of garrulity?
 Calkin delighted in the translation of Virgil?
 Grayson could truthfully say, "I have my English done"?
 Ford failed to amuse the young ladies?
 Miss Condon joined the "flappers"?
 Miss Ryan failed to laugh at a joke?
 Holmes didn't roll his eyes?
 Miss Edwards spoke out loud?
 Miss Kirby didn't talk?
 Miss Saunders forgot to powder her nose?
 Grayson recited the whole History lesson?
 Miss Adams didn't prepare her homework?
 Miss Erickson didn't know an outline in Shorthand?
 Mr. Quirk forgot to ring the A. M. bell?
 Werber should do some Bookkeeping?
 Miss Hardiman kept quiet for five minutes?
 King became a lion trainer?
 Miss Adams lost Miss Broughey on the way to school?
 Miss Ryan forgot the outline to accompany a theme?
 Miss Kirby refused to eat during the sixth period?
 Miss Kinney and Miss Nelson kept still a whole period?
 Miss Condon ever stopped smiling?
 Mastroianni didn't start an argument in history?
 Mr. Caswell didn't look at the clock before he began to speak?

Miss Ryan in English A sixth period to visitor:

"I have a wonderful English class here. Won't you stay and hear both of my students?"

Miss Comba, in History A:

"What is your name?"

Feeley, who has the habit:

"I dunno."

Barnard had suffered a slight accident and was explaining to a friend in the Hospital:

"I was riding my bicycle along a dark road last night when suddenly I saw the lights of two motorcycles approaching from the opposite direction. They kept on each side of the road so I decided to ride between them——"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"That's about all there is. Those two motorcycles was a truck."

Miss Broughey and Miss Kirby are on the fiftieth chapter of their book which they have been talking about 6th period, but have decided to put off the conversation and write an editorial on "Movies."

English A Teacher:—"Give us a short talk on the art of public speaking."

Bright Senior:—"First, the most important thing is to know what one is talking about, and as I don't know anything about this subject, I shall not attempt to speak on it."

Calkin was to give a lecture and sent to the printer to have hand bills printed. The copy he gave the printer read:

"Woman! Without her, man would be a savage."

The printer forgot the punctuation marks and this is what was distributed:

"Woman without her man would be a savage."

Calkin is now resting as comfortably as can be expected.

Miss Kirsner to Miss Kirby: "How in the world can I go? If I wear my New Jersey what will Delaware? (Della wear.)"

One of the things that never happen.

Grayson: "May I come back this afternoon to get help, Miss Ford?"

Miss Ford: "No, Grayson, this is too good an afternoon to come back; go out and enjoy yourself."

Miss Collins, French A (translating): "Soon she saw a man, who ran while kneeling."

By the way, the Seniors are partial to room 8. Ask W————!

Senior in commencing a prepared speech —“ ——— Because-er-er- any speech that I ever make is just like a string of bologna sausages, ———er-er- I can cut it off anywhere.”

Teacher in English: “What do you know about Fielding?”

Student—“Nothing much. I was always a pitcher on the team whenever I played.”

The teacher at the little red school house asked the class to write a sentence using the word “alleviate,” and little Willie Brown wrote:

“Eve ate the apple in the garden of Eve an’ now we all have to pay for all Evie ate.”—Ex.

“Is this a fast train?” the salesman asked the conductor.

“Of course it is,” was the reply.

“I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?”
—Ex.

One day as I chanced to pass,
A beaver was damming a river.
And a man who had run out of gas,
Was doing the same to his flivver.

Proud father of first-born—“Well, it’s too bad you received the notice of my little daughter’s birth too late to put in the paper. Say, can you think of a good name for her?”

Editor (of the Bingtown Bugle) “Sure, Call her Ad. delayed.—Ex.

Young Doctor (to sadly afflicted patient)—“Have you lived all your life in this house?”

The Patient—“Not yet.”—Ex.

Curious man to colored street-car conductor:—“How often do you kill a man in this car?”

Conductor:—“Jus’ once, boss, jus’ once.”—Ex.

“Say Frank, I saw you at prayer meeting last night.”

“Oh,” said the town character, “Ish that where I wash?”—Ex.

Johnny:—"What's the difference between an esophagus and a sarcophagus?"

James:—"Well, an esophagus is where you put the hooch and a sarcophagus is where the hooch puts you."—Ex.

"How do you manage to sell so many fireless cookers?"

"Oh, it's very simple," answered the clever salesman, "I begin my little talk by saying, 'Madam, I have called to enable you to spend every afternoon at the movies.'"—Ex.

Mr. New Rich to dealer in antiques:—"You can't kid me. That thing isn't two thousand years old. Why, it's only nineteen twenty-two now."—Ex.

For Sale—One Ford car with piston rings;
 Two rear wheels, one front spring,
 Has no fenders, seat or tank;
 Burns lot of gas. Is hard to crank.
 Carburetor busted, half way through.
 Engine misses, only hits on two.
 Three years old, four in the spring.
 Has shock absorbers and everything.
 Radiator busted, sure does leak.
 Differential's dry, you can hear it squeak.
 Ten spokes missing. Front all bent.
 Tire blowed out, ain't worth a cent.
 Got lots of speed, runs like the deuce;
 Burns either gas or tobacco juice.
 Tires all off, runs on the rim.
 A mighty good Ford for the shape it's in.

An old lady who was having her first ride in an auto was enjoying it immensely until the driver came to a corner. As is the custom, he put out his hand. He was immediately hit upon the head by the old lady who said, "See here, young man, you keep both hands on that wheel. I'll tell you when it's raining."—Ex.

THE TREASURE—A FIERY TALE.

I wakened with a sudden start,
 No sound the stillness broke;
 But there was horror in my eyes,
 And in my nostrils—smoke!

A siren screeching in the dark
Pierces the silent night ;
Scarlet flames reach for the heavens
With hands of awful light.

Black smoke piles toward the stars,
The need for water grows,
Soon it comes in swirling streams
From the quick laid hose.

It hisses as it meets the blaze
Roaring in heated rage ;
Two elements in a deadly duel
Appear to be engaged.

Confusion now reigns all about,
The bells ring in the night !
The women scream, men hoarsely shout,
And children cry in fright.

Then suddenly a strange report
Flies round in whispers low,
A rumor of priceless treasure lost—
Doomed in the crimson glow !

A desperate appeal goes out,
Someone to volunteer
To battle with the Fire Fiend—
A hero without fear !

What ! Is there no response ?
No man leaps forth to dare
Grim death to save this precious hoard ?
All hope becomes despair.

Then presently it comes again—
A whispered explanation !
Suddenly, a hundred rush as one
Into the conflagration !

Into the house of blazing death
They rush in breathless haste,
Fearful lest the prize be lost,
If any time they waste.

There is a moment of suspense—
A terrifying pause !
Then, as they come out, rushing fast,
A din of loud applause.

They dance about in crazy joy,
The treasure held on high.
They sing and cheer in happy glee
Beneath the starry sky.

The red blaze is neglected now
 For more important things,
 For on the treasure chest are words
 Held marvelous by kings.

Behold the inscription on the prize!
 (No wonder they are frisky)
 These are the magic words it holds—
 "Genuine Scotch Whiskey!"

L. M. CALKIN, '22.

UNLUCKY ME.

This High School life is not all fun,
 I don't care what you say.
 The part that bothers me the most
 Is not to talk all day.

I cannot say a single word
 For Miss Ford says to me:
 "A week's recesses forfeited!
 I cannot stand for this!"

Now please, kind people, tell me why
 I'm the one who's always caught.
 The others can talk the whole day long;
 They're lucky; I guess I'm not.

MABEL ANDERSON.

SWEET MARY AND HER HAT.

Sweet Mary to be classy yearned,
 And she's a cute young thing;
 To hats her foolish fancy turned
 When came the calm of Spring.

One morn she rose and, having cast
 All thoughts of care away,
 She dreamt a shopping tour to plan,
 In many stores to stay.

She hurried on, nor cared to stop
 But with this end in view,
 She called at every bonnet shop
 That lined Fifth Avenue.

She studied hats of every shape
 Of different make and size
 Hats large, hats small, minute in size
 Which shaded not her eyes.

She tried all hats which she espied
 With never ending zest,
 But really couldn't quite decide
 Which hat became her best.

The same old thing occurred next day.
 She posed in hats galore,
 Till tired salesgirls swooned away
 When Mary touched the door.

The last day she went forth again
 And lo! on her return
 She wore a hat—the very same
 Which she had tried on first!

HENRY D. BARBADORO, '22.

ROOM ONE SESSIONS.

Now since we all are leaving here,
 It is my only plea
 That you, dear Juniors, please will read
 These words by little me.

Now if you wish to learn real well
 The tale that all should know,
 Just take a hint and mind yourself
 If in Room One you go.

You know it is a crime, dear ones,
 Your lessons to forget,
 And let me tell you e'er I go,
 You'll wish for mercy yet.

And now along with all the work
 The sessions come and go,
 And with your work of Senior days
 They do not stop—oh no!

For every single afternoon,
 Room One is open wide;
 And here our dear old Senior boys
 Must put all joys aside.

So if from years that have gone by
 Your lessons you have shirked,
 Dear Juniors, please do take this hint:
 Room One is meant for work!

DONALD BARNARD, '22.

MEMBERS OF THE M. H. S. CLASS OF 1922.

Adams, Donna Kelsey
 Anderson, Annie Amanda
 Anderson, Mabel
 Barbadoro, Henry Donald
 Barnard, William Donald
 Battles, Catherine Isabel
 Broughey, Grace Eleanor
 Cade, Clara Elizabeth
 Calkin, Leslie Martin
 Carroll, Katherine Agnes
 Condon, Margaret Veronica
 Collins, Irene Marie
 Demerse, Ruth Eululoo
 Dillon, Robert Lloyd
 Edwards, Ruth Marie
 Erickson, Elizabeth Ruth
 Feeley, George Mark
 Ford, Harden Bradley, Jr.
 Gilroy, Helen Frances
 Grayson, Herbert

Hardiman, Alice Kennedy
 Holmes, Edward Burgess
 Jeffery, Clifton Adams
 King, John Leonard
 Kinney, Doris Eileen
 Kirby, Miriam Grace
 Kirsner, Gertrude
 Kurlansky, Della Beatrice
 Lord, Edward James
 Mastroianni, Nicholas Anthony
 Moran, Grace Veronica
 Nelson, Viola May
 Nourse, Doris Aleita
 Rosenfeld, Irving
 Saunders, Evelyn Phipps
 Staples, Helen Louise
 Wall, Edward Francis
 Wall, Walter Thomas
 Werber, Edward
 Wood, Dorothy Mabel

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Secretary, Donna K. Adams,

Treasurer, Herbert Grayson.

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- Overture—The Bridal Rose *Lavallee*
M. H. S. Orchestra, Bennie Lancisi, Leader.
- Entrance of Senior Class escorted by Junior Class
- “March of the Bersaglieri” *Eilenberg*
M. H. S. Orchestra
- The Forest Dance *Targett*
M. H. S. Glee Club
- Salutatory—The Beginnings of English Drama
Elizabeth Ruth Erickson
- (a)—Barcarolle *Offenbach*
(b)—One Fleeting Hour *Lee*
Senior Glee Club
- Class History
Walter Thomas Wall
- The Little Day of Long Ago *Smith*
Ruth Marie Edwards
- Class Prophecy
Herbert Grayson
- Good Night Beloved
M. H. S. Glee Club
- Presentation of Class Gift
Henry Donald Barbadoro, President Class of 1922
- Acceptance of Class Gift
John Francis O'Connell, President Class of 1923

The Rising of the Storm

Coerne

M. H. S. Glee Club

Valedictory—Four Great Tragedies of Shakespeare

Dorothy Mabel Wood

Class Ode

Presentation of Diplomas

George E. Stacy, Chairman of School Committee

Officer of the Day March

Hall

M. H. S. Orchestra

CLASS ODE.

Forth we are marching
 To answer the summons of Life.
 Long is the journey:
 The road with grave dangers is rife.
 Sad is our parting,
 As only each sad heart can know.
 Fond is our farewell;
 As forward to life each must go.

Chorus

We leave you this night
 To engage in the fight,
 As we go forth singing gaily, gaily!
 Your honored name
 We'll ever strive to maintain,
 Alma Mater, so fair and true, so fair and true!

Far, far before us
 The future, mysterious, awaits;
 Safe in our knowledge
 Triumphant we'll enter its gates.
 In sacred parting
 We promise our class to defend.
 Virtue and Honor
 Our mottoes will be 'til life's end.



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VOL. XXXIX.

MILFORD, MASS., JUNE, 1923.

No. 1.

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THE BENEFITS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL TO THE COMMUNITY.

This is the season of Commencement and all through the length and breadth of this great land of ours innumerable schools and colleges are sending forth trained men and women. By far the most numerous type of school is the public High school, for every community that has a vestige of civic pride boasts a High school. From every one of these secondary schools men and women are coming who are in most cases trained to accept and fill capably fine positions in the business world; in other cases, prepared to continue their studies to points of specialization in higher institutions of learning.

These boys and girls leave their High schools, self-reliant and capable, of which characteristics certainly the former is as essential as the latter and like it, first acquired in High school. Self-reliance is not taught as a separate subject in High school, that is, there are no text-books on it, but it seeps out of all the methods of the teaching and conducting of the secondary school. The responsibilities of studying and making use of the hours of school fall on the shoulders of the individual more heavily than they do in the grammar grades. The individual soon is made to realize that, if he is to make good and be a success as a High school student, he must work and work hard. The realization that the student's success depends in the main on the student's own efforts rapidly molds the scholar into a man or woman, as the case may be. There is much fun and foolishness in the average High school student's life, but at all times there is that undercurrent of responsibility acting as a curb on the extent of the fun and a guide in the conduct of his life. Self-reliance is one of the greatest assets a man can have. Without it ability is apt to go for naught, for he must appreciate and have confidence in his own ability to use it and profit by it. Every man has ability of some sort, either along scholarly lines or those of the business world, and it is in High school that it is determined to which type his ability belongs.

In High school the scholar is studied almost as much as he studies. His

weaknesses and strong qualities are sought out and when detected are in the one case overcome, if possible; in the second, strengthened. That is the mission of the High school and its workers,—to find out for the pupil the peculiarities of his nature and develop his fine points, removing or overcoming the weaker characteristics. This duty is so efficiently carried out that to-day the graduate of the High school is himself efficient in that his fine qualities are appreciated and developed, his special abilities are increased and enhanced and the deficiencies in his make-up are removed so far as possible.

We are living in an age when efficiency means everything, and in turning out efficient young men and women the High school is assuring the efficient management and administration of the future of the community to which it belongs. Through its annual production of trained young men and women the High school is of inestimable value and benefit to a community. Every year there is a deluge of young men and women who seek admission to the various colleges and universities. By far the majority of these applicants are graduates of High Schools who seek higher education than that acquired in the secondary schools in order to be of more value to themselves and to their respective communities.

It is evident that every graduate sent out by our High school is prepared, if he has done his duty, to take his place in the business world, or to go further in school, and be fitted for the professions. That is the real and truly great benefit that a community derives from its High school.

GEORGE O'SULLIVAN, 1923.

SALUTATORY

THE BEGINNING OF THE NOVEL.

As a member of the class of 1923, I wish to extend to you all a most cordial welcome. It is indeed a pleasure to have you present to-night to show you that the untiring efforts of parents and teachers in our behalf have not been fruitless. Aided by parents and teachers, we have successfully completed our course in Milford High School and are ready to take up the duties of life and strive with all our strength to attain the goal of success. In our efforts to succeed we shall think with frequent gratitude of the assistance of all who have aided us to obtain our ends.

THE BEGINNING OF THE NOVEL.

The beginning of the twentieth century witnessed the predominance of the novel in literature. When the average reader mentions a good book, we immediately surmise that it is a novel. There is no other form of literature more appreciated and enjoyed by the common mass of people than the novel. It is only one of the many forms of literature and the youngest of them all, yet it has surpassed all others in popularity. It took two centuries to bring about its perfection, but at this moment the novel is supreme.

The novel is best defined as a "narrative of human life under stress of emotion." It is a story in which scenes, characters, and events are such as they would be in real life. There are two essentials in the creation of a good novel,—well drawn characters and a well constructed plot. The worst novel is the novel that tries to picture real life and then misrepresents it. This false view is very harmful

since a novel has so strong a moral influence on human life because of its great popularity.

The novel is not only valuable because it serves as a recreation, but it is also valuable because of other benefits derived from it. The reader of the novel understands clearly the vast changes that have taken place since the very earliest centuries, and is enabled to observe the progress in civilization. Then again the novels of Dickens and Thackeray have served to bring about many social reforms and have enabled people to see the dark side of life without actually experiencing it. These facts show the great importance of the novel. Now let us turn our attention to its origin.

It was not until 1740 that the novel as we know it took literary form, but very near to its discovery was Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe." His story of "Robinson Crusoe" began by sketching the boyhood of a rogue who had run away to sea. In his story he humanizes adventure. His story may be classed as one of incident, as it merely states one incident after another with very little attempt at characterization or plot. Nevertheless it has its lesson, and a very worthy one, which is: "Be patient, be industrious, be honest and you will at last be rewarded for your labor." In spite of the fact that some people wish to call "Robinson Crusoe" the first novel, it must be regarded as a tale of adventure, adventure away from the haunts of everyday life rather than life as we know it. It lacks character analysis and a well-constructed plot. The first novel owes its beginning to an accident. Samuel Richardson, a London printer, was invited in 1740 by a publisher "to prepare a volume of letters which might serve as models to country readers." Richardson thought over the matter and he believed it would be very interesting if he connected his letters in such a way so as to form a love story and point out a moral. The result was "Pamela or "Virtue Rewarded."

Samuel Richardson himself was a common printer, very industrious, upright and honorable in all his dealings. His kindness and generosity alone would have made him a favorite, had he not gained such prominence in literary circles. As Sir Walter Scott remarked, "It may be safely said that Richardson did more good every week of his life than Fielding was ever able to do throughout his whole life." Richardson's one fault was his great vanity, which was excited by his popularity both at home and abroad. He was so vain that he would not engage in conversation with anyone who had not read his works. Had he been a man of firmer character, he probably would have restrained this childish display of conceit which sometimes caused him a great deal of embarrassment.

An interesting anecdote told concerning his self-appreciation is as follows:—

One day he was at dinner at a country house with a large company. A gentleman just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned a flattering circumstance—that he had seen his "Clarissa" lying on the table of the King's brother. Richardson, observing that part of the company were talking to one another and consequently did not hear the remark, affected then not to attend to it. But later, when there was a general silence, he thought that the flattery might be fully heard and so he addressed himself to the gentleman, "I think, Sir, you were saying something about," — pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman, provoked at his vanity, resolved not to please him, and with a sly air of indifference answered, to Richardson's mortification, "A mere trifle, Sir, not worth repeating!"

This is the character of the man who wrote our first novel and is commonly named as "The Father of the English Novel." His first novel "Pamela" has been called a "flower—one of those flowers which only blossom in a virgin imagination, at the dawn of original invention whose charm and freshness surpass

all that the maturity of art and genius can afterwards cultivate or arrange.”

No novel has a more direct opening than “Pamela”; the attention of the reader is instantly captured. In the first paragraph, which follows, both the heroine and villain are introduced.

“Dear Father and Mother:—I have great trouble and some comfort to acquaint you with. The trouble is that my good lady died of the illness I mentioned to you, and left us all much grieved for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all her servants. Much I feared, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forced to return to you, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my lady’s goodness had put me to write and cast accounts, and qualified me above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for; but God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienced, put it into my good lady’s heart on her death-bed, just an hour before she expired, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow), she could only say, ‘My dear son!’—and so broke off a little; and then recovering—‘Remember my poor Pamela.’ And these were some of her last words! Oh, how my eyes run—don’t wonder to see the paper so blotted.

Your dutiful daughter,

Pamela Andrews.”

Thus Pamela, the poor innocent country girl and maidservant, is placed in the power of “Mr. B.,” the young squire, headstrong and dissipated. She resists every temptation he places before her and with great difficulty defends herself against his attacks.

One day the young squire, very angry at what he believes her pretended innocence, regardless of his mother’s last wish, orders her to go back to her parents in the country. Pamela, happy in the thought of being with her beloved parents once again, prepares at once to depart. But the young squire, who is really in love with Pamela but too proud to admit it, plans to have her brought to his Lincolnshire estate instead of to her own home. So Pamela joyfully starts her journey homeward only to find that she has been the victim of a foul plot and is lured to his Lincolnshire estate instead of being allowed to return to her beloved parents.

The girl grieves very much, realizing that he wishes to destroy her for she knows that he will never wed a mere servant girl. She feels certain of his wickedness when she learns the evil character of her keeper, Mrs. Jewkes, whose treatment causes her a great deal of unhappiness. Very wretched and with no hope of escape, Pamela decides to ask aid of a Mr. Williams who is a frequent visitor at Lincolnshire. By secret letters she forms a plan of escape, but at the last moment her plans are frustrated and she is once again in the power of Mrs. Jewkes. Realizing now her plight, she decides to send some letters to her parents by Mr. Williams. He consents to be her messenger, but the very night she entrusts her letters to him he is robbed of them. At first she grieves because he received several injuries in trying to retain them, but finally she learns that the robbery was plotted between Mrs. Jewkes and him and she becomes very angry. Now she realizes that she is indeed friendless and alone. To add to her grief news is received of the expected arrival of Mr. B., which unhappy tidings cause her to make several unsuccessful attempts to escape.

Finally Mr. B. arrives, Pamela pleads with him to spare her and to allow her to escape. At first he remains firm, but finally his pride is conquered and he decides to marry Pamela, even though she be a servant girl.

Thus Pamela who withstood all temptations earns as a reward for her virtue a promise of marriage from Mr. B. But before her marriage she undertakes the task of reforming him and teaching him the meaning of virtue. Always virtuous herself she sets such a splendid example that she finally succeeds in reforming him. Unlike many modern novelists the author of "Pamela" does not consider his volume ended with the union of his two leading characters, but continues to describe the various trials and tribulations of the virtuous Pamela.

After her marriage came the ordeal of winning the love of her husband's sister, Lady Davers, a very proud and haughty young lady, who would not deign to consider a mere servant girl her sister. But pure sweet Pamela slowly earns her way to Lady Daver's heart and the latter receives her to her heart. Thus reconciled with Mr. B's relatives and presented in society, Pamela leads a very happy life, a just reward for her virtue. As a result of her marriage she becomes acquainted with several people, among whom are Lady Darnford and her daughter, Mary, who proves to be a great comfort to Pamela in her troubles.

During the first winter after her marriage, Pamela pays her first visit to London accompanied by her husband. There they purchase a home and intend to live throughout the season. To Pamela London is a wonder with its large theatres and grand balls which she frequently attends. Her first masquerade ball was destined to stand out in her memory, for there she was disturbed by the obvious attentions paid by her husband to a woman dressed in the garb of a nun. Pamela enjoyed herself as best she could and the evening passed.

A few months later a baby boy was born in the home of Mr. B. With the coming of her son there was less time for Pamela to attend social affairs, and she spent most of her time in the nursery with Billy, the baby. But not so with her husband; he still continued to frequent ballrooms and enjoy his London visits. As the days go by, Pamela hears many reports concerning her husband from outsiders, especially from a Mr. Hunter, who delights in torturing her by telling of her husband's frequent visits to the home of "Lady S.," the nun of the masquerade ball. At first Pamela pays no attention to these reports, but finally she decided to investigate, because she realizes that her husband seldom seeks her company. Then, too, he receives several letters sealed with the seal of Lady S.

The crisis is reached one Saturday night when she received a letter, telling her that her husband left for Tunbridge with Lady S to purchase a home there and marry her. That night her decision is reached; she will give up her husband to this wicked woman but not her child, for he is to comfort her for the loss of her husband. These are her plans and she awaits the return of her husband to inform him of them.

Poor Pamela knows not where to begin but finally, believing it best to be prudent, she begins by telling him of the masquerade ball and ends by showing him the letter. He demands to know who her informants are and mentions Mr. Hunter, but she refuses to tell him. Then realizing the virtue of this wife and her desire to sacrifice her happiness for what she believes will be his, he takes her into his arms and tells her the truth.

"His pride, his vanity and his thoughtlessness had been his misguiders," he admits, and then he explains to her the truth concerning his apparently guilty friendship with the Lady S, and discloses that the stories of his intended marriage were all lies told by Mr. Hunter, who was very jealous and tried to cause trouble. Pamela believes and forgives him, and her forgiveness restores peace and happiness.

Thus through tides of unhappiness, resisting all evil temptation, Pamela reformed her husband and won as a reward for her virtue and prudence, future happiness for her husband, her children, and herself.

This briefly is the summary of the first novel, which aims, as Richardson himself declared, to give religious and moral instruction. In an age when public and domestic morality were very lax, he thought it his duty to teach Christian tenets as he understood them. The critic declares: "Unlearned he discovered what for a quarter of a century Europe had been looking for, not knowing precisely what it wanted, a form of literature that should adequately present its life as it was, united with an ideal of life as it ought to be."

Notwithstanding the fact that Richardson's novels are of considerable length, many people of different ages have delighted in reading them.

Cross in "The Development of the English Novel," after commenting on the custom in Richardson's time of reading novels aloud in the family circle, says: "When some pathetic passage was reached, the members of the family would retire to separate apartments to weep; and after composing themselves, they would return to the fireside to hear the reading proceed."

An anecdote is told to show how his novel "Pamela" affected even larger groups:—

"In a certain village a blacksmith was fortunate enough to procure a copy of Richardson's first novel 'Pamela.' Every evening sitting on his anvil he read it to large audiences. At length when happy fortune brought the hero and heroine together to live happily ever after,—according to approved rules,—the congregation was so delighted that they procured the keys and actually set the parish bells ringing."

The following was dedicated to "the unknown Author of the Beautiful Piece 'Pamela'":

"Blessed be thy powerful pen, where e'er thou art,
Thou skilled great moulder of the master'd heart!
Where hast thou lain conceal'd? or why thought fit
At this dire period, to unveil thy wit?
Sweet Pamela! forever blooming maid!
Thou dear enlivening (yet immortal) shade,
Why are thy beauties flashed upon the blind!
What thought thy fluttering sex might learn from thee,
That merit forms a rank above degree.
That pride too conscious falls from every claim,
While humble sweetness climbs beyond its aim."

This dedication was written because when Richardson first gave "Pamela" to the world he published it anonymously. This was perhaps, the most beautiful dedication to him, for when he died he was buried beside his first wife in the church of St. Bride and only a large stone records the fact that Samuel Richardson, the "Father of the English Novel" lies beneath it. To him the world owes tribute for having discovered the novel, which has become a valuable recorder of modern life.

One of the best statements I have found in regard to the novel in general is as follows: "The art of novel embraces every sort of mental interest. Among those who regard novel writing as man's work, and the noblest of arts—among those of fine natural endowments who approach it with sincerity and their full strength—shall be found the best writers of the English language at present living. It is not too much to say that contemporaries have written some of the best novels in our tongue. Fielding and Richardson had a different field to play upon, and art has developed so enormously, that the novel as written in England and America challenges the finest intellects and greatest artists of the time. The very fire of life glows in this art, and its possibilities are beyond all prediction, for fiction is the greatest educational force in the modern world."

ESTHER GAGLIARDI, 1923.

CARESSANT.

Far across the sea in a little town of Wales lived a family many years ago.

It was a good family,—respected by all the neighboring countryside, for these were good honest people, obtaining from the soil of their small farm such means of living as two strong and healthy people could. Their little dwelling far from the other farms was situated on a slope facing the West, and behind, a long arm of the nearby forest stretched around as if to protect the little house on the slope.

The lives of the man and his wife were wrapped up in this little cottage of which they were very proud, and especially in the tiny baby girl who slept in the cradle by the window.

The fourth member of the family was “Caressant”—of the famous race of shepherds which have slowly but surely died away, but whose name will ever live in story, standing for all that is beautiful, loyal, and noble. He was a handsome dog, truly worthy of his noble ancestry, with those wonderful appealing eyes which hold in their depths a soul of undying loyalty to the “Master.”

Hardly less affection did Caressant hold for the Mistress and the wee person in the cradle. For did not the Master love the Mistress? This alone insured the eternal love and loyalty of the dog. Then, too, both the Master and the Mistress loved that tiny person in the cradle—so Caressant loved her as only a dog can, for jealousy was something far below the dignity and honor of his ancestry.

All day the Master and the Mistress worked in the fields. They were not far away, but the house was out of sight since the fields lay behind the narrow neck of woodland. Occasionally when the Master and the Mistress went away and had released him from watching the sheep in the nearby pasture, Caressant was allowed to stand guard by the cradle. He deemed this a great honor, but usually it was necessary for him to remain on the hillside watching the sheep when the Master and Mistress were away.

All the morning and through the long hot afternoons the man and his wife toiled in the fields for the little one asleep in the little house, but when the twilight shadows began to fall they would return to the little house on the slope, weary from their long day's work but happy with the prospect of the long summer's evening around the doorway with Caressant at their feet and the baby for whom they made wondrous plans asleep in the cradle.

What matter if the wolves from the big forest howled about the little house and the wind shook the rafters? They were blissfully happy in the cosy room where nothing could harm them.

Then came the time when there was not enough food in the big forests for the wild creatures living there. The wolves came more frequently to the little house on the slope to howl in the evening, and Caressant had to double his watch over the flock in the pasture.

Then one day, in the late afternoon when before long the evening shadows were already lengthening about the little home, a lean, gray wolf, hardly more than a shadow, crept across the field to the little house and after several fruitless attempts finally pushed open the screen-door at the back of the house.

Oh, little babe, sleeping so peacefully in your cradle, could you but sense your peril, and call to your aid the beautiful shepherd!

Out in the pasture where the flock was feeding so peacefully, Caressant, as he faithfully watched his charges, knew something was wrong. His instinct told him that; yet had not the Master told him again and again not to leave the sheep? And the Master could not be disobeyed! And yet ever more persistently his in-

stinct told him that he must not delay—that he alone could turn away a tragedy in the little home.

Finally, greatly troubled and trying to decide what the Master would have him do, he started for the house. Surely the Master loved the wee baby in the cradle far more than the wooly flock on the hillside.

In a moment Caressant had reached the house—but alas! Poor dog, you are too late! The baby has been dragged from the cradle and the cruel fangs of the wolf have completed their terrible crime.

As Caressant rushed into the room the wolf turned savagely upon him but Caressant was quick, and his avenging teeth sank deep into the throat of the murderer. The dog and the wolf fought fiercely, and Caressant received a cruel gash in his own throat, but on his side was right and revenge, and finally Caressant was the conqueror, but not, however, until they had fought their way out of the house at the back door.

Then leaving the dead wolf on the ground at the foot of the steps, Caressant went back into the house and lay down beside the body of the little baby to defend it until the Master and the Mistress should come home. Surely the Master would understand and say he had done right to leave the flock, that he might try to save the wee person whom the Master loved so much. Yes indeed, the Master would understand—he had always understood before.

Before long as the first shadows stole across the slope the man and wife came, arm in arm, through the path in the woods. They were tired and foot-sore as usual but happy, for they sensed no danger.

This evening for some reason perhaps to see the sunset, perhaps to see if all were well with the flock on the hillside—I know not why—they entered the house by the front door.

What a sight met them! On the floor their baby covered with blood and very still—and, ah yes, with his beautiful coat smeared with blood—Caressant. With a cry the mother snatched her child—but the Master gazed horrified at Caressant and seeing the blood on the baby and on the dog, believed Caressant to be the murderer. Oh, Master! Can you not read the truth in those eyes turned so trustingly to you? Can you not fulfill the confidence in the depths of those eyes that the Master will understand?

But the Master takes his gun. He has not read the message, and so still trusting and faithful unto death, Caressant lies dead by the hand of his Master, beside the baby for whom he fought so bravely.

When the man dragged the body of his faithful dog out the back door, he saw the dead wolf. Then the truth overwhelmed him, and he sank down beside the body of Caressant and sobbed as strong men scarcely ever sob. Oh that he had read the meaning in the eyes of this friend, or at least trusted him a little longer until the truth was known.

To-day there are two mounds side by side on the slope facing the west; and, erected by the Master and his neighbors, there stands in everlasting memory of Caressant, a beautiful monument thirty feet high of fine marble, and on it is engraved the story which I have told to you.

MARY COMOLLI, 1923.

ON A LOVE OF BOOKS.

"The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology, nor defense."

—LANGFORD.

When a man admits a love of books, he unconsciously shifts about for some excuse, some apology.

Why?

Why should a love of books require apology? I know not, yet he unconsciously makes excuses for this feeling. It is not altogether strange, however, that he should do this. The booklover has always been looked upon by the world at large with a smiling tolerance. To the man of the street the booklover is a rather queer person, more to be pitied than scorned.

It is useless to defend this love to one who does not sympathize. He has never tasted the joys that come from perusal of a good book. He is outside the pale: his is the loss. I often think what a dull existence it must be for those who have no love of reading.

Surely reading must have a great affect upon character. Show me the narrow, biased, bigoted man and I will show you the unread man.

But a man who has read widely and wisely will have a broader view of the world about him.

The booklover's world consists not of four drab walls. His world is a limitless land of castles, knights, and ladies fair, of strange and different peoples. His world has no horizon, no limit, yet it is contained between two covers. It lies upon printed pages within a book. It seems impossible to describe the enchantment of a book. I can only pity one who has never felt it. As years go by, I realize how I have been aided and enriched by reading.

To me a book is a gateway into a strange new land. One need only to swing back the cover to expose the wonders and glories of another people.

It is my belief that a wider reading by the people of all nations would be a greater and more effective peace-insurance than the League of Nations. Every nation has its individuality and this individuality is expressed in its literature. If the people of every nation would read the books of others, they would gain an insight and understanding of the character of the countries. If they could feel with other peoples, the greatest cause of war would be eliminated,—misunderstanding.

To prove the truth that reading brings understanding, I will quote a personal example.

One of the most abused people of the world is the Negro race because it has practically no literature. I must confess that I had very little sympathy for the Negro. There is very little in our history of daily contacts to cause it. However, I was advised to read "Up From Slavery" by Booker T. Washington, the great Negro educator. When I took up the book, I did so with very little interest or feeling for the Negro. When I set it down, I had a new view of the black man; I was won to the Negro cause. Lack of knowledge is the cause of the black man's oppression, for who knowing his valiant fight against ignorance could but respect him?

Take reading from an educational standpoint. In my mind our educational system will never be a complete success until it makes a booklover of every student. Let a teacher pick from her class those whom she considers brightest and they will be those who have read. They have the greatest background to work upon; they have the best means of working.

The pupil without imagination is practically hopeless as an educational possibility. Imagination is a thing that must be developed early. The boy that has read "Robin Hood" and "Treasure Island" and "Swiss Family Robinson" has enriched his imagination wonderfully. Later he should read Poe to get a grasp on mystery. Wells' books on other planets and the future are a wonderful stimulus to the imagination.

Consider the unread man. He has no background. He sees only the obvious; he cannot see ahead or beyond. He is in truth ignorant for he knows not the way of others. Let us examine the man who has read. He has a broad background of useful knowledge. He has a vivid imagination to give originality to his thought. He has a polished style and manner.

There can be no controversy. Love of books is an emotion which can be praised more easily than described by the intellectual.

BOYD LEWIS, 1923.

ON WORK.

Work is the birthright of the human race. It is not a curse, but a blessing; for happiness is the crown of work. The value of an object is generally measured by the amount of work required to obtain it. Things that are easy to gain depreciate in value, and we lose our desire for them.

When I was little, I had a great desire for a particular kind of candy. All the money that I obtained, either through work or coaxing, I spent on this candy. One summer I had occasion to visit my aunt who has a small candy store. I was allowed all the candy that I wished, and I became so sickened of my favorite candy that I have not tasted it since.

Similarly wealth and idleness do not bring happiness, but pall upon one. Discontent, planted in each human heart, is only satisfied when we work and strive to gain an end. Every day we read in the papers of people surrounded by all luxury who are bored with life even to sacrificing that boon bestowed in them by God. Work heals all wounds. We have not time to think of sorrows and troubles when we are working.

I was talking one day to a young girl who worked hard in a shoe factory, and I asked her if she did not become tired of her life, and whether she did not wish to change her lot with someone who had more luxuries than she. She answered, "We all long for luxuries, but still I am happiest when I work hardest, for I have not time to be discontented."

Unless one has been at the bottom of the ladder it is impossible to realize the joy of ascent, and the higher one climbs, the more glory one wins. A heathen philosopher is quoted as saying, "Time and I against any other two." The coming ages are ours, and we all desire to make something of ourselves. This will require hard work. Longfellow expresses this thought gloriously in this quotation:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

BLANCHE ROONEY, 1923.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHATEAU.

All day long the July sun had been beating down mercilessly until even the shrubs and flowers seemed to be bending before his will. But it had not wilted the ardor of Jack Mandor, that versatile young traveler, always on the alert for the new, the unique, the mysterious. For years he had wandered over the world seeking out-of-the-way places, being supported by the income from a fund left him by a mysterious father whom he had never seen.

As he approached a beautiful but uncared for chateau, surrounded by a score of stately elms, hemlocks, and willows, he stopped and turning to his guide said, "And well, Pierre, to whom does this chateau belong?"

"Eh bien, monsieur, it's a long story but" ————— And here he told of old Monsieur Frontignan who had many years before inhabited the chateau but who had suddenly disappeared leaving no trace behind him and no provision as to the disposal of his worldly goods. The rumor had spread that the house was haunted and he had been spirited away. Two years later a newly-wed couple, too sincere and trusting to harbor any suspicions or superstitions in their hearts had taken up their abode in the beautiful chateau. Only two weeks had elapsed before the young bride suddenly died, apparently suffering from no malady, afflicted with no disease. Her husband followed her to the grave ere the tolling of the chimes had died away in the hills. From that day the chateau had remained deserted.

"Well," said Jack, with a loud burst of merriment, "guess I shall take a chance in living in it and ferreting out the spooks."

"Ah non, monsieur! you are mad. You will be killed!"

"Oh, no, Pierre, don't worry about me. I haven't trained my muscles on the gridiron for six years for no purpose. It will take more than a spook to carry me off!"

"Bon Dieu! Bon Dieu! Monsieur is out of his head," cried out the horrified French guide and throwing his hands in the air ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Chuckling with delight Jack proceeded to investigate. After gaining an admittance through the window he fearlessly lighted a match. A strange feeling came over him. The room was dark, damp, and gloomy. The house was admirably furnished but the air was heavy and oppressive. Nevertheless, Jack immediately made himself at home.

Two weeks later Jack, still alive in spite of the fears of Pierre, returning from a little stroll around the magnificent grounds adjoining the chateau in the hot sun was mentally wishing for a glass of clear, ice cold water when he noticed in a little arbor of climbing roses a moss covered well which he had never before seen.

As he approached it the air seemed to grow oppressive and a sickening odor assailed him. For a moment he drew back sniffing curiously but being something of a detective, or rather having always hoped to be one, he approached the well and looking down into it saw nothing to make him uneasy, nothing to warrant such an odor. He had just tasted a rather small amount of the water when with a suddenness which made him start he heard the sound of a bell secreted somewhere in the house.

For hours Jack sought to find its location but finally gave it up as useless, feeling fatigued in mind and body. It was not long before his head began to feel heavy, his pulses lagged, and his nerves throbbed. He tried to pull himself

together but his strength of which he had always been proud had deserted him and he fell to the floor in a swoon.

* * * *

It was morning and a beautiful one. The sun streamed in through the windows as Jack rose unsteadily to his feet and muttered through clenched teeth, "I'll solve this mystery or die in the attempt" and with a weary smile added, "and I've made good progress toward the latter." On examining the ground near the well he found a button which under pressure caused a bell in the chateau to sound. Jack determined to search the well and after it had been drained almost to the bottom crept down its slippery sides holding his handkerchief over his nostrils. Suddenly, with a cry of surprise and fear he beheld the body of an old man half rotted away amidst shining pieces of gold and silver. His brain was in a whirl but taking courage he rubbed his eyes to make certain he was not dreaming and touched the hand which lay nearest him and watched it dissolve into dust.

All atremble he crept up the well and into the house where he began his search for papers which would disclose the identity of the dead man. Finally he found a book labelled, "The Personal Diary of F. M. alias Monsieur Frontignan."

After reading a few pages the mystery was solved. Left alone in the world, deserted by his wife, Monsieur Frontignan had hidden his wealth in the well and lest it should be stolen had secreted the bell in the chateau to warn him of any attempt at robbery. But on a visit to the well he had suffered from an attack of some disease, perhaps a shock, and had fallen into the well, where he had rotted away with his treasure, polluting the water and poisoning the young couple who had innocently partaken of it.

A strange feeling came over Jack as he read on and on. The records in the diary set his brain in a whirl. He felt himself aging years in minutes. Then with a strange suddenness the truth of what he read penetrated into his mind and heart and with a heart-rending cry of despair he threw himself face downward on the floor crying, "Oh, father, why did you have to bear your burden alone, afraid even to show your name! Oh, Father, Father! Why!"

But he did not continue; the shock had been too great for him in his weakened condition. He felt his heart shattered into a thousand pieces, his legs and arms stiffened, his respiration grew heavy, his eyes closed and in a moment he had joined his beloved father in eternity.

INEZ E. SANCLEMENTE,, 1923.

TREES.

*"Essays are written by fools, like me,
But only God can make a tree."*

Of all the beauties of nature none seem more conspicuous to me than the tree. From the earliest days the tree has served as a shelter and protection for mankind. Adam and Eve found comfort in the shade cast by the trees of Paradise. Robinson Crusoe found shelter in the branches of a lofty tree from the hungry beasts of the island celebrated by Defoe. Washington found a suitable place to give commands to his troops under the famous elm at Cambridge. I, too, find pleasure in pausing in a grove of trees and lying underneath their shel-

tering limbs to dream, especially on the poet's thought: "The groves were God's first temples."

Indeed no better place of worship could be found than in the space beautified by God's own hand and peopled with His own trees. Little do we realize how careless and forgetful people are toward the preservation of these landmarks wherein the lumber is hewn for our homes and for the furniture within our homes. How indifferent we are when we see someone trampling down a little root which would have some day turned into a sizable tree mayhap, for "Great oaks from little acorns spring."

I can remember how four summers ago in the quaint village in the White Mountains, Intervale, I passed through a most beautiful grove of pines. I made inquiries as to their name and learned that the spot was appropriately called "The Cathedral Pines," due to the beauty of the grove and the soft music vibrated by the pines. Three weeks ago as I was reading a daily paper, I spied the article "Famous 'Cathedral Pines' to be destroyed." Upon reading the article I found the cause to be due to the sudden demise of the owner, his death coming upon him so quickly no will was made. There was a dispute among his heirs and in order to settle the estate, the pines were to be confiscated and the land used for commercial purposes. In truth the "Cathedral Pines" occupy a space of about one hundred and fifty acres and I learned that a movement is now afoot among tourists and nature lovers who realize the beauty of God's work to contribute money to buy the famous grove because of its appealing loveliness.

The tree has been a help to mankind from century to century, playing its part even in modern times in the recent World War to camouflage and hide our guns and equipment.

In celebration of this gift of God Kilmer enkindles ecstasy in the heart of mankind with his lines:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts its arms as if to pray.
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.
Poems were made by fools, like me,
But only God can make a tree."

HAROLD MORAN, 1923.

CHARMS OF GOOD LITERATURE.

Shakespearian Sonnet.

When summer days are bright and warm and fair,
I gather in my arms these books of mine,
And in the shady garden hammock there
I quietly and peacefully recline;
Or wander by the river's sparkling brim
To find some peaceful, unknown, lonely nook
And there beneath the cool, deep shadows dim,
Peruse and dream o'er my beloved book.

But if the days are wet and drear and cold
And by the fire indoors I needs must stay,
Among great deeds, brave knights and tales of old,
With kings and queens I wile the time away;
So while good tales and poems beside me lie,
Let tempests loudly wail, for what care I?

FLORA M. YOUNGSON, 1923.

WANDERLUST.

Beyond the East the rising sun,
Beyond the West the sea,
And in them both the wanderlust
That will not let me be.

My dreams soar high in winged flight;
In brightest fantasy
I roam and roam an endless path,
Nor rest, though weary be.

I hear the ocean's luring call,
And when the angry waves
Beat up against the rocks and shore,
The salt air then I crave.

The road, I know not where it winds,
Nor where the river goes;
The gypsy blood pervades my veins,
And through them quickly flows.

The blue hills seem to beckon me
To lands of mystic charm,
To lands where lotus blossoms sweet
Give out their healing balm.

And now to Egypt's deserts wide,
I wend my joyful way,
By camel's easy, graceful stride,
And the howdah's awkward sway.

To classic Greece my steps now turn,
Where lakes in silvery sheen
Abound midst vales of palm and pine,
And fairy woodlands green.

To smiling, sunny, dauntless France,
Whose old chateaux and towers
Seem dull and grey, yet proud of mien
From out their frames of flowers.

But oh, for skies of azure hue,
To sleep 'neath Venetian stars,
To hear midst gladsome, happy dreams
Songs of gondoliers.

In Russia's cold and dismal steppes
I do not linger there;
For warmer, brighter lands I yearn,
Where I may feel no care.

I climb the cliffs of Switzerland,
The Alps: eternal wall.
Midst snow and cold abyss of air
Up mountain sides so tall.

To olive-skinned, enchanting Spain
Whose gallant troubadours
Pay court to dark-eyed girls who dance
To sound of their tambours.

I linger long on Asia's strands,
Her jewels rare to see,
Who lifts her minarets o'er ground
Black with the cypress tree.

To many other lands I drift,
And wander aimlessly.
I tire at last of foreign scenes,
My own land long to see.

America, I long for thee,
Oh, land of liberty,
Oh, soil where pilgrim fathers trod,
No other land for me.

Here brooks, whose lilting music sooths
The soul; and rapture sweet
Steals over me and gives loved peace
And rest to wearied feet.

The old ships sail to home again,
The young ships sail away,
But I have found my port at last,
And I am here to stay.

RUTH CHENEY, 1923.

DISCONTENT.

We view the mountains towering high,
 And fain would prospect there,
 Whilst hidden underneath our feet
 Are beds of jewels rare.

As frail craft tossed on restless seas,
 We wander to and fro,
 Hoping some treasures near to find,
 A secret thing to know.

We envy him of high estate,
 And cast a wistful eye
 Upon a brother's blade of grass
 That flourisheth near by.

Our store is full, yet still we crave,
 Nor seek to curb our will,
 We love to view the plain below
 From off the highest hill.

The rose is trampled underfoot
 To pluck the briar thorn;
 We grasp for what we long have sighed
 And lo! are left forlorn.

With all the wealth of ages ours
 Alas! that we should find
 How poor we are, if we possess
 A discontented mind.

INNES McRAE, 1923.

LIGHT ESSAYS.

Note:—The following were written in imitation of the style of certain "airy trifles" by Hilaire Belloc, Leacock, Beerbohm, etc., read in class.

HAIRPINS.

Hairpins are the bane of my life. I truly believe that there is no other requisite of the feminine toilet which can be so troublesome. Men complain of collar buttons. And they require, if I am not mistaken, only two at one time. Just think of it! Only two of these things need be produced at once. And then they think they are abused. I wonder what they would do if they required twenty or twenty-five of them.

It is perfectly amazing how many hairpins manage to vanish into thin air. I go down town and purchase a supply which seems sufficient to last me at least a month. And upon my word, within a week, I am absolutely hairpinless.

Then comes the art of getting 'em in—that is, in my hair and not in my head. There is a vast difference, especially if the new hat fits rather snugly. For acute discomfort nothing on this earthly sphere can be compared to a misplaced hairpin. Honestly, one hairpin alone can ruffle one's temper beyond repair, cause a headache, and in extreme cases, make one "say things" to and about a new hat which would make me blush to repeat. Such is a misplaced hairpin.

Men claim that, given a hairpin, a woman can accomplish very nearly anything. Hairpins certainly are useful. I never tried to pick the lock of a safe with one, but I know they are a good substitute for buttonhooks.

For variety, nothing can equal the troublesome but useful hairpin. Really, it is quite thrilling to go shopping for them. Whenever I see placed in tempting array a large assortment of hairpins, I am consumed by a desire to buy the whole lot. I think the tiny "invisibles" are the most interesting. In fact it is my private opinion that all hairpins have the gift of becoming invisible whenever they so desire.

MARY COMOLLI, 1923.

ON THEM

(With apologies to Belloc).

I do not like Them. Don't ask me why or try to convince me that I should as I have plenty of reasons for not liking Them. I say again I do not like Them and I never will. There would be no particular point saying I didn't like Them if everybody agreed with me, but it drives me to express my dislike—really my hatred more and more when I hear these silly lovers of nature in all its forms praising and lauding Them to the skies as in my eyes They can do more harm than the world dreams of.

If you will make a little list of the chief crimes committed by living beings, you will find that They commit the greatest, the cruelest, the darkest. They drag their slippery, sickening, loathsome bodies over the tender petals of sweet-smelling flowers. They eat into the very hearts of our choicest blossoms as though to take revenge for their own lack of beauty.

Ah! They are cruel. Cruelty and loathsomeness are expressed in their very way of crawling along, unconscious of the fact that They mar the beauty on which They glide. They are green, that horrid green that makes one think of that famous medicine—castor oil—yellow, that unpleasant shade—you know—like the yolks of fresh eggs six months old and still many more hideous, disgusting colors.

Their Master, however, seems to protect Them. Indeed, it sometimes seems They have a charmed life. I have seen one cut in two and yet struggling and creeping along—leaving its lower part behind it.

It is enough to make us forget that perhaps some day They will become flitting butterflies when we could watch them day after day and never see Them do a single thing that is kind and never show any desire other than that of eating away our plants. Their lack of appreciation of beauty is clearly shown when They do not know enough to hide themselves, but even have the audacity to crawl down the back of anyone who accidentally or intentionally leans against the trunk of an old apple tree.

As for me, when I sit down to my dinner, draw my salad dish toward me, swallow one mouthful, smack my lips in delight, go for more and see one of

Them, as hideous and as disgusting as only one of Them could be, peeking out from behind a piece of lettuce, my heart turns sick within me and I swear I shall be content to go forever without seeing a butterfly if I may be spared the pain of seeing one of Them.

Thank goodness, I do not yield enough to write their name but I hate Them and let Them with their creepy bodies haunt me as they will, I'll never be afraid to say, "I hate Them."

INEZ SANCLEMENTE, 1923.

ON NOTHING.

Did you ever think of nothing? It is remarkable how much can be said about nothing. Some people can talk for hours about nothing. In fact, there are so many things that can be said about nothing that one can hardly think of them.

There are thousands of writers who have written on thousands of subjects such as Revenge, Discourse, Sunsets, Books, Death, Life, Philosophy, Men, Women, Children, How to Hold Babies, How to Catch Fish, How to Avoid Getting Married, and so on, and so on, and so on; thousands, I repeat it, thousands of subjects.

Some years ago there was a man, I hear, named Bacon, a contemporary of Eggs I believe, who made a practice of writing down all his thoughts as they came to him. Whenever he had a thought on something, he just put it down on paper and then thought as many more thoughts on that subject as he could, putting them down, too. When he had finished thinking, he took the paper out of the typewriter and called it an essay!

Simple, what?

I wonder what would happen if I did that. Suppose I did.

I sit down, pencil in hand, paper before me and say to myself, "Come on now, old man, let's have a few worth-while thoughts on something." Nothing seems to happen at this so I try a new line, "Let me ponder, let me ponder." But what shall I ponder about? Oh, there are plenty of things to ponder about. Take for instance-er-oh, er-why, er—. Well, what shall I think about? That's the way it goes. About sixty-five minutes and I strike it; I think of nothing. So that's what I write about.

BOYD LEWIS, 1923.

THE MALADY OF ER.

Did you ever happen to meet any people afflicted with the Malady of Er? Probably you never heard it called the Malady of Er; perhaps it was masquerading under the name of Unpreparedness or Bashfulness. But after all, what's in a name? I am positive you have surely made the acquaintance of the deplorable malady under one name or the other.

It is most commonly found in school children, especially in High school students, I believe.

At times this malady gets somewhat better and at other times, particularly on days of oral compositions, I have noticed it becomes very, very bad. I have known students to be completely under its power.

It was only last month that I saw a striking example of the power of this malady. A teacher, eagerly expectant of an interesting talk, called on one of her students to recite. The student walked boldly to the front of the room and took his stand in front of the class. His cheeks became flushed, his hands began to twitch, his lips formed an uncertain smile and his eyes roved from one spot to another. Then he began to shift his weight from one foot to another and a word formed on his lips, slowly and painfully. Now the dreaded malady appeared. The student began in this fashion: "My-er-talk-er-to-day-er-is-er-er-er-er-on the-er-subject of er-er-er-" (a long pause). Then the cruel, unsympathizing teacher said, "You may come back for two afternoon sessions." (I think it is too bad that teachers are so unsympathetic, don't you? Of course, the case I just related was a very severe one.)

I have also seen many other cases of the malady in public speakers.

I have heard that this malady can be cured by taking a mixture of Preparedness, Self-confidence and Animation. If you would like to know how this mixture is made, just call at the office of Drs. Conscience and Animation and I am sure they will gladly tell you the way.

As I-er-cannot-er say anything more on-er-this subject, er I shall have to cease.

FLORA YOUNGSON, 1923.

THE CARE OF A MAN'S HAIR.

To me there is no greater part of a man's toilet than the combing of his hair. Every morning he arises and finds himself always in the same predicament—he must comb his hair to keep up with the Jones's. Now every male is not fussy with his hair. I am. I think it is only laziness on a man's part to allow his hair to remain unkempt.

I arise at about seven on school mornings, never any earlier, and Saturday finds me in bed until noon. (Sleeping? Oh no, just resting comfortably). I do the natural things, dress and wash in about twenty minutes. There the awful thing remains—to comb my hair. On this part of my toilet I spend surely ten minutes for if the part is not exactly right and resembles "Farmer Jones' cow path," then I have to comb it over again. It takes an *especially* long time in these days when it is the fashion to wear the hair long, or when I have run out of my appliances "Hair Groom" or "Slikum."

While I am upstairs fussing with my hair, the cry comes from below, "Are you coming to breakfast?"

Of course, I answer "Yes" but in reality my shoes aren't even on or my tie knotted. I presume my hair is okeh and prepare to descend, but by the time my shoes are tied, my hair does not suit me. A few more unpleasant words are uttered and again I say, "At last it is over."

I finish my meal and don my sweater. By the time my sweater is over my head, the hair is spoiled again. Disgust overcomes me. I give my hair one brush back and leave the house. Do you blame men with hair turned gray at an early age? Do you blame bald heads to find joy with their few locks?

Girls may complain of having a good crop of hair to look after, but they have all sorts of twists, curls, and switches to enable them to beautify their coiffures.

Of course, there may be an argument arising from the feminine sex that Rodolph Valentino wears a wig, as rumor says, but do you blame him?

H. M. MORAN, 1923.

ON DECORATING A HALL FOR A HIGH SCHOOL DANCE.

Did you ever assist in the decoration of a hall to make it ready for a High school dance? No? Well, then, you ought to. For noise, excitement, and general confusion it cannot be outdone. Especially if you have in charge of things a self-asserting young man with an enduring will. With such was the '23 class blessed.

If the hall is a large one, you can enjoy yourself still more, because then you can shout from one extremity to the other, calling for the string or the hammer, or anything, just to hear your voice resound. Not till then do you realize the musical possibilities of your vocal chords, and you wonder why you never noticed them before.

Of course, it doesn't matter if your mouth is full of pins at the time. You can reserve them carefully in a corner like a piece of gum. It might be disastrous if you swallowed the pins, though, for the decoration of the hall might not be completed in time.

If you want to watch something exciting, direct your steps to the center of the hall. Here several persons are aiding (they fancy they are aiding, so permit me to use the word) in fastening crepe paper streamers to the ceiling. This idea of decoration has been conceived by the chairman of the decorating committee, as you might know. Two young men have ascended to the utmost top of the building, and removing the framework of an opening in the ceiling, have lowered strings weighted with small pieces of wood. If you have an imaginative mind, it will remind you of nice fat spiders lowering themselves by their webs.

When the boys remove the framework and lean over the edge to see how the work is going on, everyone cranes his neck and with mouth open waits for the boys to fall through the opening. Perhaps you won't believe it, but it's extremely disappointing when they fail to do this. You really feel like a child deprived of its choice piece of candy.

If you would really prove to yourself the value of a powerful voice, you should hear the head of the decorating committee shouting "Pull" at the top of his lungs to the two youths above pulling the streamers. Such a voice should be used for auctioneering. It could give value to a ten-cent whistle.

At last after a final shout the streamers are hoisted with an airy grace to their positions. The persons who have been holding them give a sigh of relief. You'd really think it was they who had been doing all the work.

Ah! but you should try to cover the electric-light bulbs with crepe paper. To do this it is necessary to have either the patience of Job or a picturesque vocabulary. First you mount a stepladder to nearly the last step. A position on the window ledge of the last story of the Woolworth building seems not more precarious than an uncertain footing on that ladder. You begin to wonder where firemen get their courage.

You daintily wind the paper around the globe, all the while wishing you had a few more hands to work with and a little more skill. You pin the edges together and descend the ladder to view the result of your handiwork. You groan, then frown at your companion who is laughing at the appearance of the globe. Of course you realize that it resembles nothing quite so much as an old discarded sun-bonnet, but you do not like to have it laughed at.

Well, this will never do. It offends your artistic sense, and you try again, this time ruffling the top, according to the suggestion of a teacher. Ah! that is better. Now for a pin. But where are the pins?

You're sure they were there on that step-ladder a minute ago. You remember that patience is a virtue and in a loud voice you page the pins. Presto! someone appears with them from the farthest corner of the hall, and you accept them thankfully. At last you have everything to work with and you impulsively push the pin through the paper—into your waiting thumb. Oh agony! Why did you ever consent to be on the decorating committee, you think. And how can you work when you must nurse your injured thumb in your mouth? Deciding that you've really earned a rest, you sit down on the step-ladder, and incidentally on the scissors and a paper of pins, to watch the others work.

You notice the principal on the opposite side of the hall engaged in the work you have just forsaken. How deftly he winds the paper around the bulb and at the same time, how carelessly. Oh, to be a man! To do things swiftly, not bothering whether one side of the paper hangs lower than the other or not! But your conscience troubles you. After he has left his work and is busy at the other end of the hall you steal over, dragging the ladder as quietly as you can, and surreptitiously even off the edges of the paper.

That done to your satisfaction you consult your watch, and decide that you have an important engagement at that hour. But you wonder just how you can get out without being perceived. If anyone should notice you going out, you would be considered a slacker (and yet you have worked two entire hours. You know that if you had been requested to work that long at home you would suddenly have been seized with a lame arm or shoulder as a preventative against labor).

Well, you must take a chance at eclipsing yourself secretly, and seeing that everyone near you is busy on his work, you start slowly and carefully for the door. With your eyes on the chairman, and breathing a fervent prayer that he will not turn around, you move on, nearer and nearer the entrance. You are almost there when crash! you collide with a chair, which in your anxiety lest you be seen, you had overlooked.

There. You knew it. The chairman has turned around, and is surveying you with a suspicious eye. But you suddenly become brave and making a wild dash through the door, and nearly taking the chair with you, gain the stairs. Ah! he is shouting a command to return, but you are out and safe, and breathing a thankful sigh you continue blissfully on your way.

RUTH CHENEY, 1923.

ON TEACHING AUTOMOBILE DRIVING.

Yes, it is very amusing to be the teacher or even the spectator of a person learning to drive an automobile. The funniest part of the whole affair is that the teacher feels two hundred per cent safer and more at ease than the prospective driver. I can remember taking a fellow out one afternoon and consenting to let him try the wheel.

We started off, and it was some start, too, I assure. He had his foot down on the gas about half way before he let up his clutch, and we started with such a jerk that I cried out, "Oh, my lumbago!" He almost broke my back. Nevertheless, at the first corner we took, he used his presence of mind and a little common sense. When he turned that corner, on the other side of which was a telephone pole, instead of turning a complete circle and bumping into the pole, he straightened out just in time to avoid it. That's what I call a skillful driver.

I glanced at him after he performed this marvelous feat, and noticed the perspiration coming out on his forehead, and if he ever had any color to his complexion he surely had it then. I could have almost sworn that an artist had sprayed his visage with red paint.

All this seemed amusing to me until I thought of the first time that I was told to back a machine and remembering that, I took on a serious manner. I explained to him that it was bad form to bump into anything or knock anybody down. Moreover I told him he must never speed unless he wanted to get to a place more quickly. I gave him many more valuable points in the next hour as we rode, and was reminded of them the next time I took him out for a lesson.

The first corner we came to, I heard him say, "Now, here I blow my horn and slow down, because another machine may be coming the other way." He blew his horn all right but kept on going without looking on either side, and before he realized what was happening, I grabbed the wheel just in time to turn out of the way of a sure accident. Of course, he knew there was no need of looking for machines coming from the side street because he blew his horn and people ought to know enough to keep out of his way. He drew up near a cigar store saying, "You see, I put my hand out to let other machines know that I'm stopping and they can pass." An old lady, who had evidently never ridden in a machine, was passing just then, and we heard her say, "The old fool, can't he see it isn't raining, without putting out his hand to feel?" My pupil wanted to get out of the machine to buy some smokes but he didn't dare take his feet off of the clutch and brake, so he asked me to move over and step on the two pedals while he went in for some cigars. I told him to pull on the emergency and then he could take his feet off with safety. He did just as I told him and we jumped forward, then backward, and halted. He had stalled the machine, and the cause of it all was, of course, he had forgotten to put the clutch in neutral, having left it in third speed. Thereupon, he became somewhat discouraged, and told me that he might do better next time, although he doubted it very much because he couldn't talk to the machine, and if he forgot to do something, the machine wouldn't know enough to do it itself, so what was the use?

Of course, I took him out a few more times until he bought a machine of his own, and now when we meet on the road, his first greeting is, "Want to race?"

RALPH VOLK, 1923.

ON COURTESY AND HURRY.

I am sometimes given to wondering whether courtesy is a present or totally historic quality. By courtesy, I do not mean that out-grown and exaggerated chivalry which, was so prevalent in the time of Addison and Steele, but rather that sincere and practical thoughtfulness which is too big and splendid to be enslaved by the patron saint of the American people, St. Vitus, commonly known as Hurry.

We of Milford High School are whole hearted Americans in this respect. The main streets of our own town suck us in, when we venture into them during a rush hour. And as for the bakery wagon and ice-cream teams at recess—!

Yet it would not be impossible to retain patience and thoughtfulness for others under such circumstances. The punctilious regard for woman may be left behind, if you will, for she claims her sphere of equal privilege and responsibility. That quality which makes of a hurrying human group little more

than a jostling herd of animals, however, can never find expression outside of individual culture and self-control. You are not responsible for the fellow who elbowed his way past you. He is the property of the American patron saint, St. Vitus. But, brothers and sisters of the times, have you courage enough never to elbow, too? That is what matters.

INNES McRAE, 1923.

ON HAIR NETS.

One of the most interesting of articles to use is a hair net. Did you ever go into a store and buy one, bring it home, and find it didn't match your hair? You were going out that evening and there positively was not time or means to get another. It is always at such times that we realize the great truth in the old proverb, "It's the little things in life that count."

And it's certainly true that hair nets do not take up much space. We find this especially true when about to comb our hair. Lay a hair net down and arrange your hair. If you take your eye off of it and do not watch it as you would a baby, you are sure to be minus the much needed article when you wish to use it. Where is it? Oh, it might be almost anywhere. A slight gust of wind has carried it far out of sight. Perhaps you have sneezed and the ever-useful net has become indignant and figuratively walked off into thin air. At any rate it has gone and its disappearance may spoil a whole evening's pleasure if you rely upon it to hold stray locks in place.

If you are one of this multitude, please take my advice. When you buy another hair net, look it over sharply as soon as you have made the purchase. Then if it meets your desired standards as to color, size and shape, put it in a safe guarded place and hurry immediately home. Then fasten it in a place which you keep especially as the realm for your hair nets. Look about every half hour to see if it is still there, then eye it steadily while you are dressing your hair and keep a ten-pound weight on it so as to be sure it is not changing its abode. When you are ready to put it on, clamp it firmly to your head with a small army of hump hair pins. When you have accomplished this feat, you are ready to breath a deep sigh of relief and proceed to enjoy yourself until dealings with another or the same hair net occurs to ruffle your peace of mind the next day.

DORIS M. CELLEY, 1923.

ON COLLAR BUTTONS.

A certain young lady reminded us to-day of the woes of women. I, being a member of the opposite sex, could not bear to hear it said that women use something which bring about more woe than any article which a man uses. Women seem to think that hairpins are a necessary evil and nothing that is used by man can be compared to them. In this conception they are mistaken, for a collar button is an article which a man heartily condemns but finds that he can not get along without. A man may have a dozen collar buttons but when he wants a certain kind he finds that they are all of the same kind, that is: those that he does not want.

Collar buttons have a habit of disappearing when they are most needed. Men are absolutely against this habit but, needless to say, all their protests and profane vocabulary can not make the lost collar button reappear.

This morning I was preparing to come to school on time. I was almost all dressed but found that I was unable to find a collar button. I thought that I had left it on the dresser, but look wherever I would I could not find it. I crawled under the table, and under the bed. I looked behind the door and every other place imaginable, but no collar button could I find. After I spent twenty minutes in hunting for it and exhausting myself and my vocabulary I gave up in disgust. I was late for school and this afternoon I have to return to session, and all on account of a collar button.

As Scott once said:

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
‘Where in this great wide world of ours
Hath that confounded collar button gone?’ ”

Now gentle reader, are you convinced that collar buttons are a greater woe than hairpins?

CHARLES LUFTY.

THE AULD HOOSE.

I’m as blithe as a lark, I’m as pleased as cud be,
My heart is as licht as a feather;
For I’m wendin’ my way as fast as I can
Tae the auld thackit hoose ’mang the heather.

There’s a lassie wha’s waited there lang years for me,
The dearest o’ lassies, my mither;
She sits there alane in that aul’ ingle neuk,
In that auld thackit hoose ’mang the heather.

I’ve wandered for years through a merciless world,
But I’ve come tae the end o’ my tether,
An’ I’m nearin’ the end o’ that auld windin’ road,
Tae the auld thackit hoose ’mang the heather.

I ken I’ll be welcomed wi’ mony a kiss,
That seals hearts so nane cud e’er sever,
Kings may hae bonny halls, but let me alane
In that auld thackit hoose ’mang the heather.

An’ at nicht as I kneel by my cosy wee bed,
I’ll offer a prayer up wi’ fervour;
An’ thank God above, for her whom I love,
An’ that auld thackit hoose ’mang the heather.

IN STORYLAND.

I sat for hours beside a stream,
Where rippling waters ran,
Once more to dream the happy dreams
Of magic Storyland.

Behold! there comes a knight of old
Upon a snow-white steed,
His lady fair enrobed in gold,
For him of noble deeds.

Now palaces and courts supreme,
Appear before my view;
I bow before a king and queen:
Alas! they fade anew.

With funny elves I next contend,
With nymphs and lively sprites;
They twist, they twirl, they dance, they bend,
As fireflies in the night.

Down comes a witch with ugly mien,
I cringe upon her path;
Her hair so sleek, her hands so lean,
I fear her dreadful wrath.

A cottage now before my eyes
Just big enough for three;
Three lovely bears, so wondrous wise,
The "babe," the "he," and "she."

Great giants, dwarfs, all magic charms
Delight my wondrous gaze;
In caves, on crags, near cliffs and walls
They spread their venturous days.

Into the realms of music's charm
Of Pan and his weird pipes,
Apollo's lute and beauteous psalms
Arouse in me new strife.

And thus I sat beside the stream
Where rippling waters ran,
And wove a magic maze of dreams,
From out of Storyland.

MARIE CAHILL, 1923.

GOOD NIGHT.

The sun goes down and evening swiftly comes:
 O'er land and sea a silence seems to reign.
 Down by the shore an insect softly hums;
 Night gently lulls to sleep all earthly pain.
 Forgotten are all sorrows in night's calm,
 Each wood thing's fast asleep within its lair,
 Each weary bird is safe, away from harm,
 Night's ruling hand guards all of them with care.
 The firefly bright its lantern quickly shows,
 The night is gaily decked with gleaming stars,
 The air is sweet and pure, the new moon glows
 On a fair world. Its glory nothing mars.
 Mildly He watches all from realms of light.
 The world's at peace, all's well, good-night.

MARIE CAHILL, 1923.

TO THE NIGHT.

Oh! wondrous Night, so full of peace and calm,
 To thee our weary minds do homage pay
 And turn to seek the comforts which like balm
 Sad hearts relieve of griefs and cares of Day.
 Oh! welcome guest, to thee we gladly turn
 For rest which thou alone cans't really give.
 For your calm and peaceful shades we daily yearn
 Wherein strange sounds and plaintive sighs do live.
 The silv'ry moon with grace and beauty sails
 Serene and calm amongst the brilliant stars
 That glorify the power which never fails.
 The sparkling gleams of Hope steal through our bars,
 A prayer we gently breathe. To thee, oh Night,
 We turn, and marvel at thy wondrous sight.

INEZ E. SANCLEMENTE, 1923.

INNOCENCE.

Sweet Innocence! thou wondrous star so pure,
 Enthrall me, do, and make me slave to thee.
 I feel so powerless within thy lure,
 But willingly I bound to thee would be.
 Thou'rt free from guile as is the babe so sweet
 That sleepeth softly on its mother's breast.
 Fair Innocence, I fear me 'tis but meet

That thou with such as these would'st only rest.
 Ah me! I fain would cast aside all thought
 If I couldst have once more a share of thee.
 What matter be to us our worldly lot
 If once from thee our fickle souls we free?
 Oh! come and lend, sweet Innocence, thine ear
 And grant that I might e'er to thee be near!

MARY PELKEY, 1923.

MEMORIES.

Through mem'ries' realms there comes to me,
 So aged and so gray,
 A vision of those other days
 When all was bright and gay.

Those days, when as the rising sun
 Doth bathe the earth in gold,
 So did our joyous footsteps tread
 A path of flowery mould.

A vision which to me is more
 Than all this world can give;
 A bit of paradise on earth
 To soothe us while we live.

As calmly as the fall of mist
 From celestial shores above,
 So does this cloud of fancy drop
 Before my weary eyes.

Those eyes which long have watched with hope,
 The coming of a day
 When sorrows, troubles, heavy cares,
 Would all be washed away.

Why lift this welcome veil at all
 And meet the dismal stare
 Of those who soon will be the same?
 For all this lot must share.

The odors of those faded flowers
 The bits of ribbon, too,
 Bespeak a time when you and I
 Were bright as summer's dew.

A treasured lock of hair mayhap
 As fragile as a breath;
 Or yet perchance the lingering clasp
 Of hands now closed in death.

So down the weary path of life
 'Tis bliss to cast anew
 A glimpse of olden times again,
 For all too soon they flew.

But now, alas the curtain lifts,
 The bitter truth is shown;
 The hair that once was golden hued
 Has white by sorrows grown.

MARY PELKEY, 1923.

A SONNET ON DEATH.

Oh Death, what is it that we mortals fear
 At thy approach, when we in that dread hour
 Thy presence feel, and sense thy mystic power,
 When things of earth and those we held most dear
 Are passing from our sight, and dark and drear
 The cloudy future o'er us seem to lower?
 Is this, the vast unknown, thy only dower
 To struggling mortals, passing on from here?
 "Oh Man, it is not I thou fearest most,
 But that thou knowest not, which lies behind
 The portal, where I bid thee enter in
 To share the fuller life with that vast host
 That hath preceded thee, and hath resigned
 Things temporal, eternal joys to win."

RUTH CHENEY.

SONNET TO THE SNOWFLAKES.

The beauty of the snowflakes touches me:
 How like the life of man their destin'd place!
 Some harmonize with charm all land and sea;
 Some die before the ending of the race;
 Some spread o'er lofty castles and great walls,
 And some the lonely woodman's hut enhance.
 Each bows down to the will of Him who calls,
 And cries not out against relentless chance.
 In willing sacrifice their lives are spent,
 To hearts of men their softness brings new cheer.
 To cleanse and beautify the land they're sent
 On earth. What happy welcome find they here!
 Oh, that I may also do *my* destin'd work,
 And ne'er the duties of His will may shirk!

BLANCHE ROONEY, 1923.



Alma Mater:—"Both paths are beset with obstacles my boy,
but hard work and perseverance will win the goal."

VALEDICTORY DICKENS, THE NOVELIST.

There is no writer in all literature who is better loved than Charles Dickens, whom many term the greatest English humorist and novelist-reformer of any age. He is estimated among that small class of rare geniuses who have given to the world literature of high intrinsic excellence. As a sympathetic biographer has remarked, "He was a great Force, seeing, understanding, sympathetic, kindly, loving good, hating evil, equally a master of the pathetic and the humorous, the terrible and the kindly, the plain and the grotesque."

When Dickens first began to write, his style showed the influence of Washington Irving, whose books he loved and kept "on his shelves, and in his thoughts and in his heart of hearts." Perhaps too, as some have thought, his style was influenced by Carlyle, whom he was always ready to "go at all times farther to see than any man alive" and whose teachings he seemed always ready to accept. Gradually, however, his work lost all traces of the older writers in general method and in detail, and he began to condense and concentrate his effects in succession of very skilfully arranged scenes.

In regard to his style as a whole the following critical opinion is of value: "On the side of style Dickens cannot be called a great master. Masters of style among the great novelists are the exception rather than the rule: and the explanation probably is that in most cases the writer's energy and attention are engaged with the processes of invention to the comparative neglect of the matter of expression. While his style is undoubtedly effective for its purpose, it lacks those minute perfections or those magic splendors which characterize the very greatest work in prose expression. When we come to the more important matters of his art, Dickens' real mastery begins to appear. He is a great storyteller. His plots are large, varied, and complicated; yet he displays great skill in the handling of the broad and intricate construction. He is a wonderful inventor of incident but it is probably in the creation of character that his greatest genius is displayed."

Dickens introduced into the novel the purpose which should be that of every good book—to teach us to enjoy life or help us to endure it. He reveals to us the hidden veins of humor and pathos which lie beneath the surface of the every day world. He tries in his writings to make us realize that Faith, Hope and Charity should abide in every heart, and he himself with his immense interest in mankind manifests everywhere a deep human sympathy with all God's erring creatures.

Dickens' purpose in his novels is always to set right what is wrong and he never holds an abuse to be unimprovable. This humanitarian purpose is worthy of his powers. No man could have been more direct in his aim nor more successful in its achievement. Always it is some practical abuse in police courts or prisons, some hidden cruelty and shame in the conduct of certain schools or the renting of tenements, some heartless delay in the course of justice which makes him hot with indignation and causes him to bring into full play his power of arousing in others the emotion born within him.

Especially well does he portray by entertaining instead of ordinary didactic methods the evils of the schools and workhouses of England and the shameless abuses which existed in child training. His well known pathetic child stories, which are perhaps the best loved of his novels, were written in order that he might condemn various types of coercion, from the brutal punishment of Squeers and Creakle in schools to that of the Murdstones and Mrs. Gargery in homes.

How different are the children in the care of these characters from those in the care of Mr. Marton, the old school-master and sympathetic teacher in "The Old Curiosity Shop" and dear Dr. Strong, who was, as David Copperfield says, "the ideal of the whole school, for he was the kindest of men." In these schools human hearts seem to grow and blossom naturally. Again, in his description of Blimber's school he gives a stern criticism of the cramming system.

In fact throughout all his books Dickens never ceases to plead for kindly treatment of the child. He makes the child the centre of all literature, for the first time trying to arouse the heart of the Christian world to the fact that it was treating the child with heartless brutality. As James L. Hughes remarks in his interesting book "Dickens As An Educator," "Dickens is beyond comparison the chief English apostle of childhood, and its leading champion in securing a just, intelligent, and considerate recognition of its rights by adulthood, which till his time had been deliberately coercive and almost universally tyrannical in dealing with children." The writer calls Dickens "England's greatest educational reformer" and adds that "he is certainly not less an educator because his books have been widely read."

In "Pickwick" one of his purposes is to bring before us the shameless conditions of the debtors' prisons; in "Oliver Twist" the evils of the schools managed by the parishes as they then existed; in "Nicholas Nickleby" the conditions of the Yorkshire schools and in "Barnaby Rudge" the inevitable consequences of sin. With unflinching sympathy he drew a picture of the "dregs of life" and wrought the wonderful plots of his novels into which he wove ideals which were far in advance of his age and portrayed above all the value of real sympathy, real kindness, and real humor.

As a man, Dickens had immense strength of will and a determination if he did a thing at all to do it thoroughly. It was a part of his intense individuality to set a high value upon anything he was striving to accomplish. Unlike some authors he valued highly the public's appreciation of his novels. His paramount powers are humor and pathos and all the popularity which pleased him rests in his power to awaken an almost feverish sensibility, to move to tears and laughter. Without leaving our fireplaces or reading rooms we are moved to tears, our cheeks are "broadened with laughter, and we are made to tremble with emotion."

Dickens makes vivid the commonest of objects. An old house, parlor, school, or boat which other writers would pass by, he brings out with precision and force. His pathos extends from the stern, tragic pathos of "Hard Times" to the melting pathos of "The Old Curiosity Shop." "Dombey and Son" and the infinite pathos of the helplessness of Smike and Jo.

His narrative power, that ability to tell a good story which is excellently shown, for example, in "A Tale of Two Cities," is as characteristic of him as is his felicity of phrase, in which few have equaled him. In all his novels we have a proof of his wonderful inventiveness. Each book has food or material enough for several novels yet each scene, each chapter is bound with the preceding one like links in a chain.

Critics have remarked that his drawing of characters is "sharp rather than deep." He makes them stand out, makes them live in our hearts as the denunciation of their particular trades or professions as Mould the undertaker, Weller the coachman, and Blimber the school-master or as representatives of virtues and vices as Pecksniff for hypocrisy, Micawber for joyous improvidence, and Little Dorrit for motherly instinct in a girl. His pictures of the middle class of people abound in kindly humor while the humor and pathos of poverty commend themselves to his powerful imagination and descriptive power. It is an acknowledged fact, of course, that Dickens succeeded rarely in giving us a realistic picture of

members of the wealthy class, with whom he had small acquaintance in his formative years.

In his heart there was always a genuine love of nature at all times and he once said: "Nature has subtle helps for all who are admitted to her wonders and mysteries." The following quotation is one of many which might be shown to give evidence of his observation of nature. He is describing the night when Ralph Nickleby, ruined and crushed, slinks home to his death.

"The night was dark, and a cold wind blew, driving the clouds furiously and fast before it. There was one black, gloomy mass that seemed to follow him: not hurrying in the wild chase with the others but lingering sullenly behind, and gliding darkly and stealthily on. He often looked back at this, and more than once stopped to let it pass over: but, somehow, when he went forward again it was still behind him, coming mournfully and slowly up, like a shadowy funeral train."

In summing up Dickens' claim to our admiration and love I cannot do better than repeat the words of one of his greatest admirers who says: "All in all Dickens has made us more willing to go cheerfully along the strange, crowded way of human life because he has deepened our faith that there is something of the divine on earth and something of the human in heaven."

Each novel of Dickens has its individual appeal. You have all in your earlier years undoubtedly laughed and cried over the experiences of the characters in "Oliver Twist," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Great Expectations." The one novel, however, which the majority of people seemed to enjoy most of all is "David Copperfield" of which Dickens himself said: "Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as I love them. But like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child—and his name is David Copperfield!" Nothing can ever destroy the popularity of this work, as in "David Copperfield" Dickens not only gave us a fine novel but in it he put his life's blood. It has been said that if you know "David Copperfield" you know Dickens, as this novel is probably the strongest book he ever wrote. It contains a wealth of pathos and humor with, as one writer has remarked, "the glow of youth still tinging its pages and the firm hand of manhood pervading it from beginning to end, truly a pearl without a peer."

The first feature of the novel which strikes a reader new to its charms is its reality. Through its pages we can trace the pathetic childhood of the author; his sorrows, his joys and his trials are all laid bare. Until its publication no one could have been aware of the pain it must have cost him to lay bare the story of a childhood filled with sorrows which he had locked in his breast. No reader could have traced then, as Dickens' memory must have traced, his sorrowful experiences. And yet, as Forster his biographer warns us, we must not attempt to identify Dickens completely with David, as "David Copperfield" is "autobiographic in thought more than in incident." Forster says: "Too much has been assumed of a full identity of Dickens with his hero, and of a supposed intention that his own character as well as parts of his career should be expressed in the narrative. But many as are the resemblances in Copperfield's adventures to portions of these of Dickens, it would be the greatest mistake to imagine anything like a complete identity of the fictitious novelist with the real one, beyond the Hungerford scenes."

It is interesting to consider some of the details which are admittedly a reflection of Dickens' early life. When he pictures to us the unforgettable Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, he gives us in reality a picture of his own father and mother who had fallen deeply into debt. Every effort was made to keep off the evil day but all in vain. Mrs. Dickens made abortive efforts at setting up an educational

establishment to aid her husband, just as Dickens describes Mrs. Micawber's efforts toward the same end in her opening of "Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies." Mr. Dickens was placed in the poor debtors' prison where Charles was warned just as Mr. Micawber warns David that "if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and six pence, he would be happy: but a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched."

Then there ensued a period of misery for the family, especially Charles, in which, as he afterwards wrote in bitter anguish of remembrance, "but for the mercy of God, he might easily have become, for any care that was taken of him, a little robber or a little vagabond." In a similar way David Copperfield was left by the Murdstones to his own cruel chances in the London streets. It was during this period that Dickens became familiar with the inside of a pawnbroker's shop and sold the paternal "library" piecemeal to the owner, as David Copperfield sold the books of Mr. Micawber when he acted as his representative. It is very interesting to note that Dickens even goes so far as to ascribe to David the identical books which he himself had been forced to sell, namely: "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Robinson Crusoe."

Finally, Charles was placed in Jonathan Warren's blacking warehouse, in which he was secured a position by a relative. Here between facts and fiction there is but a difference in names, as David Copperfield was placed in Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse, which Dickens describes as being "a crazy old house with a wharf of its own abutting on the water when the tide was in, and on the mud when the tide was out, and literally overrun with rats." The bottles on which David pasted labels were as the blacking pots on which Dickens pasted them. The menial work of Dickens and David, the poor recompense, the uncongenial companionship during working time and the speculative devices of the dinner hour were the same in each case.

The numerous experiences of the young Dickens during the noon hour are revealed to us in David Copperfield, who young and childish, also could not resist the "stale pastry put out for sale" and spent on that what he should have kept for his dinner. Again Dickens ascribes to David his own experience of walking into a public-house and arousing the compassion of the landlord by saying "Just draw me a glass of the genuine Stunning, if you please, with a good head to it." A quarrel arose between his father and a relative and he was taken from the business just as David was, and ran away. Considering all this, it is not strange that Dickens should have looked back with bitterness, unusual in him, upon the days of his childish solitude and degradation.

Dickens himself began to study stenography with the idea of becoming a court stenographer and he gives us a picture of his efforts and difficulties in David, who strives to master the subject with the help of Traddles, a former school-mate. It is of interest in this connection to recall that Dickens gained such proficiency in stenography that he, as a reporter, often transcribed important Parliamentary and public speeches, where the strictest accuracy was required.

Once in the care of his aunt, David begins life anew and makes Mr. Murdstone's lie blacker and blacker every day. His aunt is a character such as only Dickens could have drawn, although it is claimed she is not wholly a creature of fancy. Her companion, Mr. Dick, is one of those abnormal persons for whom Dickens as a writer always had a liking.

The author's own favorite group in the novel were the Pegotty group,—David's nurse, her husband and friends, but perhaps the best constructed part of the novel is the story of Little Emily and her kinsfolk. It is most skilfully interwoven with personal experiences of David, and throughout the reader is

haunted by a presentiment of the coming catastrophe. Emily's letter on leaving her home and her sweetheart with Steerforth is most appealing. It begins: "When you, who love me so much better than I ever have deserved, even when my mind was innocent, see this, I shall be far away. Oh, if you knew how my heart is torn. If even you, that I have wronged so much, that never can forgive me, could only know what I suffer."

In his description of Barkis' death and the drowning of Steerforth Dickens gives ample proof of his ability to handle the most delicate of scenes. That of Barkis is written with admirable moderation and the description of the storm and the shipwreck, when the body of Emily's seducer is flung dead upon the shore amid the ruins of the home he has wrecked by the side of the man whose heart he has broken, ranks with none.

The humorous element of the story is furnished in part by Miss Moucher, hair dresser and manicurist, who continually exclaims, "Ain't I volatile!" Dickens says: "She had a very large head and face, a pair of rougish gray eyes, and such extremely little arms that, to enable herself to lay a finger archly against her snub nose, as she ogled Steerforth, she was obliged to meet the finger halfway, and lay her nose against it." This character was copied from a living original, who later remonstrated so that Dickens altered his intended use of the character. A close reader will remember how Dickens makes the thirty-second chapter undo a great deal of what the twenty-second had done and nothing but an agreeable impression is left.

Many writers believe that of the heroines who divide David's love the child-wife Dora with "her spoilt foolishness and tenderness is a trifle more attractive than the unfailing wisdom and unselfish goodness of the angel-wife Agnes."

Dickens' description of the villain, Uriah Heep, who gains control over Agnes' father and seeks to gain her, is a piece of elaborate workmanship, as Uriah is set forth in his villainous hypocrisy and fawning humility. Even though he is utterly detestable in character, he is the natural product of the system of training under which he was raised for he was taught nothing but "umbleness—not much else that I know of—from morning to night."

In Agnes, Dickens embodied his ideal of perfect womanhood. Never do we find a description of her outward appearance but nevertheless "we feel the soft, womanly reserve about her. Whenever she speaks a light comes into her large eyes and such a smile upon her lips, and such a charm in her words" that we feel as though she is a real character, beautiful and self-sacrificing. David's eyes are opened at last and he realizes how great his love for Agnes is and she having loved him all her life consents to marry him, bringing him happiness. David's devotion to her is beautiful. Always his one thought is "Oh Agnes, oh my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward!"

And thus concludes the novel of "David Copperfield" which has charmed and delighted hundreds of readers who join in praise of the gifted writer of this and other stories which have lived with undiminished popularity for years and will continue to do so in spite of the fact that "his exaggeration, his sensationalism, his sentimentality, his coarseness, his didacticism, are all fair objects of attack." Yet "if he is great in spite of these faults, it is because he opposes to them much greater virtues." His books will never lose their charm and their appeal; people will continue to read him, to admire him and to love him. Always "his abiding reputation will be that of a great humorist, a great novelist, and a great master of the human heart."

But Plato would not be outdone.
 He tied them to a stake,
 And piling sticks about their feet,
 A bonfire he would make.

But Grecian boys were very strong,
 And though a trifle burned,
 They did not hesitate at all,
 To greater mischief turned.

Old Plato was a sight to see:
 His nerves were all a wreck.
 And though he strove to tame that crew,
 He got it in the neck.

He beat them and he clubbed them,
 But he beat and clubbed in vain,
 For everything old Plato tried
 The pupils overcame.

He walked them over red-hot coals;
 He pulled out all their teeth
 Such perseverance toward an end
 Was worth a laurel wreath.

He branded them with stars and stripes;
 He stuck them full of pins,
 But even such harsh measures
 Could not purge them of their sins.

He lashed them and he mashed them,
 But his pupils did not care,
 So Plato in his vain attempts
 Was nearly in despair.

(The bad news)

But finally a plan he struck
 That surely would subdue;
 This punishment those pupils bold
 Would overcome he knew.

Old Plato sits and ponders long,
 And then this plan deduces.
 He makes them write "Genius Creates;
 And talent reproduces."

Epilogue:

(Lament of the Student)

When Plato did that plan devise,
 He fixed us pretty well.
 Agreeing with those Grecian boys
 We hope he roasts in Switzerland.

(Note:—Students breaking the rules in English A have been required to write as a penalty numerous copies of the sentence "Genius creates; talent reproduces.")

ATHLETICS.

Although during our first three years at High School the class of 1923 did not attain social pre-eminence, it did nevertheless compel attention by its athletic activities. We gained more than our share of attention under the athletic lime-light when in our Freshman year four letters were earned by our classmates, and again in our Sophomore and Junior years, when we won the greatest number of points in every athletic contest held. During all four years we have earned letters in two sports, baseball and football. Of this number Steeves and Tighe, two of the most versatile athletes ever graduated from Milford High, have made eight and seven letters respectively.

The success of our football and baseball seasons during our first three years was not what we had anticipated. We were not, as a rule, successful in winning a majority of our games and the Athletic Association always found itself in debt. However, at the close of school in June, 1922, indications seemed to point out that Milford High School would be represented both on the diamond and on the gridiron by winning combinations when the 1923 graduating class was in its Senior year.

These indications proved correct and our football team, after sustaining a couple of close defeats, began to find itself. First one team and then another met its first defeat at the hands of Milford High. The skill, spirit, and most important of all, the teamwork of our boys indicated their superiority over their opponents before the games had progressed far. Courage had always permeated our teams, but lacking the necessary experience and finesse they were greatly handicapped.

Our remarkable success reached a climax in our contest at Natick with Natick High, then a favorite to win the football pennant, emblematic of the championship of the Midland Interscholastic League. The student body of our school was fittingly represented, and their enthusiasm served in no small measure to give the boys the essential self-confidence. The exhibition of football presented by both teams was of the highest order and produced many thrills, which we shall long remember. The first half of the contest was a fifty-fifty affair with the ball seesawing up and down the field. It seemed at times as though no score would be registered, but the Milford boys showed at the beginning of the latter half that they thought otherwise. The good judgement and precision of the Milford boys bears testimony of the hard, clean football instilled by Coach Timothy Ryan, a Holy Cross star. They began their march up the field with about seventy yards to cover. The greater part of this distance had been gained, for the most part, by line plunges and off-tackle plays by the end of the third quarter. Every inch had been bitterly contested by the home players, who lined up at the beginning of the last period determined to stop Milford. A few plays and the ball was in our possession within a striking distance of the goal. All present wondered just what means Milford would resort to. The overhead game had not been successful; the Natick line standing within the shadow of the uprights presented a stone-wall defense. What would Milford do? Had Coach Ryan taught the boys a play appropriate for such an emergency? These questions were answered to our satisfaction a moment later when "Teddy" Steeves carried the pigskin, jammed tightly into the crook of his arm, across the line on a most deceiving play—one which has to be seen to be appreciated. Then he proceeded to drop-kick the extra point and what a clamor of satisfaction arose from that large multitude of Milford fans!

When play was again resumed, Milford fought with a vengeance to put

across another touchdown, and they came within an ace of doing so. However, the game ended 7 to 0 in our favor. Just then we began to plan where we should hang the pennant which we felt so sure of winning. The playing of every member of our team was exceptional but to us, as members of the class of 1923, that of their classmates who were waging their last football battle under the colors of Milford High was the most impressive. Ted was bearing the brunt of our barrage as usual but Eddie Tighe, who was flashing off tackle for consistent gains, occasionally bucked the line in a manner worthy of George Owen. Innis McRae and Johnnie Julian presented an impregnable defense and Mainini and Marcovitch seemed to be continually throwing their opponents for losses.

Because of the result of our remaining game with Needham, which is now history, and on which we shall refrain from commenting, we lost our chance of winning the pennant and also forfeited, as it were, a baseball trophy, for our baseball team, of which the writer is a member, has won every league contest which it has played. As a result of Mr. Quirk's earnest endeavors we have crossed bats with new opponents, two of which, Lawrence and Brighton, are considered among the state's best. Of these High School games we have won fifteen and lost four to date. A summary of the most important game of our season might be appropriate as well as interesting. On May 5 we played Lawrence High, now a claimant of the state title, a thirteen-inning contest in which they finally triumphed. Lawrence did not consider us seriously at the start but when the first three batters counted with as many singles they felt differently. Consequently Harold Sommerville, the tall southpaw who has pitched Lawrence to success in every game, assumed the difficult position of a relief pitcher with the bases filled and none out. However, Capt. Steeves scored Tighe with a sacrifice fly and Griffin counted on Raftery's single. Two innings later Griffin scored again when Raftery duplicated his previous feat.

During this time the home team was causing much trouble but "Duckie" Connor, our reliable hurler, always rose to the occasion via the strikeout route. But in the fifth inning a fatal accident took place. One Lawrence man was occupying third and another second base and there were two out when the batter picked out a fast one which he sent down the left field foul line. The writer, who played the ball, insisted that it was foul, which claim was supported by Lawrence sport writers. The umpire, in a difficult position, decided it was a fair ball and consequently the two runs were allowed. The third and tying run was registered on an error. Then for eight more innings we put forth every effort, but it was Lawrence's day and they scored their winning run in the thirteenth on a wild peg after a hit and sacrifice.

It would certainly indicate a lack of appreciation to close this account without mention of the untiring efforts of our Principal, who by his labors has made possible such an opportunity for physical development and recreation. Sweaters have been earned and awarded to members of every class who have earned them, a thing not done in many city schools and incidentally a very great tax on the finances. Mr. Quirk has scheduled, unassisted, and arranged the details of all our games, and for all his endeavors to make athletics at Milford High a success we members of the teams desire to express to him our heartfelt thanks.

JOHN F. O'CONNELL, 1923.

Darney:—(arriving late and out of breath):—"What's the score?"

Mackay:—"Nothing to nothing."

Darney:—"Good game, eh?"

Mackay:—"I don't know; it hasn't started yet."

OUR BASEBALL TEAM.

Our baseball nine was quite a team,
Its fame spread far and near;
To win each game was e'er the aim
For M. H. S. this year.

The team was made of worthy stars,
Each player did his best;
They proved their knowledge of the game
When e'er put to the test.

We had as Captain "Teddy" Steeves,
Who played behind home plate;
To catch the balls was just mere fun
Which "Ted" ne'er left to fate.

On first we had a clever boy:
"Spit" proved he was a star;
By catching every ball they threw
Many a run he marred.

Visconti covered second base;
Although quite small in size,
He stopped the balls with perfect ease,
And proved to be quite wise.

"Ed" Tighe displayed his skill at short,
And showed what playing was;
And when at bat he hit that ball!
He did what "Babe" Ruth does.

On third we had a youthful lad,
"Fran" Cahill was his name;
Although his first year in the fray,
He showed he knew the game.

In right we had "Tom" Davoren
Who ranks with movie fame;
In betting odds with "Wesley."
He'd surely win a name.

Though "Wissie" fain would catch a ball
In center with his smile,
We know that just in chasing flies,
He had others beat a mile.

In left O'Connell held his ground,
At bat he did the same,
And unlike "mighty" Casey
Helped bring his team to fame.

D'Agostino and "Redney" were
 Two worthy players too,
 They have the makings of great stars
 And praise is due them, too.

A word of Mr. Berry, coach,
 Who brought our boys to fame;
 Whene're we think of our success,
 Due praise we give his name.

And as we know our baseball boys
 Deserve the praise we give,
 We wish them joyous, happy days,
 As long as they may live.

MARIE CAHILL, 1923.



P. M. SESSION.

A Freshman Feels "The Call of the Wild."

HUMOR COLUMN.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

“War is perfectly awful.”—Sherman.

“Come back and make up those experiments this afternoon without fail.”
—Anon.

“Gee, it’s awful y’know. All you can do is scratch, scratch, scratch.”
—Binney.

“Lynching is all right if not carried to extremes.”—Leonard (in History A).

“O divine (f) lute!”—Raftery.

“Hee, hee, hee.”—Miss Parks.

“Haw, haw.”—Touhey.

“If you haven’t any work to do, I can give you some.”—Every teacher in the world.

Mainini:—“I flunked that test cold.”

Chick:—“It was easy, I think.”

Mainini:—“Yeah, but I had vaseline on my hair and my mind slipped.”

An Irishman and his wife were at the theatre for the first time. The wife noticed the word “Asbestos” written on the curtain.

“Faith, Pat, what does Asbestos on the curtain mean?”

“Be still, Mag, don’t show your ignorance. That is Latin for ‘Welcome.’ ”
—Exchange.

When the time comes, St. Peter will ask us if we have written our sentence
“Genius creates; talent reproduces.”

FUNNY FABLES.

No. 1. “Yes, as I say, there was no book which I read in high school I enjoyed more heartily than Burke’s “Conciliation” Its brisk, snappy style and its many humorous touches made it a most exhilarating work.”

No. 2. “No, you need not come back and make up your experiments this afternoon. My work isn’t very important and it can easily wait a week or two.”

When Rudolph Valentino came to Milford it was rumored that he was seen going into Mainini’s house.—Later it was found that it was none other than Rudolph Mainini, Jr., himself.

NEWS ITEM, 1935.

"Post graduate student dies writing "Genius Creates; Talent Reproduces" at High School."

English Teacher:—"What is a swain?"

Miss Kirby:—"A pig."

SCENES IN HISTORY CLASSES.

Miss Comba in History A:—"Leonard, what do you think of lynching?"

Leonard:—"Why-er-it is all right if not carried to extremes."

Miss Comba in History A:—"Give an account of the founding of Plymouth."

Miss Celley:—"In 1492 Columbus sailed around Cape Cod and landed at Plymouth."

Miss Comba in History A:—"What is the capitol of Mexico?"

Bright Senior:—"New Mexico."

Miss Comba in History A.:—"Lutfy! What was there about Washington which distinguished him from other Great Americans?"

Lufty:—"He didn't lie."

Miss Ford in Chemistry:—"Binney, how do you find the weight of a liter of gas?"

Binney:—"By weighing it."

Dentist:—"Do you wish gas?"

Raftery:—"How much is it a gallon?"

Miss Ryan in English B to York (who has a habit of arising slowly to recite):—"Why are you so slow in getting up?"

York:—"I was born slow."

Miss McGrath in French A translation:—"And he ran towards Colomba slowly on his hands."

Raftery:—"See any change in me?"

Darney:—"No, why?"

Raftery:—"I just swallowed fifteen cents."

O'Connell to Mainini:—"What is that murmuring in the back of the room?"

Mainini:—"Oh, that's just Raftery saying his prayers in Irish for fear he is going to be called upon."

Miss Ford:—"What's the trouble, Binney?"

Binney:—"I'm sick."

Miss Ford:—"What's the matter with you?"

Binney:—"I've got carbon dioxide on the brain."

Madigan had come up from Hopkinton and made a deposit of several items in the town bank. The clerk turned to him and said, "Did you foot it up?"

"No," said Madigan indignantly, "I rode in."

In the freshman science class, Snow stood up and said, "Well, now I was thinking," whereupon a senior study pupil burst into laughing. The teacher asked him what the trouble was and he answered, "Who ever heard of a Freshman thinking?"

From all appearances John Binney has joined the gum race.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF:—

McRae should take up aesthetic dancing?

Rafoery should remember his ing's?

Lewis had to grope for a word in making a speech?

Miss Birmingham stopped walking around the room while dictating?

You hadn't heard Wilson's jokes before?

Magurn didn't try to amuse the girls?

Miss Ford didn't have to request Miss Celley to keep quiet?

Miss Pelkey should become a public speaker?

Mazzarelli knew how funny he is?

DiGiannantonio should become a ladies' man?

Marcovitch should dye his hair?

Miss Ryan should lose her temper?

Some of the teachers told us what they really thought of us?

Mr. Quirk should invite us to converse as much as we liked in the corridors?

Miss Pianca didn't say "That is all to it"?

Mainini became a clergyman?

Miss Cahill weren't popular?

Miss SanClemente failed to be a good sport?

Mainini considered himself unattractive?

Miss Kirby went on the stage?

Miss Sullivan used slang?

Wilson should become a historian?

Mr. Quirk should answer the telephone during the fourth period?

WOULDN'T THE SHOCK BE FATAL IF:—

Miss Comba forgot to hand out afternoon sessions?

Miss Burke forgot to roll her pencil between her palms when reciting?

Bean forgot his er's when reciting?

Miss Pianca forgot to tell Miss Finkel to turn around during French period?

Mainini and Binney were in their seats when Miss Ford entered Room 1?

Miss Ryan wouldn't take a joke?

Miss Comba didn't "praise" our second period history class at every recitation?

Binney and Mainini didn't get a pie gratis?

If Raftery didn't get any sweetmeats at a party?

If Mr. Quirk forgot to give a Latin A. lesson?

Volk remained a whole period without whispering?

Miss Ford forgot to say that the five minute bell has rung?

Lancisi did not laugh when the teachers talk to him?

Raftery forgot to recite in History?

Miss Sullivan smiled in class?

Binney and Darney forgot to chew gum?

McRae had his English done on time?

Miss Scully didn't prepare her Latin?

Miss Fiege's hair was not curled?

Lewis left out his wise remarks?

Mackay did not stir up an argument at class meetings?

Wilson didn't have an excuse for not doing his German?

Miss Marcus didn't try to bluff her history?

Moran didn't know his French?

Binney ate something besides pencils?

Ted Steeves should be a writer?

Miss Ford forgot the Athletic dues?

Madigan could do his French?

Mr. Caswell wasn't the last speaker at all our holiday exercises?

Miss Parks kept quiet a whole minute?

WHAT SHOULD ONE DO IF:—

Larson knew his history?

Miss Comolli didn't know her Latin?

Mainini forgot to comb his hair?

Moran stopped whispering?

Sam Marcovitch set fire to the building?

Ralph Volk forgot to smile?

Harold Moran wouldn't argue?

Boyd Lewis lost his dictionary?

Howard Wilson forgot about his radio?

John O'Connell did not become President of the U. S. A.

Rudolph Mainini learned how to whistle?

Miss Ryan forgot a penalty?

Miss Cheney should come in before one minute to eight?

Binney should stop chewing gum?

Fred Steeves came to school on time?

Miss SanClemente failed to prepare her lessons?

O'Sullivan could not give a sight translation in Latin?

Cichetti could?

John O'Connell was not smiling?

McRae behaved in English?

Gene Madigan could not tell us about the Hopkinton girls?

Miss Parks failed to laugh at a joke?

Mary McGrath stopped fighting?

Rita Kirby stopped chewing gum?

John Binney had a whole pencil?
 Clarence Boucier swore?
 Volk didn't study his lessons?

GARDEN LOVE, OR WHY SOME CABBAGES ARE RED.

A Ballad.

Why are some of the cabbages red?
 My friends it's hard to tell,
 But I'll tell you what the fairies said
 When asked how this befell.

Long, long ago in earthy beds
 Grew cabbages tender and green,
 And one with dainty, curly head
 Was nice enough for a queen.

She won admirers by the score
 But she was very fussy;
 She said that Lettuce was a bore,
 And Corn's hair far too mussy.

She said the Squash was much too soft,
 And Onion's breath too strong,
 That String Bean tried to climb aloft
 That he might rule the throng.

And so it went till one bright day
 Tomato came along;
 His scarlet coat was bright and gay,
 He sang a cheery song.

It was love at first sight, I fear,
 They crooned to one another;
 Some of her suitors dropt a tear,
 And Parsley told her mother.

Yet lower as the minutes passed
 She bent her curly head,
 Then he kissed her and I declare
 She blushed a deep, dark red!

FLORA YOUNGSON, 1923.

"Here is a fine opening for somebody," said the grave-digger as he set aside his shovel.—Exchange.

Hewitt:—"What do you think of this picture of a drinking party?"
 Jewitt:—"It must be an old master that painted it."—Exchange.

ROOM 14.

Prologue:—(Invocation to the Muse by the Students)

The stairs that wind up to "14"
 Have often heard it said,
 By a dejected crowd of girls
 That they wished they were dead.

For in that room you surely know
 Our Latin class does meet,
 And scarcely dares to wink an eye
 Till teacher takes his seat.

And then our nerves begin to jump
 As we are told to scan
 Those lines, four-fifty to the end,
 Which we do—if we **can**.

We all are called upon in turn,
 And to the board we go,
 And wonder if "X" is a vowel
 And just why that is so.

And then we run through parts of verbs,
 Declining all in sight,
 Declining this, declining that,
 Declining to recite.

We listen for the bell to ring
 With keen, attentive ears.
 While teacher says, "Speak louder, please,
 There is no need to fear."

Our teacher is a wise man, too,
 And knows the tricks of trade.
 And if we try to copy prose.
 He nearly starts a raid.

And so throughout the year we've gone,
 Trying to do what's right.
 So to you students that are left,
 Take warning: "Work with might."

MARY BURKE, 1923.

"Yes, I have Royal blood in my veins."

"How does that happen?"

"Well, you see when my father was a youngster, he was stung by a Queen Bee."—Exchange.

She:—I was just introduced to your wife.

He:—What did she say?

She:—Nothing.

He:—Then you're mistaken.—Exchange.

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship.

"This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself."

TOO FAR.

First Junior:—"Did you get the second question in calculus?"

Second Junior:—"No."

First Junior:—"How far were you from the right answer?"

Second Junior:—"Five seats."—Exchange.

CRUSHING.

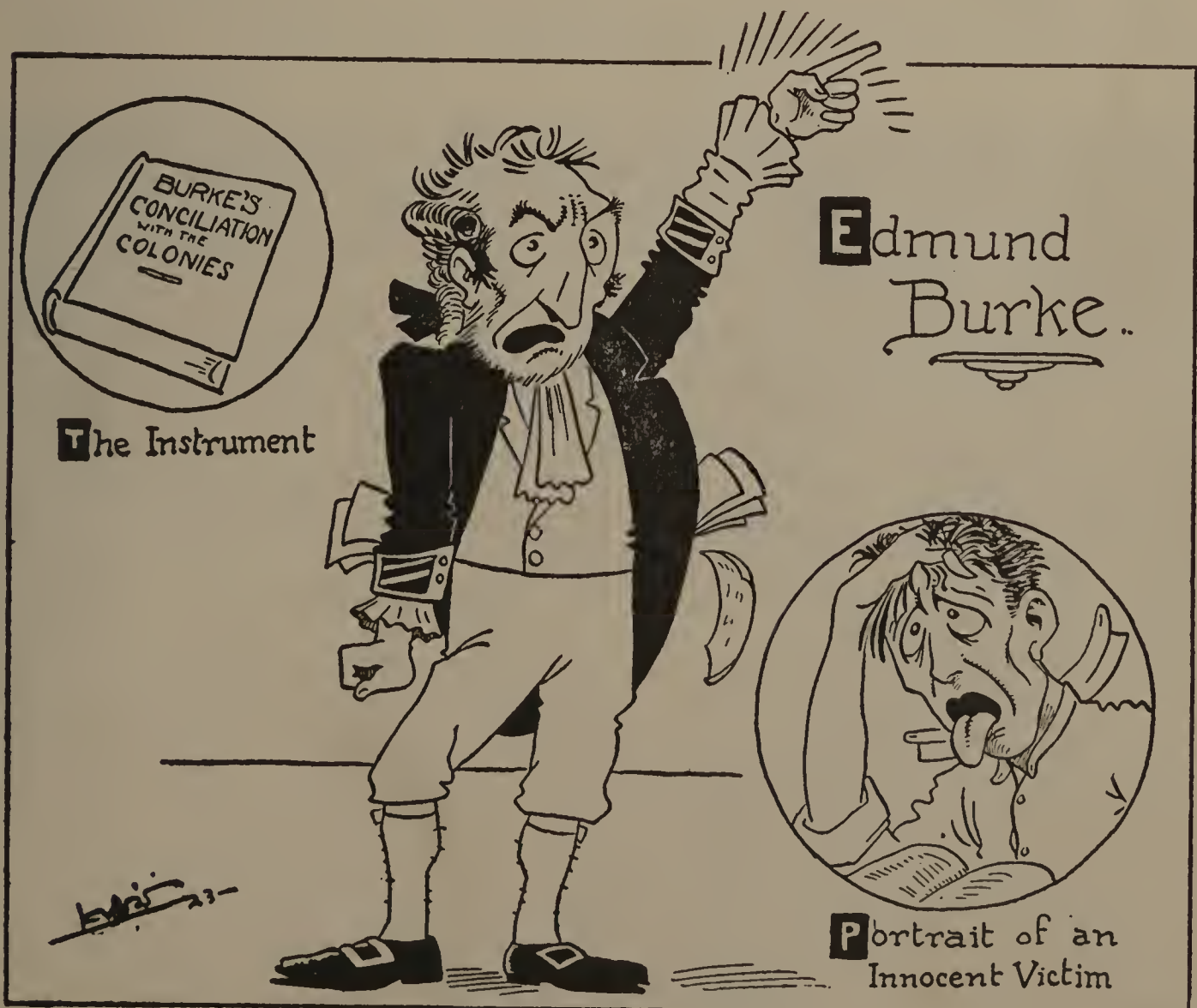
"Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled."

"Gwan wid yez!"

"Well, if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam-roller did to it."

A large map was spread upon the wall, and the teacher was instructing the class in geography. "Horace," she said, to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe, facing the north, you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left hand?"

"A wart," replied Horace, "but I can't help it, teacher."



OUR NOMINATION TO THE HALL OF HATE.

John's quit smoking,
 So has Bill,
 They smoked last
 In a powder mill.

"How's John getting along with his studies," asked a friend.
 "Fine," said John's father. "Fine. He don't bother 'em none."—Exchange.

"Do you see that man walking over there?"
 "Yes."
 "Do you know why he carries an umbrella?"
 "Because it can't walk."

The retired profiteer was selecting his library.
 "Will you have your books bound in Russia or Morocco, sir?" said the dealer.
 "But why," said the patron of literature, "can't I have 'em bound right here in Chicago?"

Loving mother writing an excuse for "Darling":
 "Well let's see, Chester."
 Dear Teacher:—Please excuse my little Chester for being absent as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will oblige,—Mrs. Smith.

A Scotchman woke up one morning to find that in the night his wife had died. He leaped from his bed and ran horror stricken into the hall.
 "Mary," he called down stairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot of the stairs quick."
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "what is it?"
 "Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning," he said.

Customer:—"I would like to see some musical instrument—a harp, a banjo, or a lyre."

Boy (just reprimanded):—"I can show you the harp and the banjo, but the boss it out"—Exchange.

Agent:—"But, mum, it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse."

Woman (over washtub):—"I'll not pay another cent. I've paid regular for eight years, an' I've had no luck yet."—Exchange.

Professor:—"And did you have much trouble in getting the answer to these problems?"

Preoccupied Student:—"I should say so! I went to eight men who were taking the course before I found a bird in Claverly who had saved his last year's papers."



M. H. S. ORCHESTRA, 1923.



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M. H. S. BASEBALL TEAM, 1923.



M. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM, 1922.



Name



Greetings, Class of 1923.



While I'm fond of advertising,
 And of all space utilizing,
 As no doubt most everyone of you agree:
 I'm not going to make a whisper
 Of a single moving picture,
 Except to say we have the best that you can see:

Old '23 is leaving,
 And there's many who are grieving
 As there are names that we're not likely to forget:
 But we know that in life's pages
 As we read them through the ages
 M. H. S. will be there when the tests are met.

We know we'll miss the shouting
 As Fred Steeves starts a'clouting:
 And Tighe starts with the pigskin down the field;
 But the boys come back and teach the others,
 Milford needs its sons and brothers
 That spirit of fight and win we'll never yield.

Remember, it's a tough old fight your starting
 And while you're tickled at the parting,
 As for some the old school days are of the past:
 Bear in mind the teachings of your master,
 Some were fast but he proved faster
 And he's standing by his alumni to the last.

And now old '23 God speed you,
 We feel that if we need you
 And your Alma Mater has to call on you:
 We know that you'll remember
 That at one time you were a member
 Of M. H. S. whose graduates are always true.

Be sure and don't forget your teachers,
 Probably you thought they were preachers,
 But they're the ones you have to thank that you are through,
 If they hadn't worked and striven
 With the 'ologies and 'isms
 That you'd still be in the "Freshie" class is true.

May your path be strewn with roses
 As the future years discloses
 That school days after all were not so bad.
 May you each gain your desire,
 May you each keep mounting higher,
 Just to hear of your success will make us glad.

And if you happen to stay with us,
 We hope that now and then you'll give us
 Just a visit to see pictures that are fine:
 But there again I'm utilizing
 Space for "Movie" advertising
 And I said I wouldn't advertise this time.

But it's part of education
 To keep up with each creation
 Of the authors who are writing movie plays,
 But, there isn't it surprising
 That I can't stop advertising
 And you know that I don't advertise this way.

And now just a word in ending
 Its importance is in the sending
 It's the most important thing I've said to-day:
 It's not that I'm utilizing
 Any space for advertising
 But don't forget the OPERA HOUSE runs EVERYDAY.

With Best Wishes to the Outgoing Class.

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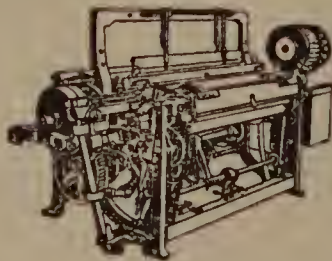
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